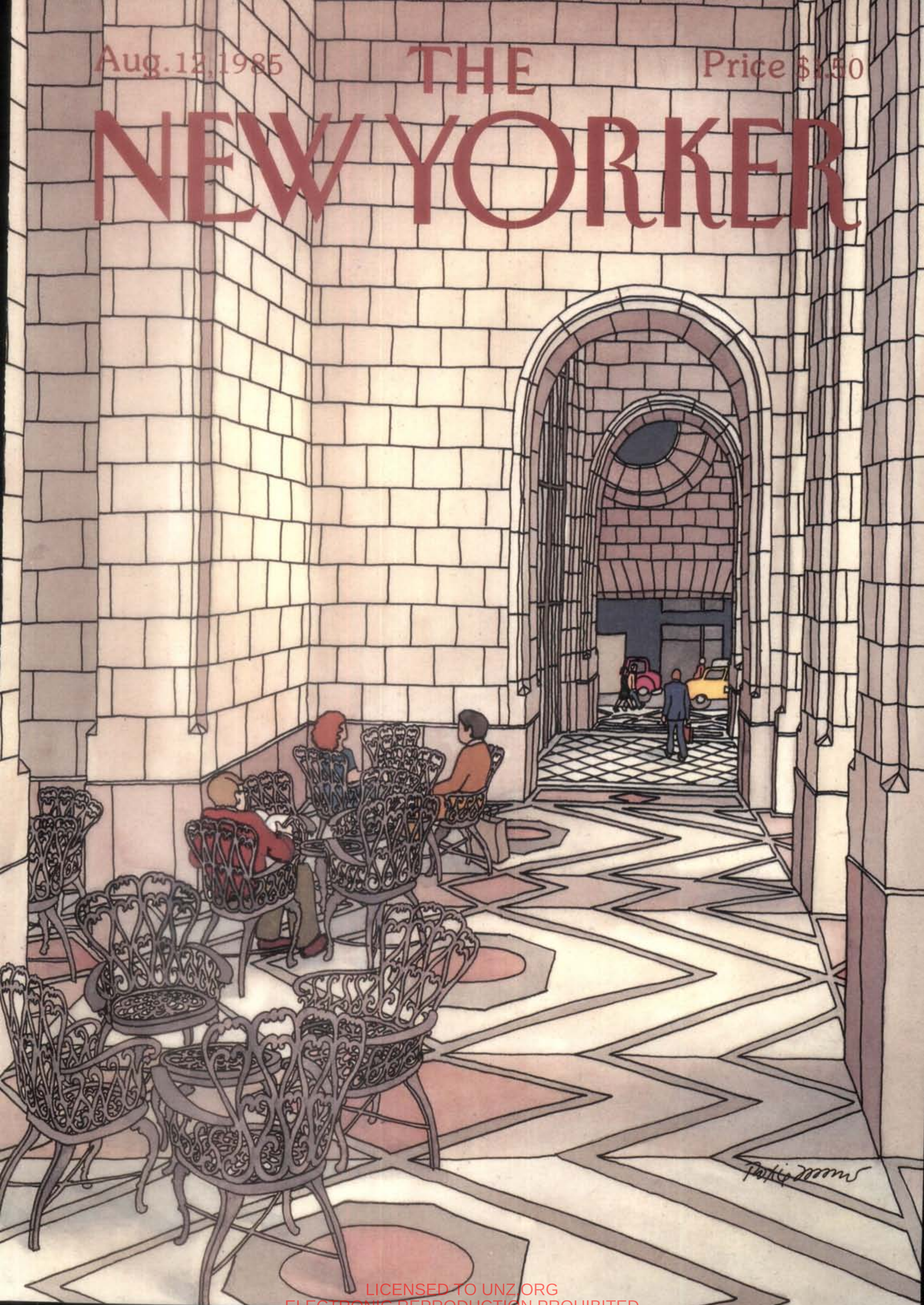
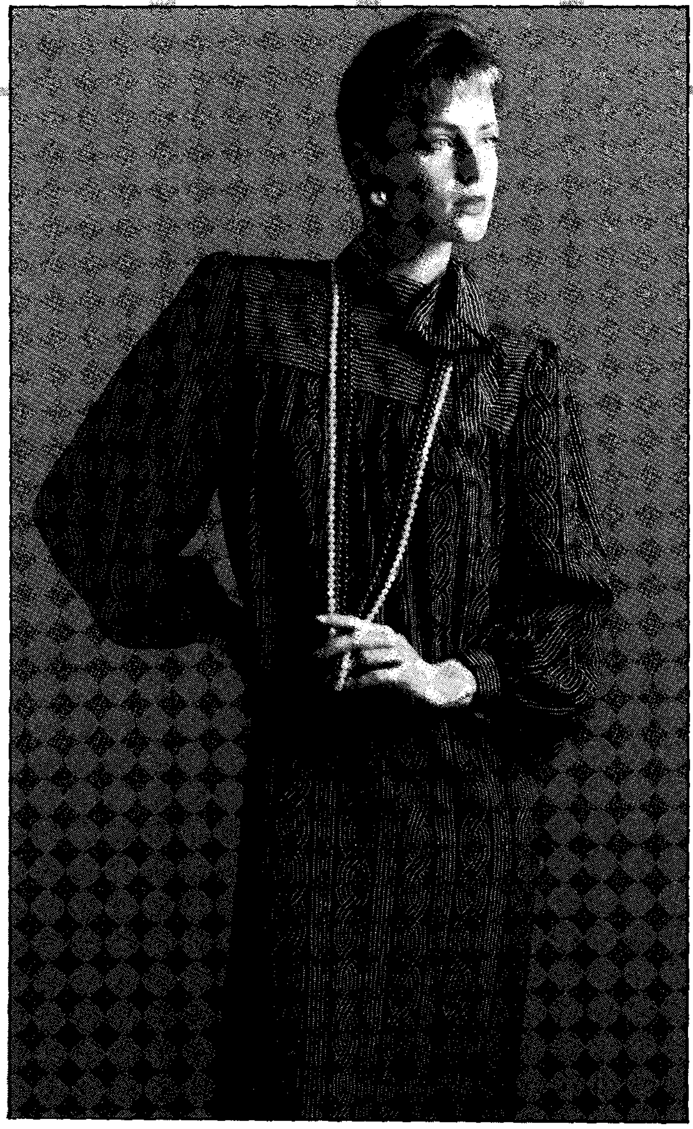
Aug. 12, 1985

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.50



BONWIT
TELLER



THE GOOD LITTLE RESTAURANT DRESS.

KOHLER COLLECTION'S CITY BLACK/WHITE FOR SIZES 12 TO 20. SOPHISTICATED, DAY INTO EVENING. POLYESTER, 175.00 THE 12/20 SHOP

New York Manhasset Scarsdale Short Hills Troy Chicago Oakbrook Philadelphia Jenkintown Bal Harbour Palm Beach Boston Beverly Hills Palm Desert Kansas City

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

...**About Anne**—Salome Jens in a one-hour dramatic presentation of twenty-one poems by Anne Sexton. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A self-indulgent production of Shaw's early comedy, in which the director and all the members of the cast dare to patronize the author. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/10/85.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (3/25/85) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A further chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. Matthew Broderick and the rest of the cast are first-rate. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of a play by Sam Shepard. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—A number of coarse jokes about Jewish husbands and Jewish wives fill an evening that purports to be about four middle-aged tennis players in Connecticut. Written by David Wiltse and starring Austin Pendleton, Keir Dullea, Ron Leibman, and Tony Roberts. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hannah Senesh—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologuist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

The Hit Parade—A comedy by Richard Dresser, presented by Manhattan Punch Line. (TOMI, 23 W. 73rd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 11.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's rather synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE NEW MOON.** (Norman Thomas Theatre, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A rather beguiling, if lightweight, farce, by the Jamaican playwright Trevor Rhone, **TWO CAN PLAY** is about a middle-aged Jamaican couple. The husband is a blowhard; the wife is put upon in every way, until she flies to Miami and comes back a changed woman. The first act is too intricate for its own good, but the second act is clear and funny. The actors—Hazel J. Medina and Sullivan H. Walker—couldn't be better. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his comedy about a pair of ill-matched men into a non-comedy about a pair of women the like of which has never been seen on earth, much less on Riverside Drive. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over

TABLE OF CONTENTS

RECEIVED
AUG 15
Ambassador College
Library

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 19
"THE DRAGON" . . . . Muriel Spark 24
"JOHN'S BIRCHES" (POEM) . . . . Robert Penn Warren 26
"MIRROR" . . . . Mary Robison 30
"LOOKING FOR ANGELS IN NEW YORK" (POEM) . . . . Jacqueline Osherow 32
THAT WAS THE WAR (SECOND WORLD WAR ENEMY ALIEN). . . . . M. F. Perutz 35
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS (BARBECUE CONTEST) . . . Calvin Trillin 56
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . Pauline Kael 64
A REPORTER AT LARGE (THE CÉVENNES) . . . . Jeremy Bernstein 70
BOOKS . . . . Naomi Bliven 82
BRIEFLY NOTED 84

COVER: *Roxie Munro*

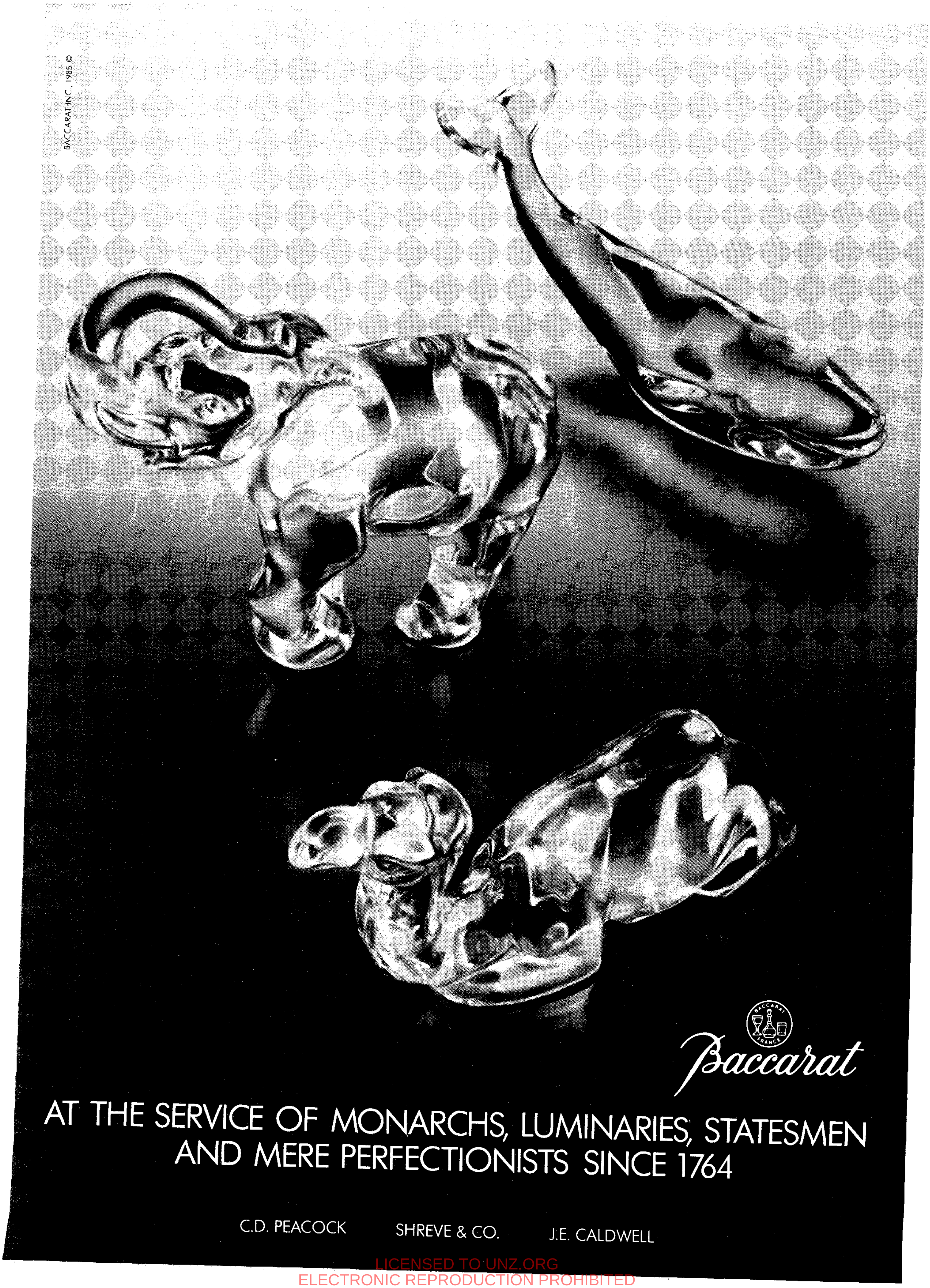
DRAWINGS: *Leo Cullum, Robert Weber, Mick Stevens, J. B. Handelsman, Frank Modell, Stan Hunt, James Stevenson, Ian Frazier, George Price, Edward Frascino, Arnie Levin, Al Ross, William Steig, Everett Opie, Chon Day, Henry Martin, William Hamilton, Warren Miller, Lee Lorenz, Donald Reilly*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, *chairman*; Steven T. Florio, *president & publisher*; Jonathan E. Newhouse, *executive vice-president*; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, Robert F. Young, *vice-presidents*; Elaine M. Matteo, *treasurer & secretary*; Stuart H. Jason, *comptroller*. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 400 Perimeter Center Terrace, Suite 180, Atlanta, Ga. 30346; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Vol. LXI, No. 25, August 12, 1985. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1985 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.


BACCARAT INC., 1985 ©
BACCARAT FRANCE
Baccarat
AT THE SERVICE OF MONARCHS, LUMINARIES, STATESMEN AND MERE PERFECTIONISTS SINCE 1764
C.D. PEACOCK
SHREVE & CO.
J.E. CALDWELL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pearls—Rosalind Elias is the star of a musical by Nathan Gross, adapted from Jacob Gordin's 1898 Yiddish melodrama "Mirele Efros." Performed in English. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 25.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

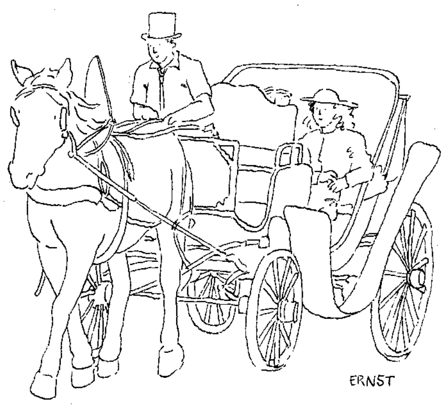
Singin' in the Rain—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sister and Miss Lexie—*Brenda Currin in a* revised version of a one-woman show adapted by Miss Currin and David Kaplan from the writings of Eudora Welty. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 6 and 9; and Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 11.)

Springtime for Henry—A revival of the 1931 comedy by Benn W. Levy, with Peter Evans, Tovah Feldshuh, George N. Martin, and Jodi Thelen. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**brighton beach memoirs:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical with George Hearn and Van Johnson as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 11.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,520 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays at 3.) . . . **the foreigner:** A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald and good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **isn't it romantic:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **sunday in the park with george:** A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Mandy Patinkin and Maryann Plunkett. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the tap dance kid:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 7-8, vibraharpist **warren chiasson** performs with pianist Kurt Lietsig; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, will belong to trumpeter **bill hardman** and his quartet; Monday, Aug. 12, vocalist Josephine Livoti will be backed by pianist **kirk lightsey,** bassist **lisle atkinson,** and drummer **idris muhammad;** Thursday, Aug. 15, violinist **bernie charles** will head up a quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, will be claimed by pianist Niels Lan Doky's trio. Sets begin at ten.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **barney kessel, emily remler,** and **joshua breakstone** form a three-guitar frontline until Sunday, Aug. 11; Monday, Aug. 12, has been reserved for ex-Basie-ite trombonist **benny powell** and his band; and on Tuesday, Aug. 13, one of the great bandleaders of the thirties and forties, **artie shaw,** will arrive to conduct his orchestra. Sets begin after nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-venue pop, rock, folk, and jazz club with, thank heavens, tables and chairs. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 8-9, **bobby blue bland;** Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 10-11, **kate & anna mc garrigle;** Tuesday through Friday, Aug. 13-16, **john mc laughlin's mahavishnu orchestra;** and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 17-18, **oregon,** the East-meets-West-chamber-improvisation quartet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling and some very good piano-bass teams. Pianist **roger kellaway** works with bassist John Goldsby through Saturday, Aug. 10, and on Sunday, Aug. 11, **joanne brackeen** will take over the keyboard. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. **astrud gilberto** sings Brazilian jazz and an occasional funky number in her low, cool, nondramatic voice with her backing crew Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 8-11; on Thursday, Aug. 15, pianist **ahmad jamal,** who has estimated that he has played "Poinciana" several hundred thousand times, will arrive for a six-night visit. Mondays are the property of guitarist **les paul's** trio. Sets begin Sundays, Mondays, and Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 7, North End, the Last Roundup, and the Cannibals; Thursday, Aug. 8, Danny Driscoll, Charlene, Donna Lent, and Ted Durniak; Saturday, Aug. 10, rural-blues musicians **john cephas & phil wiggins;** Sunday, Aug. 11, Cindy Lee Berryhill, John Maier, and others; Tuesday, Aug. 13, Roz Schaul and Mike Rocklin; Wednesday, Aug. 14, Swamp Thing; Thursday, Aug. 15, Dave & Kay Gordon; and Friday, Aug. 16, New England folkie **michael hurley** and Lori Carson. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, **david allyn** sings with the Scott Hardy duo; on

Mondays, pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the adept stride-piano specialist whose home base this room is, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by John Colianni. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A nice room with a piano-bass policy. Tuesdays through Saturdays pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist Dave Shapiro provide the music. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin and, lately, New Orleans than of Dallas. Wednesday, Aug. 7, New Orleans-based **ROCKIN' DOPSIE** and pianist **KATIE WEBSTER;** Thursday, Aug. 8, **DR. JOHN'S NEW ORLEANS OCTET** and blues singer **JOHN HAMMOND;** Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, singer **ROBERT GORDON;** Sunday, Aug. 11, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (who also answers to David Johansen); Monday, Aug. 12, rock singer and record producer Genya Ravan; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 13-14, the great reggae-ists **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS;** and Thursday, Aug. 15, singer **MOE BANDY.** Music after nine nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—"The Roots of American Jazz," with Eddy Davis & the Turn of the Century Minstrels, a celebration of New Orleans jazz, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

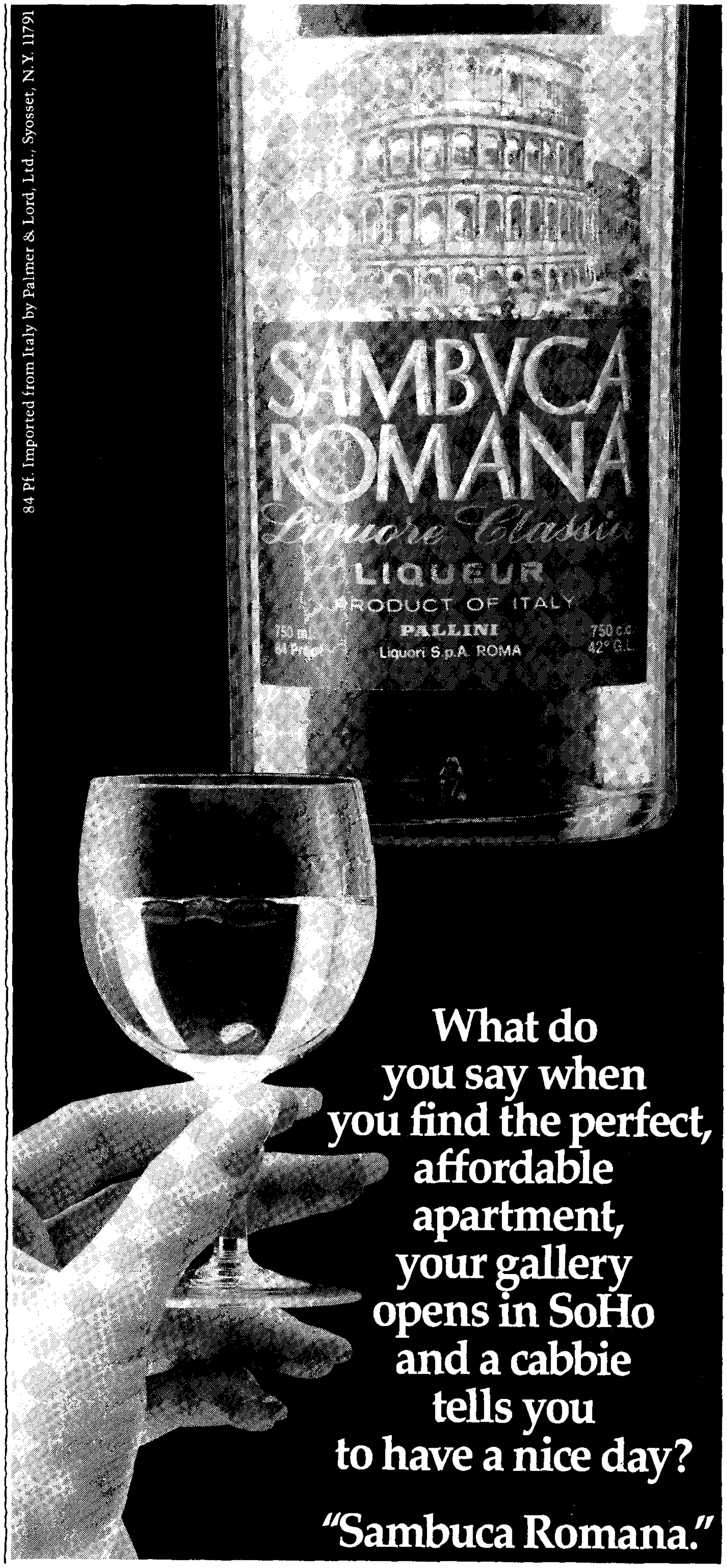
MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The musicians: Wednesday, Aug. 7, Jeff Franzel; Thursday, Aug. 8, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, rhapsodic jazz violinist Noel Pointer; Monday, Aug. 12, **JUMP STREET,** a vivacious, proficient, ten-piece rhythm-and-blues and jazz outfit; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 13-14, Juli Kohl; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his driving, macho, Latin-jazz sextet. Music from about ten. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS,** the savvy jazz and fifties rock-and-roll drummer who has in his career worked with Lucky Millinder, Sammy Price, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore, heads up his totally swinging combo, the **SAVOY SULTANS,** for listening and Lindying Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, Aug. 8, Raven and Anthrax; Friday, Aug. 9, Simon Townshend; Saturday, Aug. 10, **JASON & THE SCORCHERS** and Beat Rodeo; Wednesday, Aug. 14, **BONNIE RAITT;** and Thursday, Aug. 15, Kokomo. Shows begin after nine Mondays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 7-8, Juli Kohl & Voices; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, guitarist **BARRY FINNERTY,** trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** bassist **WILL LEE,** and others; Sunday, Aug. 11, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** Monday, Aug. 12, the **TOM PIERSON** band; Tuesday, Aug. 13, **KENIA & PAU BRASIL;** Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 14-15, Marilyn Redfield; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, Bernard Wright, Donald Blackman, Dennis Chambers, and Eddie Martinez. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggae bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady,


84 Pf. Imported from Italy by Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosset, N.Y. 11791
SAMBVCA ROMANA
Liquore Classico
LIQUEUR
PRODUCT OF ITALY
750 ml
84 Proof
PALLINI
Liquori S.p.A. ROMA
750 c.c.
42° G.L.
What do you say when you find the perfect, affordable apartment, your gallery opens in SoHo and a cabbie tells you to have a nice day?
"Sambuca Romana."

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Aug. 7, Sister Carol; Thursday, Aug. 8, PABLO MOSES & the Revolutionary Dream Band; Friday, Aug. 9, LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND; Saturday, Aug. 10, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, PÉ-DE-BOI; Sunday, Aug. 11, Brazuka; and Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 13-15, Martinho Da Vila. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Most of the current schedule is allotted to two real fine tenor saxophonists and their quartets—DEWEY REDMAN through Sunday, Aug. 11, and PHAROAH SANDERS starting Tuesday, Aug. 13. Mondays are the property of the GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on Aug. 12, MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE, LOUIE RAMIREZ & RAY DE LA PAZ, and trumpeter TOM BROWNE, the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 7-9, and Sunday, Aug. 11, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturday, Aug. 10, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, TANIA MARIA, an enthusiastic singer and pianist, will perform high-spirited Brazilian jazz with her band. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, JUNIOR MANCE and MARTY RIVERA play jumping piano-bass duets nightly except Mondays. Jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Two ex-Mingus-ites, saxophonist GEORGE ADAMS and pianist DON PULLEN, co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, Aug. 11; on Tuesday, Aug. 13, trumpeter WOODY SHAW will bring in his quintet. Mondays are MEL LEWIS BIG BAND Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Pianist Ram Ramirez and his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 11; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 12-13, pianist JOE ALBANY and his quartet; and Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 14-18, bassist MICKEY BASS and his All-Stars. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Tuesdays through Saturdays, the resident piano-bass team is HILTON RUIZ and MAJOR HOLLEY. On Mondays, pianist Jim Roberts works with bassist Brian Torff. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Frankie Beverly & Maze—With Angela Bofill. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 10-11, at 8.)

Mötley Crüe—With Loudness. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 8.)

Replacements—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Friday, Aug. 16, at 10.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

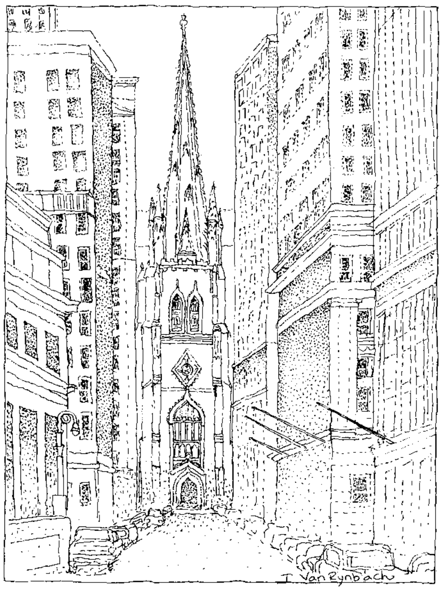
Michael Heizer—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs in a show that coincides with his installation at the Whitney Museum. Through Sept. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Seventeen oils or gouaches, varnished like violins, by this Austrian Expressionist. The subjects include figures, landscapes, and boats. Through Sept. 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

From the Collection of Sol LeWitt—Conceptual and Minimal works in the artist's collection, which includes a plywood-box sculpture by Donald Judd and a tape recording of bird-calls by Louise Lawler. Through Aug. 26. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl.)

Art on the Beach—Ten installations, each created by a different group of individuals (for instance, an artist, an architect, and a dancer) and each the site of a performance, are the summer tenants on a plot of sand next to the Hudson River. The show is Creative Time's last project at this place. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.) . . . ¶ The Henry Threadgill Marching Band will perform on Wednesday, Aug. 7 (rain date Aug. 10); Jessica Hagedorn will perform on Sunday, Aug. 11 (Aug. 15), and Wednesday, Aug. 14 (Aug. 17). All shows start at 6:30. Tickets at the gate.

Group Shows—At the ARTISTS' CHOICE, 394 West Broadway: "The Figure in the Landscape" is the title for this selection of paintings by thirty-four artists from all parts of the United States. Through Sept. 8. (Open daily except Mondays.) . . . BOND, a new gallery at 30 Bond St., between Lafayette St. and the Bowery: Stigmata are the theme of this inaugural show by thirty-four artists, including a blacksmith, Robert Parker, who hammers out hand-forged nails in a smithy at the rear of the gallery. Some of the works are reverent, but most are not. Through Saturday, Aug. 10. (Opens at 1.) . . . CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART, 54 E. 68th St.: "Sets, Series, and Ensembles in African Art" is about restoring individual pieces (such as five over-life-size statues from a single Urhobo shrine) to the groups they were part of originally. Through Oct. 20. (Open daily except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . CUTLER, 164 Mercer St.: Figurative and abstract paintings by half a dozen artists, including Jacques Flechemuller, Gretchen Faust, and Adam Cvijanovic. Through Friday, Aug. 9. . . . FRUMKIN, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and constructed works, each based on either an outline or silhouette. Contributors to the show include Luis Cruz Azaceta, Robert Warrens, and Dan Rice. Through Friday, Aug. 16. . . . MARIAN GOODMAN, 24 W. 57th St.: A new generation of Conceptualists is represented in this show, mainly of news photographs and reproductions of paintings, which has been travelling in Europe and has stopped off here. The artists are Stephen Prina, Mark Stahl, and Christopher Williams, all Californians. Through Friday, Aug. 9. . . . GRACIE MANSION GALLERY, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St.: Thoughts about vacations translated into paintings, drawings, and sculptures by twenty-eight artists. Through Sunday, Aug. 11. (Opens at 1.) . . . HERSTAND, 24 W. 57th St.: Veteran European abstract painters, including Antoni Tàpies and Emilio Vedova, plus sculptures by Noguchi, Miró, and Gonzalo Fonseca. Through Friday, Aug. 9. . . . LIGHT, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Photographs and works on paper, primarily, completed in the past year by Robert Mapplethorpe, Barbara Kasten, Sheila Metzner, and others. Through Sept. 20. . . . TATISTCHEFF, 50 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by six artists, William Clutz and Kathryn Freeman among them. Through Thursday, Aug. 15. . . . YORK, 21 E. 65th St.: Nostalgic summertime paintings by American artists—Homer, O'Keeffe, Hassam, Prendergast, Joseph Stella, and others. Through Thursday, Aug. 15.



¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, usually with changing exhibitions of works pulled from their stock: DAVIS & LANGDALE, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. . . . DEUTSCH, 20 W. 57th St. . . . FISCHBACH, 24 W. 57th St. . . . FRENCH, 41 W. 57th St. . . . GALERIE ST. ETIENNE, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . GRAHAM, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . HOFFMAN, 429 West Broadway. . . . KNOWLTON, 153 Mercer St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . MATHES, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. . . . PACE, 32 E. 57th St. . . . PROTETCH, 37 W. 57th St. . . . ALEX ROSENBERG, 20 W. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Sandi Fellman—Large-format Polaroids of human figures, primarily body builders and tattooed Japanese men and women. Through Aug. 23. (Witkin, in a new location at 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the FRENCH EMBASSY, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: Fresson prints by thirteen photographers, including John Batho, Sheila Metzner, John Stewart, and Scott MacLeay. Through Aug. 30. . . . INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two exhibits of Soviet photojournalism—Some prints used in the service of propaganda between 1917 and 1941, the rest showing the Russian front during the Second World War. Through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . LAURENCE MILLER, 38 E. 57th St.: Self-portraits by Anne Rowland, Elizabeth Turk, Lee Friedlander, and others. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . WOLF, 30 W. 57th St.: Summertime photographs by Josef Sudek, Eugène Atget, Helen Levitt, Edward Weston, and others. Through Aug. 23.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Landscapes of the American wilderness and portraits of the Indians who lived there done by Swiss artist Karl Bodmer during an expedition in the early eighteen-thirties. Through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ From the museum's collection of seventy pianos, a kind of genealogical selection—the oldest existing piano, built in 1720 by the instrument's inventor, Cristofori, and about thirty of its progeny; audioguides are available on which visitors can hear them being played. . . . ¶ Also from the collection, more than eighty Chinese figure paintings (silk and paper hanging scrolls, hand-scrolls, album leaves, and fans), dating from the eighth century to the eighteenth. . . . ¶ An exhibit of a hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the collection of Jan Mitchell. Through Sunday, Aug. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Kurt Schwitters retrospective that includes a comprehensive selection of collages by one of the first artists to use that form. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Nearly sixty works on paper (not strictly) by six contemporary Americans: Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, James Rosenquist, Robert Ryman, Pat Steir, and Robert Wilson. (Ryman has used anodized aluminum instead of paper.) Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A display of works by two European architects: Ricardo Bofill is represented by photographs of apartment buildings in France, and Leon Krier, who designs but does not build, is necessarily represented by drawings. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Friday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 10, with entertainment on Fridays (rain date Saturdays) at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of a hundred paintings which could be said to deliver a cram course in the principal styles used by American and European artists of the past forty years. From the museum's collections and from private donors. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A selection of more than ninety of the drawings that have entered the collection over the past few years. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ A sixteen-foot-high abstract version of one of Michael Heizer's earthworks fills the fourth-floor gallery; it is constructed of corrugated cardboard. Through Sept. 1. A complementary exhibit is at Xavier Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Japanese folk art. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Wood carvings, beaded wood sculptures, and ceremonial masks still used by Cameroon chiefs are among the objects on view from the West African nation. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show devoted to seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Japanese painters who re-created supernatural figures in Japanese folklore—the Taoist Immortals, Shōki the Demon Queller, and Kabuki Ghosts among them. Paintings, scrolls, screens, etc. Organized by the Spencer Museum of Art, University of Kansas. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An all-purpose exhibit about wine as a creative stimulant: Chalices, decanters, goblets, and vessels of every kind; wallpaper, prints, textiles, and other decorative objects using grapevine patterns. Also, equipment for harvesting and processing—for instance, a large copper-and-brass still from the Cognac region of France. Through Oct. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ Music in the garden: On Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 6:30, flutist Robert Dick will perform with the New Winds Trio.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 125 W. 55th St.—High points in Southern folk art have been gathered for a show of ninety pieces, including paintings, sculptures, textiles, furniture, and pottery. Through Aug. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." Through Sept. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.; temporary entrance on 42nd St.—A show that commemorates England's colonial exploits in North America four hundred years ago, with emphasis on the Roanoke voyages initiated by Sir Walter Raleigh. Documentation: John White's 1585 watercolors depicting Indians and nature; a copy of a book written about an exploration of Virginia which has engravings based on the White watercolors; the first map of North Carolina; and a paper with the signatures of Queen Elizabeth I and Raleigh authorizing payment for arrows for the British Army. A hundred of the items come from the British Museum and the British Library; fifty are from the New York library. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Eric Bogosian (performance), Thursdays through Sundays, Aug. 8-11, and Aug. 15-18, at 9.

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8: "Attila," with Linda Roark-Strummer, Samuel Ramey, Jon Fredric West, and Frederick Burchinal; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 8: The company's première of Bellini's "Norma," with Olivia Stapp, Judith Forst, Robert Grayson, and William Dansby; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 2: "La Cenerentola," with Leigh Munro, Susanne Marsee, Joyce Castle, Abram Morales, and Alan Titus; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Joyce Castle, David Eisler, and Richard McKee; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 1: "The Mikado," with Leigh Munro, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and Richard McKee; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 7: "I Puritani," with Faye Robinson, John Fowler, Charles Long, and Harry Dworchak; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Louisa Jonason, Susanne Marsee, Harry Theyard, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 8: "The Mikado," with Leigh Munro, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and Richard McKee; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Joyce Castle, David Eisler, and Richard McKee; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8: "Norma," with Olivia Stapp, Judith Forst, Robert Grayson, and William Dansby; Richard Bonynge. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A seven-week season of orchestra, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 7: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano; Scott Goff, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Paul Ingraham, horn. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8: The Mostly Mozart Festival Winds and the Sylvan Winds. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10: Gerard Schwarz directing the orchestra and the New York Choral Artists in performances of Handel's oratorio "Alexander's Feast," with Edith Mathis, soprano; David Britton, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 12, and Wednesday, Aug. 14: Peter Maag conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 13: Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (No pre-concert recital.). . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15: Gerard Schwarz directing a concert version of Mozart's opera "Mitridate, re di Ponto," with Arleen Augér, Margaret Chalker, and Jane Thorngren, all sopranos; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; Rockwell Blake and David Britton, tenors; and F. Murray Abraham, narrator. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17: Peter Maag conducting the orchestra, with Claude Frank, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 24.)

PLÁCIDO DOMINGO—Tenor, with the Antologia de la Zarzuela from Spain, a company of a hundred and fifty singers, dancers, and musicians. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 7-8, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Yo-Yo Ma, cello, and Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 7: Emanuel Borok, Vyacheslav Uritsky, and Michael Zar-

VELOUR ALLURE

Relax in the lush richness of fashion's favorite jumpsuit. By Royal Robes in cotton/poly with hidden zip front, belt, easy pockets. Red or lilac. P-S- M-L $72. Please include correct tax and $2.50 handling outside NY area.

Elizabeth Arden
THE SALON
691 Fifth Ave., NY 10022 (212) 407-7990
Elizabeth Arden • American Express • Visa • Diners Club
MasterCard • Please include charge number

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

etsky, all violin, and Jules Eskin, cello, in an all-Shostakovich program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 9: Kurt Masur conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Ma. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Kurt Masur conducting, with Mr. Ax. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2:30: Kurt Masur conducting an all-Mozart program, with Yuzuko Horigome, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: András Schiff, piano, in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, at 8: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in performances of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Edith Mathis, soprano; Carolyn Watkinson, mezzo-soprano; Keith Lewis and Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenors; Benjamin Luxon and Richard Stilwell, baritones; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2:30: Kurt Masur conducting, with Mr. Schiff. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Friday, Aug. 9, at 9: Tatiana Troyanos, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: The New York Chamber soloists in an all-Vivaldi program. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 5:30: Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 9: Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and Irma Vallecillo, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: The Canadian Brass. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 5:30: Emanuel Ax, piano. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the **philadelphia orchestra** of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 24. Wednesday, Aug. 7: Dennis Russell Davies conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8: Dennis Russell Davies conducting a program of contemporary music. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9: Henry Mancini conducting, with James Galway, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, and Wednesday, Aug. 14: Dennis Russell Davies directing concert versions of Act III of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" and Act II of Glass's "Akhnaten," with Deborah Polaski and Claudia Cummings, sopranos; Milagro Vargas, mezzo-soprano; Paul Esswood, countertenor; James McCray and Michael Austin, tenors; Raymond Wolansky, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . [**note:** Special concerts will be given by Liberace on Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2:30 and 8:15; by Tina Turner on Monday, Aug. 12, at 8:15; and by Kenny Loggins on Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15: William Smith directing, with David Buechner, piano, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Dave Brubeck, piano; the Dave Brubeck quartet; and Malcolm Smith, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17: Dennis Russell Davies directing, with Miss Vargas; Malcolm Smith, bass; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Saturday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Performances of "Cenotaph," a work created and performed by Molissa Fenley and Dancers, bassist Jamaaladeen Tacuma, and performance artist Eric Bogosian. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 13-17: Pilobolus. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball (barring a players' strike)—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 1, and Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17, at 8. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 9, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 10, at 1:20; and Sunday, Aug. 11, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 12-14, at 7:35, and Thursday, Aug. 15, at 1:35.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30.)

Racing—At **saratoga:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 26. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 10; the Bernard Baruch Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 11; the Diana Handicap, Monday, Aug. 12; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 17. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 10, and the Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 17. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 10.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Nov. 3. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **meadowlands:** Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 7-10, and Monday through Friday, Aug. 12-16, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 17, at 1:30.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Betty Buckley, Cleo Laine, and George Rose in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a musical by Rupert Holmes that was suggested by Charles Dickens' unfinished novel of the same name. The second of two productions. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1. For information about free tickets, call 861-7277.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, Aug. 9: Johnny Copland band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10: Michal Urbaniak and Constellation. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given on the following Monday.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summertime concerts. Friday, Aug. 9: Don Henley and Katrina & the Waves. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10: Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 12-13: Crosby, Stills & Nash and The Band. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 15-16: Squeeze and the Truth, plus the Hooters at the Friday show. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17: Miles Davis and Stanley Jordan. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

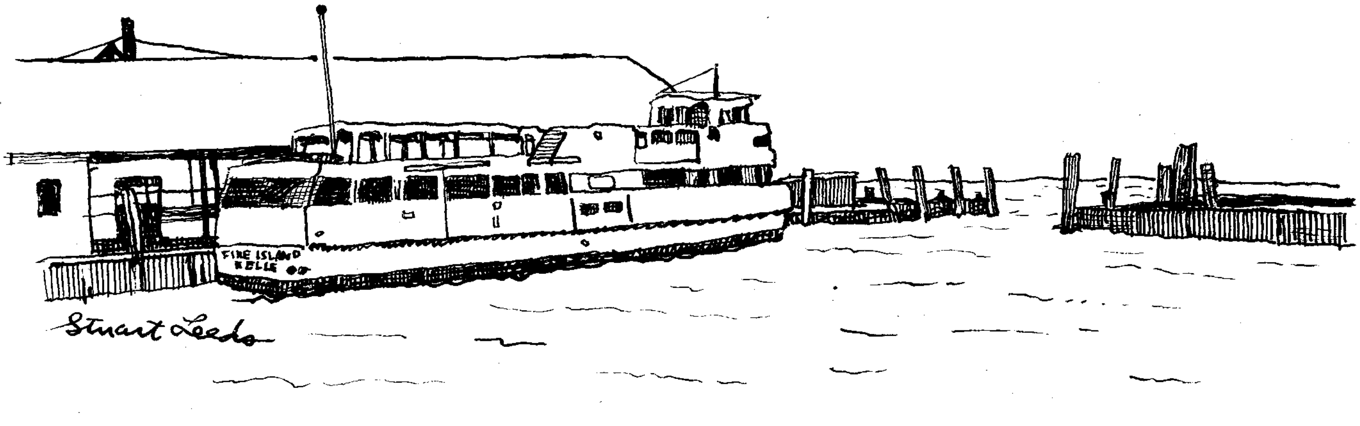
Washington Square Park—Charles Darden conducting the Festival Orchestra in a program of nineteenth-century German and French salon music. The last in a series of concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St.)

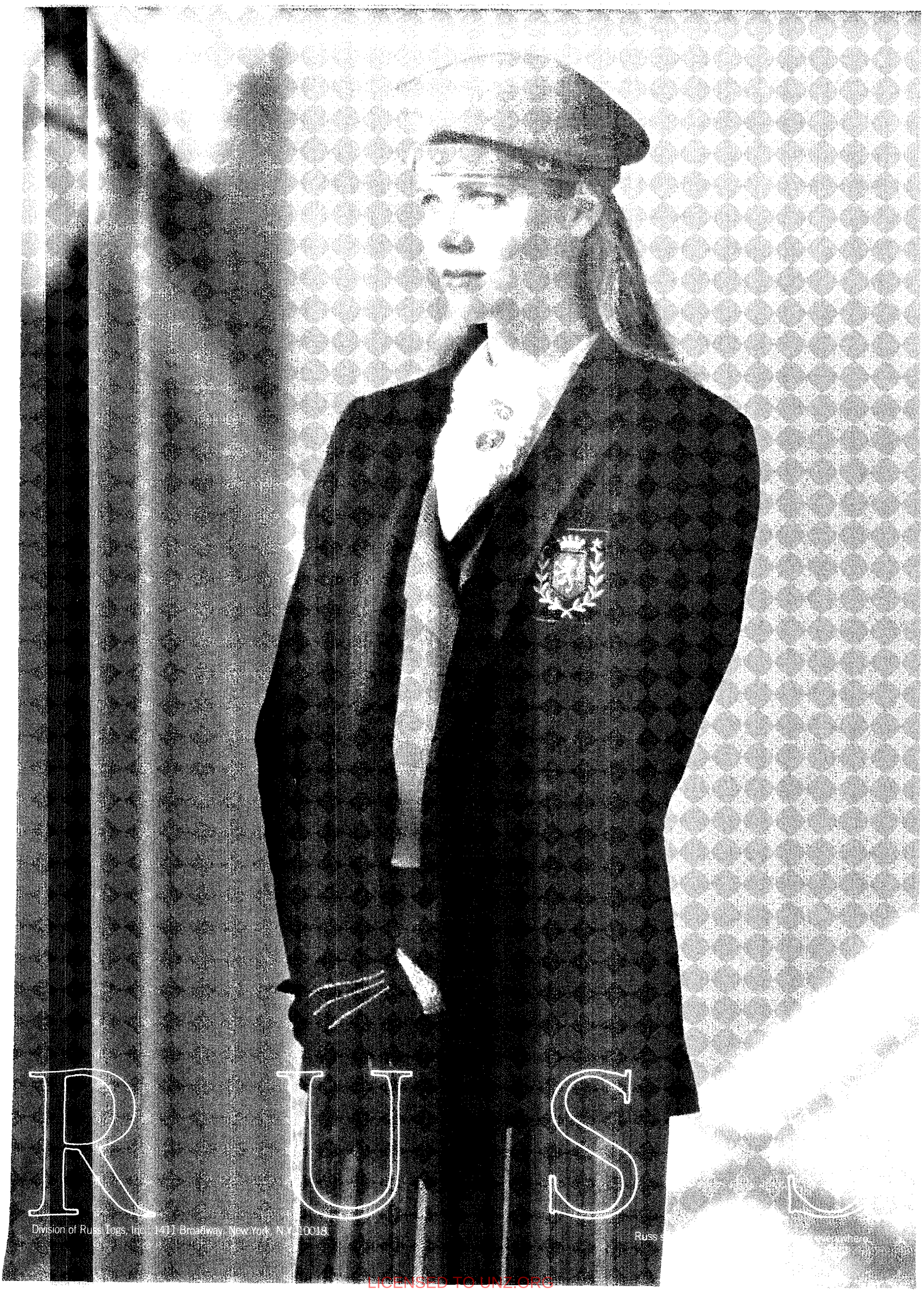
Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A four-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **damrosch park:** Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 7-10, performances of "Sweet Saturday Night," a music and dance revue, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, a Caribbean Music Day Carnival Parade, leaving the Caribbean Cultural Center (408 W. 58th St.) at about 1 and arriving at the Park at 2, and a performance by the Compañía Folklorica Puertorriqueña of San Juan, Puerto Rico, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 13-14, the Compañía Folklorica Puertorriqueña at 8:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15, Ballet Hispanico at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, Philadanco, from Philadelphia, at 8:15. . . . **lincoln center plaza:** Thursday, Aug. 8, "Sinbad the Sailor" (for children) at 10:30, and Robin Staff's Colloquium, a modern dance company, at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, the Chico Hamilton quintet at 12:15, and the Marleen Pennison Dance Company at 5. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, Mini Events at noon; Body and Sole Tap Dance Works at 2:30; and the Chinese Dance Company of New York, with the Hsiang-Yin Chorus of New York, at 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 13, the Clark Terry quartet at 12:15, and the Magnificent Force at 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 14, mime Craig Babcock (for children) at 10:30. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15, Marta Renzi and the Project Company at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, the Trio Musica Hispaña at 6:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, Mocko Jumbies, a Caribbean stilt-dancing company, and Vaudeville Heaven, a mime group, at noon; Mestre and Company at 2; the Mirage Mime Company at 4; and a program of Kathak dancing of India at 6. (Through Monday, Sept. 2. For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

Festival de la Nueva Canción—A program of Latin American music, performed by Mongo Santamaria and his band as well as by groups from Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Uruguay. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Monday, Aug. 12, at 7. For information about free tickets, call 861-7277.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of lower Broadway, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Aug. 11, starting at the steps of City Hall, at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Sunday, Aug. 11, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as a hundred meteors an hour may be visible.

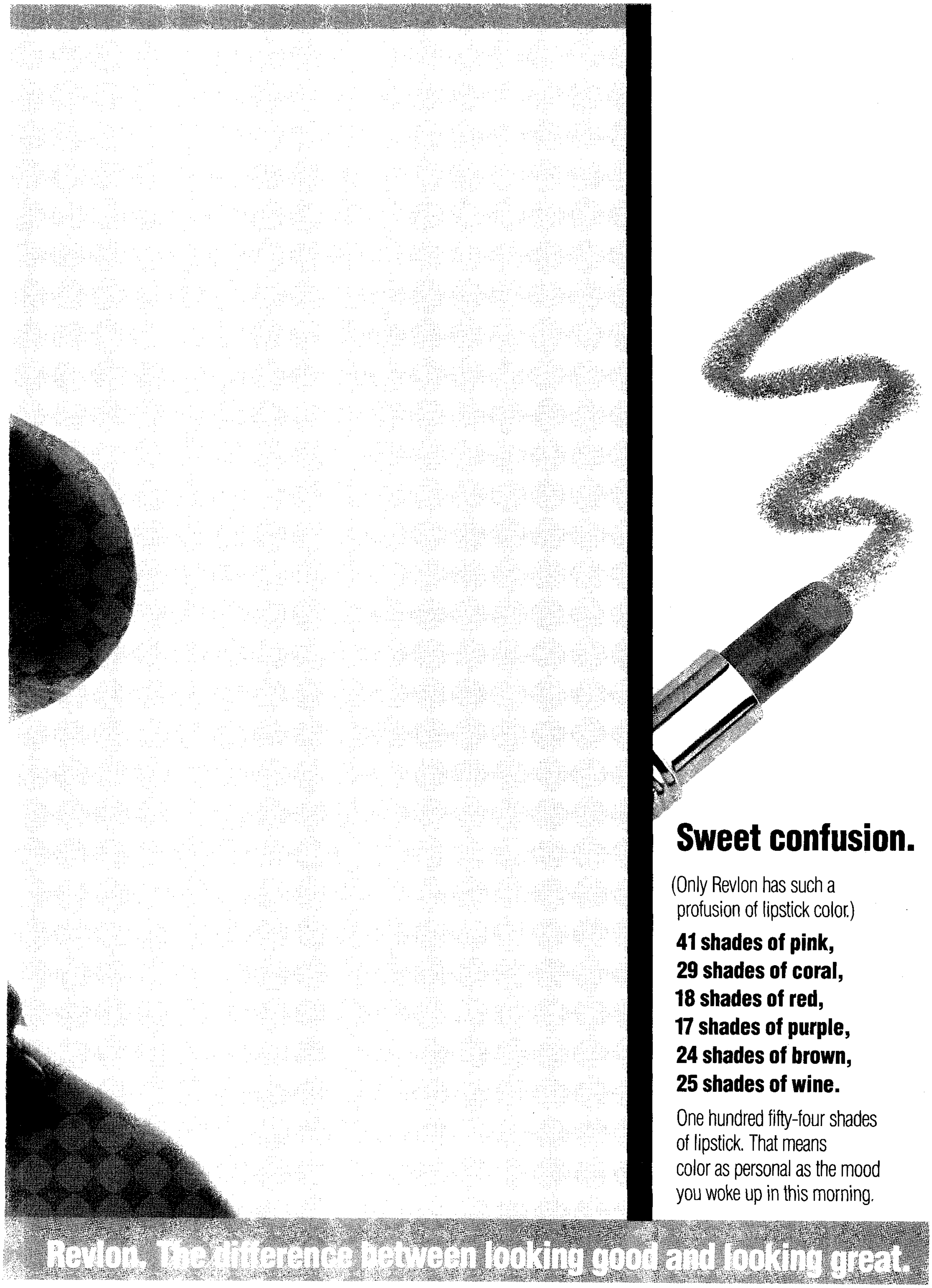




Division of Russ Togs, Inc., 1411 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018

Russ [illegible] everywhere.

REVLON
On her lips, our model is wearing 'Pink in the Afternoon'. Her fragrance: Jontue. ©1985 Revlon, Inc.



Sweet confusion.

(Only Revlon has such a
profusion of lipstick color.)

41 shades of pink,
29 shades of coral,
18 shades of red,
17 shades of purple,
24 shades of brown,
25 shades of wine.

One hundred fifty-four shades
of lipstick. That means
color as personal as the mood
you woke up in this morning.

Revlon. The difference between looking good and looking great.

The Kosta Boda Avocado.

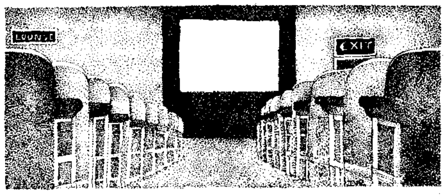
The good life begins with The California Avocado.

Line Stemware by Kosta Boda

Taste the good life from Kosta Boda. Innovative crystal since 1742. For a free brochure, write Kosta Boda, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Aug. 8: “Cleopatra” (1963; directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall.

From Aug. 9: A program of Latin-American films.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

“National Lampoon’s European Vacation” (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Aug. 13: “The Emerald Forest” (†).

From Aug. 14: “Key Exchange” (Barnet Kellman), with Brooke Adams and Ben Masters.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

“Cocoon” (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through Aug. 8: “Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome” (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

From Aug. 9: “Pee-Wee’s Big Adventure” (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 8: “Prizzi’s Honor” (†). From Aug. 9: “Summer Rental” (Carl Reiner), with John Candy and Richard Crenna.

Theatre 2: “Weird Science” (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall.

Theatre 3: “Back to the Future” (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

“Real Genius” (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Aug. 8: “Pale Rider” (†).

From Aug. 9: “My Science Project” (Jonathan Betuel).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Aug. 13: “Prizzi’s Honor” (†).

From Aug. 14: “Key Exchange” (Barnet Kellman), with Brooke Adams and Ben Masters.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

“Cocoon” (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through Aug. 10: “The Coca-Cola Kid” (Dusan Makavejev), with Eric Roberts.

From Aug. 11: “Insignificance” (Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Busey and Tony Curtis.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: “National Lampoon’s European Vacation” (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase. From Aug. 16: “Volunteers” (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15: “Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird” (Ken Kwapis). From Aug. 16: “The Return of the Living Dead” (Dan O’Bannon), with Clu Gulager.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: “St. Elmo’s Fire” (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe. From Aug. 16: “The Bride” (Franc Roddam), with Sting and Jennifer Beals.

Theatre 2: “Silverado” (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

“Fright Night” (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: “Kiss of the Spider Woman” (Hector Babenco), with William Hurt and Raul Julia.

Theatre 2: “The Emerald Forest” (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: “Real Genius” (*Martha Coolidge*), with Val Kilmer. From Aug. 16: “Volunteers” (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Theatre 2: “Rambo: First Blood Part II” (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Aug. 15: “Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome” (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

From Aug. 16: “American Flyers” (John Badham), with Kevin Costner and David Grant.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: “Back to the Future” (†).

Theatre 2: “Weird Science” (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

“The Gods Must Be Crazy” (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through Aug. 8: “Wetherby” (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.

From Aug. 9: “Pee-Wee’s Big Adventure” (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Aug. 15: “The Heavenly Kid” (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.

From Aug. 16: “Volunteers” (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 8: “E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial” (†). From Aug. 9: “Summer Rental” (Carl Reiner), with John Candy and Richard Crenna.

Theatre 2: “Cocoon” (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

“Fright Night” (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: “Real Genius” (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.

Theatre 2: “National Lampoon’s European Vacation” (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: “14’s Good, 18’s Better” (1980; directed by Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film); and “Greetings from Wollongong” (1981; Mary Callaghan; an Australian film).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 8: “Witness” (†). Aug. 9-16: “The Last Metro” (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and “The Woman Next Door” (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant. From Aug. 16: “Signals Through the Flames” (1984; Sheldon Rochlin and Maxine Harris).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: “Blood Simple” (†).

Theatre 2: “Fright Night” (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 8: “Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird” (Ken Kwapis). From Aug. 9: “Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome” (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 8: “St. Elmo’s Fire” (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe. From Aug. 9: “Prizzi’s Honor” (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: “The Home and the World” (†). From Aug. 16: ‘The Return of the Living Dead” (Dan O’Bannon), with Clu Gulager.

Theatre 2: “Made for Each Other” (1971 †).

Theatre 3: “A Man Like Eva” (1983; Radu Gabrea; in German), with Eva Mattes.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 8: “The Shooting Party” (†). From Aug. 9: “The Coca-Cola Kid” (Dusan Makavejev), with Eric Roberts.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: “Real Genius” (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 8: “The Goonies” (†). From Aug. 9: “Pale Rider” (†).

Theatre 3: “Silverado” (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through Aug. 8: “A View to a Kill” (†).

From Aug. 9: “My Science Project” (Jonathan Betuel).

Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th. (757-3100; closed Mondays.)

“The Black Cauldron,” a Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

“Silverado” (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through Aug. 14: “St. Elmo’s Fire” (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.

Aug. 15: Theatre closed.

Aug. 16-17: “The Bostonians” (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

“Animals Are Beautiful People” (Jamie Uys).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through Aug. 8: “The Woman Next Door” (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and “The Last Metro” (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

From Aug. 9: “Dance with a Stranger” (Mike Newell), with Rupert Everett and Ian Holm.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through Aug. 11: “The Emerald Forest” (†).

From Aug. 12: “Prizzi’s Honor” (†).

Loews Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)

“Wetherby” (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B’way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 8: “The Home and the World” (†). From Aug. 9: “Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart” (Wayne Wang).

Theatre 2: “Péril” (Michel Deville; in French), with Nicole Garcia and Michel Piccoli.

Theatre 3: “Amadeus” (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: “Prizzi’s Honor” (†).

Theatre 2: “The Emerald Forest” (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B’way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: “La Chèvre” (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 8: “La Chèvre.” From Aug. 9: “My Science Project” (Jonathan Betuel).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B’way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: “Weird Science” (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall.

Theatre 2: “Back to the Future” (†).

Theatre 3: “Cocoon” (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 8: “National Lampoon’s European Vacation” (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase. From Aug. 9: “Summer Rental” (Carl Reiner), with John Candy and Richard Crenna.

Theatre 5: Through Aug. 8: “Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome” (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson. From Aug. 9: “Pee-Wee’s Big Adventure” (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

Theatre 6: “Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird” (Ken Kwapis).

Metro Cinema, B’way at 99th. (222-1200)

Through Aug. 9: “Fright Night” (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

From Aug. 10: To be announced.

Olympia Quad, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: “E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial” (†). From Aug. 16: “Year

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the Dragon" (Michael Cimino), with Mickey Rourke and John Lone.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†) and "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†). From Aug. 16: "The Return of the Living Dead" (Dan O'Bannon), with Clu Gulager.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 15: "Weird Science" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall. From Aug. 16: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Theatre 4: "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 8: "A View to a Kill" (†). From Aug. 9: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 8: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith. From Aug. 9: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.

Theatre 5: Through Aug. 15: "Pale Rider" (†). From Aug. 16: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Goonies" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Aug. 8: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).

From Aug. 9: "My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 8: "After the Fall of New York." From Aug. 9: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).

Theatre 4: "Lifeforce" (Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Weird Science" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 8: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†). From Aug. 9: "Summer Rental" (Carl Reiner), with John Candy and Richard Crenna.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Aug. 15: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).

From Aug. 16: "The Return of the Living Dead" (Dan O'Bannon), with Clu Gulager.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.

Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 8: "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis). Aug. 9-15: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman. From Aug. 16: "The Bride" (Franc Roddam), with Sting and Jennifer Beals.

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero). From Aug. 16: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Theatre 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; directed by Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 8: "Henry IV" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale.

From Aug. 9: "Almonds and Raisins."

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 7: "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Aug. 8: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari.

Aug. 9-10: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "La Ronde" (1950; Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Aug. 11-12: A program of six Laurel and Hardy short films.

Aug. 13: "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and four Chaplin short films.

Aug. 14: "Why Worry?" (1923; Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd; and "For Heaven's Sake" (1926; Sam Taylor; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd.

Aug. 15: "The Circus" (†); and four Charlie Chaplin short films.

Aug. 16-17: "Modern Times" (†) and "The Great Dictator" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 8: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967; Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, and Sharon Tate; and "The Best of Everything" (1959; Jean Negulesco), with Hope Lange and Stephen Boyd.

Aug. 9-10: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen; and "Airplane!" (1980; Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams), with Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges.

Aug. 11: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

Aug. 12-13: "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; and "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).

Aug. 14-15: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, and with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 16-17: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters) and "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), both with Divine.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the *late afternoon.)*

Through Aug. 8: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

From Aug. 9: "My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 8: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "The Graduate" (1967; Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross.

Aug. 9-10: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, and Ellen Barkin; and "Reuben, Reuben" (1983; Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Aug. 11: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

Aug. 12-13: "1984" (1985; Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton; and "Night of the Comet" (1984; Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.

Aug. 14-15: "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, Richard Crenna, and Mickey Rourke; and "Eyewitness" (†).

Aug. 16-17: "Fame" (†); and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 8: A festival of Alfred Hitchcock films.

From Aug. 9: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 7: "Ramona" (1936; Henry King), with Loretta Young, Don Ameche, and Kent Taylor; and "Kentucky" (1938; David Butler), with Loretta Young, Richard Greene, and Walter Brennan.

Aug. 8-10: "On the Riviera" (1951; Walter Lang), with Danny Kaye, Corinne Calvert, and Gene Tierney; and "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954; Walter Lang), with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor.

Aug. 11-13: "The Maltese Falcon" (†); and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

Aug. 14-17: "Casablanca" (†); and "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 7: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "In the White City" (1983; Alain Tanner; in Portuguese, French, and English, with English subtitles), with Bruno Ganz.

Aug. 8: "The Crimson Kimono" (1959; Samuel Fuller), with Victoria Shaw, Glenn Corbett, and James Shigeta; and "Underworld, U.S.A." (1961; Samuel Fuller), with Cliff Robertson.

Aug. 9: "Malcolm X" (1972) and "Free at Last" (1968), both documentaries.

Aug. 10: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "The Green Room" (1979; François Truffaut; in French), with Truffaut, Natalie Baye, and Jean Dasté.

Aug. 11: "A Love in Germany" (1984; Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault; and "Ways in the Night" (1983; Krzysztof Zanussi; in German).

Aug. 12: A program of cartoons.

Aug. 13: "Head" (†); and "Beach Party" (1963; William Asher), with Robert Cummings and Dorothy Malone.

Aug. 14: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "In a Lonely Place" (†).

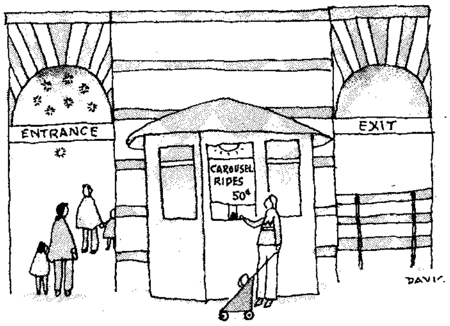
Aug. 15: A program of two Nadine Gordimer stories: "Country Lovers" (1982) and "City Lovers" (1982).

Aug. 16: "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with Divine; and "Multiple Maniacs" (1977; John Waters).

Aug. 17: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964 †).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 7: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943; Ernst



Lubitsch), with Gene Tierney and Don Ameche; and "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942; Rouben Mamoulian), with Gene Tierney and Henry Fonda.

Aug. 8: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935; Frank Lloyd), with Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable; and "Captains Courageous" (1937; Victor Fleming), with Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew, and Mickey Rooney.

Aug. 9-10: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

Aug. 11: "Rain" (†) and "Of Human Bondage" (1934 †).

Aug. 12: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Aug. 13: "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937; Louis King) and "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938; James Hogan), both with John Howard as Drummond.

Aug. 14: "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill) and "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), both with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.

Aug. 15: "Le Corbeau" (†); and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

Aug. 16-17: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934 †) and "Secret Agent" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Aug. 8 at 2:30: "1984" (1984; directed by Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6 and Aug. 9 at 2:30: "A Passage to India" (1984; David Lean), with Peggy Ashcroft, Judy Davis, James Fox, Victor Banerjee, and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 2: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Mariel Hemingway, Meryl Streep, and Michael Murphy. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 5: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French, with English subtitles), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 2: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977; Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, and François Truffaut. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 5: "The Magic Flute" (1974; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2:30: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6: "Manhattan." . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2:30: "The Magic Flute." . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 2:30: "That Obscure Object of Desire." . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6: "Raging Bull." . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2:30: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "Dersu Uzala" (1975; Akira Kurosawa; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2: "The Man Who Would Be King." . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 5: "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

THEATRE 2: Theatre closed.

Truffaut Plus—The first programs in a seventeen-day retrospective of the films of François Truffaut, plus twenty-five of Truffaut's favorite films by other directors. Aug. 9 at 6:15: "The 400 Blows" (1959; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 8:45: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 2: "The Big Sky" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Kirk Douglas and Dewey Martin. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 4:30: "Johnny Guitar" (1954; Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, and Mercedes McCambridge. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 7: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; in French), with Charles Aznavour. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 9: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 2:30: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 4:45: "The Naked Dawn" (1956; Edgar Ulmer), with Arthur Kennedy and Betta St. John. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 6:45: "Jules and Jim" (1962; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 9: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976; Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6:15: "The Soft Skin" (1964; in French), with Jean Desailly and Françoise Dorléac. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 8:45: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6:15: "Fahrenheit 451" (1966), with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 8:45: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 6:15: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968; in French), with Jeanne Moreau. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 8:45: "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955; Charles Vidor), with Doris Day, James Cagney, and Cameron Mitchell. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6:15: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 8:45: "Hollywood or Bust" (1956; Frank Tashlin), with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6:15: "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8:45: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 1:30: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, and James Dean. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 5:30: "The Wild Child" (1970; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 7:30: "Bed and Board" (1971; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 9:30: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, and Victor Moore. (Alice Tully Hall. For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

Uris Center Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Aug. 10 at 2: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Olivia Hussey and Leonard Whiting. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1973; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Ruy Guerra. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1981; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye. (For information about tickets, call 570-3764.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, from a script he wrote with his regular teammate Bob Gale, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine on the chassis of a gull-winged DeLorean, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old Hill Valley, California, high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to Hill Valley, 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge of Zemeckis and Gale's 1980 "Used Cars;" despite their wit in devising intricate structures that keep blowing fuses, the thinking is cramped and conventional. Christopher Lloyd is a blissful silly, though, and Lea Thompson's woozy-faced young Lorraine (Marty's mother-to-be) has a sly lustiness that's entrancing; as the tall, skinny, sad-sack George McFly (Marty's father-to-be), Crispin Glover is almost too painful a caricature, but he has more force than anyone else in the movie. With Claudia Wells, Wendie Jo Sperber, Marc McClure, Thomas F. Wilson, and Frances Lee McCain. A Steven Spielberg production, with cinematography by Dean Cundey and production design by Lawrence G. Paull. (7/29/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Blood Simple—A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. Directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan. (2/25/85) (Waverly.)

Broadway Danny Rose (1984)—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, isn't working with post-Freudian comedy here; he has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. With Nick Apollo Forte and Mia Farrow. (2/6/84) (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 15.)

Casablanca (1942)—Ingrid Bergman became a popular favorite when Humphrey Bogart, as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, treated her like a whore. In the role of the cynic redeemed by love, Bogart became the great adventurer-lover of the screen during the war years. In this film, he established the figure of the rebellious hero—the lone wolf who hates and defies officialdom (and in his movies he fulfilled a universal fantasy: he got away with it). It's far from a great film, but it has a special appealingly schlocky romanticism, and you're never really pressed to take its melodramatic twists and turns seriously. The international cast includes Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, S. Z. Sakall, and, memorably, Dooley Wilson, singing "As Time Goes By." (Regency; Aug. 14-17.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. With Merna Kennedy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

Cocoon—A science-fantasy sitcom, in which the old people from a retirement community go off to the planet Antares, a Shangri-La in space. If audiences enjoy the movie, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

shows for them. But Howard keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and from scenes that can't get by as anything. The plot is less than ingenious, and things get pretty cloying. With Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche, Hume Cronyn, Jack Gilford, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jessica Tandy, Herta Ware, Steve Guttenberg, Barret Oliver, and Brian Dennehy. (7/15/85) (Bay Cinema, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Le Corbeau (1943; "The Raven")—Henri-Georges Clouzot's gall-and-wormwood thriller about a town terrorized by a series of vicious poison-pen letters that drive various townspeople to crime and suicide. The plot—tracking down the blackmailer—is rather mechanical, but Clouzot can give an audience the cold creeps. With Pierre Fresnay and Ginette Leclerc. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 15.)

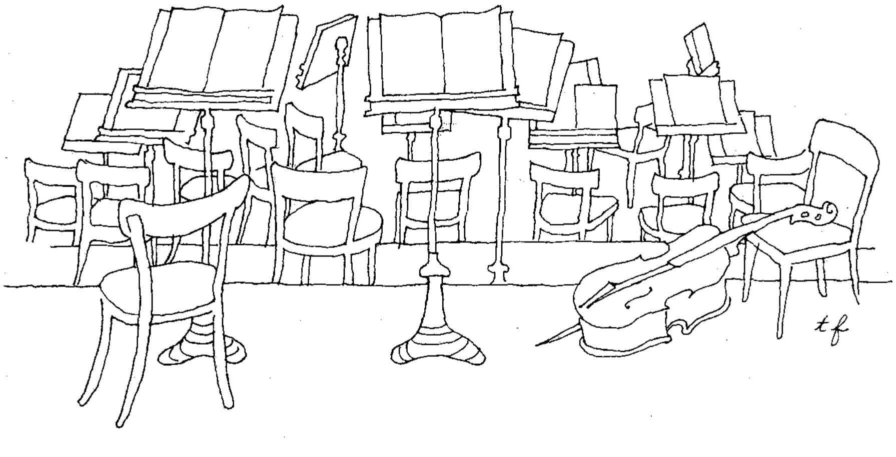
The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Louis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid required to read Huysmans to her old, persnickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 17.)

The Emerald Forest—With Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman; directed by John Boorman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II, Cinema Studio, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ New Gramercy; through Aug. 13.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial (1982)—Steven Spielberg's movie is the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. (Loews Orpheum, Loews State, and 8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Aug. 9.)

Eyewitness (1981)—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich tried to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero (William Hurt), a janitor in an office building, has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. In order to pique her interest, he suggests that he may have been an eyewitness, and this fib of his makes the two of them targets for the killers, for those who seek to avenge the killing, for the police, and—it begins to seem—for every passerby. There are good, funny moments, though. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 14-15.)

Fame (1980)—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. The picture, which was directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffy, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 16-17.)



The Goonies—A group of kids in a seaport town in Oregon search in the caves along the coast, looking for the buried treasure left by One-Eyed Willie, a seventeenth-century pirate, and find his ship floating in an underground lagoon. With its echoes of "Peter Pan" and "Treasure Island" and Tom Sawyer and Becky caught in the caves, this adventure comedy should be wonderful fun. Produced by Steven Spielberg, who also wrote the story, it's full of slapstick cliffhangers, like a junior edition of "1941" and "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom," and some of the sets designed by J. Michael Riva have a magical aura. But it was directed by Richard Donner, who doesn't invite the audience in or shape the scenes—there's all this stuff going on and none of it stands out. And with the kids' constant jabbering the movie gives you the sensation of a buzzing in the ears. The clutter and the hyperexcited rushing about and the many scenes shot in the claustrophobic darkness of the caves can really give you a case of the heebie-jeebies. With Ke Huy Quan as Data, who devises contraptions, Sean Astin as Mikey, Josh Brolin as Brand, Jeff Cohen as Chunk, Corey Feldman as Mouth, Martha Plimpton as Stef, Kerri Green as Andy, and Anne Ramsey as Mama Fratelli, Robert Davi as her son Jake, Joe Pantoliano as her son Francis, and John Matuszak as the amiable monster Sloth. The script is by Chris Columbus; the cinematography is by Nick McLean. (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Aug. 8.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin the sentimentalist can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 16-17.)

Head (1968)—Before the producer, Bert Schneider, and the director, Bob Rafelson, collaborated on "Five Easy Pieces," they had made their names on TV with "The Monkees," and this first film they did together was an attempt to do for the Monkees what Richard Lester's "A Hard Day's Night" had done for the Beatles. The film tosses in old jokes, blackout routines, documentary footage of the suffering and horror of war, plus the Monkees, and tries to sell it all as a mind-blowing, psychedelic collage. With Annette Funicello, Timothy Carey, and Abraham Sofaer. Written by Rafelson and Jack Nicholson. (Thalia; Aug. 13.)

The Home and the World ("Ghare-Baire")—Victor Banerjee is a maharajah in Bengal with a Western education and liberal views. His wife (Swatilekha Chatterjee) is content to live in the women's quarters of his palace and be visible to no man except him. But he wants her to be a modern woman, and persuades her to leave the Arabian Nights cushions and the English bric-a-brac of the women's quarters, and she immediately becomes enthralled by the cocksure masculinity of a fiery radical (Soumitra Chatterjee). This Satyajit Ray movie is in deep, glowing colors; the main characters talk, and the camera just stays on them and waits until they finish, yet these conversations in golden light and shadows have their own kind of voltage. Set in 1907, this marvellous film is about the destruction of the marriage, and the riots and bloodshed caused by the radical's terrorist supporters. In Bengali. (7/1/85) (Lincoln Plaza; through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 15.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart, as a cynical, tired Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but disappointingly hollow murder melodrama directed by Nicholas Ray. In talking to a hat-check girl, Steele discovers that she has read the book he is supposed to adapt to the screen; not wanting the bother of reading it himself, he invites her to his place so he can grill her about it. When the girl is murdered, the police think he did it. Ray doesn't seem to have an adequate budget or enough ideas to play with; the dialogue is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast—Gloria Grahame, Frank Lovejoy, and Carl Benton Reid. (Thalia; Aug. 14.)

Made for Each Other (1971)—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Quad Cinema.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart's most exciting role was Sam Spade, that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimensions to the detective genre. This film, the first directed by John Huston, is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Huston used Hammett's plot design and economical dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters who are so ruthless and greedy that they become comic. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Gladys George, Elisha Cook, Jr., Jerome Cowan, Lee Patrick, Ward Bond, and Barton MacLane. Bogart's Spade is a man who's constantly testing himself, who doesn't want to be touched, who's obsessively anti-homosexual. Huston, by shooting the material from Spade's point of view, makes it possible for the audience to enjoy Spade's petty, sadistic victories and his sense of triumph as he proves he's tougher than anybody. Spade was left a romantic figure, though he's only a few steps away from the psychopathic "nobody ever put anything over on Fred C. Dobbs" of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948). (Regency; Aug. 11-13.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1934)—This Hitchcock thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, Nova Pilbeam as the kidnapped child, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has the director's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 16-17.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Influenced by René Clair's "À Nous la Liberté," Charlie Chaplin opens this film with a satire on the dehumanizing effects of technology, but Chaplin is far more basic and sadistic than Clair. As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental time-saving contraption. After a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women. The picture is about the social disorders of the thirties, and there are clashes between the unemployed and the police, and a gag [illegible] communist demonstration, yet it's [illegible]est and most lighthearted of [illegible] pictures—partly because his [illegible] lady, Paulette Goddard, has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality. This picture doesn't pull at your heartstrings—it has the spirit of a good vaudeville show, and the tramp doesn't lose out at the end. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, who also takes credit for the music. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 16-17.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen. Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. With Frances Dee, Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 11.)

PALE RIDER—Directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema; through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting Aug. 9.)

PRIZZI'S HONOR—This John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Cinema Studio, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; starting Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Aug. 12.)

THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 15.)

RAIN (1932)—Joan Crawford is the innocent-at-heart tramp Sadie Thompson in this version of the Somerset Maugham wheezer, directed by Lewis Milestone. Crawford is the most unnuanced actress imaginable, and her interpretation of Sadie has absolutely no delicacy. With all the emotion she pours on, and her flashing eyes and twisted-scar mouth and strained voice, she's so totally affected that the affectation begins to seem natural. As the sanctimonious Reverend Davidson, Walter Huston has some startlingly shrewd moments, but the production is stilted and claustrophobic. With William Gargan, Beulah Bondi, Guy Kibbee, and Matt Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 11.)

RAMBO: FIRST BLOOD PART II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Gemini. . . . ¶ Movieland; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Aug. 16.)

SECRET AGENT (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of [illegible]'s spy thriller "Ashenden [illegible] quick, fresh touch, a[illegible] because the two male leads, [illegible]gud and Peter Lorre, are so ill-used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll, Robert Young, and Lilli Palmer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 16-17.)

THE SHOOTING PARTY—Working with Julian Bond's adaptation of Isabel Colegate's novel and a dream of a cast—James Mason (in his final movie), John Gielgud, Dorothy Tutin, Edward Fox, Gordon Jackson, Cheryl Campbell, Judi Bowker, Rupert Frazer, Aharon Ipalé—the director Alan Bridges carries the Masterpiece Theatre approach to the level of art. In the English countryside in the autumn of 1913, a large number of landed gentry, aristocrats, servants, gamekeepers, beaters, and loaders gather for a three-day shoot. Colegate's tone is lightly self-mocking, and the film is full of the English affection for gentle lunacy. This is one of the rare movies that can be said to be for an educated audience without that being a putdown. As the host, an aging baronet who's conscious that he's losing his grip, Mason gives the film its immediacy. (6/17/85) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 8.)

SILVERADO—Probably, to enjoy this roguish, mechanically plotted Western, you'd have to accept the fights and shoot-outs as decorative, as part of the scenery. The director, Lawrence Kasdan (who wrote the script with his brother Mark), is an impersonal craftsman. He uses accomplished actors: the four heroes journeying west to Silverado in the eighteen-eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glover, and they're variously involved with Linda Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Dennehy, John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But the atmosphere is arch and uninvolving, and these actors don't seem sure what their characters are meant to be. The film is like an homage to the expensive Western; it's so opulent it has a nouveau-riche aura about it. The pounding orchestral score is a bad mistake; it tries to inflate the emotions that the movie intended to arouse. The cinematography is by John Bailey. (7/29/85) (Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Ziegfeld.)

A VIEW TO A KILL—The James Bond series has had its bummers, but nothing before in the class of this one. The villain, Christopher Walken, is the ultra-blond psychopathic product of a Nazi doctor's experiments, and his major endeavor is to flood Silicon Valley. All that keeps the picture going is that it needs to reach a certain heft to fit into the series. With Roger Moore in his seventh go-round as Bond, Grace Jones, Tanya Roberts, Patrick Macnee, Patrick Bauchau, and a stunning young model named Alison Doody. Directed (dispiritedly) by John Glen. (6/3/85) (Guild, and Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 8.)

WITNESS—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Film Forum; through Aug. 8.)

YACHTING. AS DEFINED BY PIMM'S.

KEEL HAULER. Always preceded by Pimm's, i.e., Pimm's Keel Hauler. A refreshing beverage served both on board and off. This Keel Hauler is its own reward.

THE STARTING APPROACH. Line up 2 oz. Pimm's, a generous helping of soda, ice, and a wedge of lime. When the wind is calm, go for it.

WATERLINE. The point to which you should fill your cup. a.k.a. SODALINE.

FORE AND AFT. How you'll pace in anticipation of your host serving Pimm's.

TAKING A SOUNDING. Inquiring as to who's ready for another Pimm's Keel Hauler.

CHRISTENING THE BOAT. Never, ever, waste a bottle of Pimm's on this activity. That's what champagne is for.

THE FAVORED END. A snug harbor, a sunset, and Pimm's.

RUNNING AGROUND. An avoidable mishap. Similar to running out of Pimm's.

VESSEL. The Pimm's Cup, of course. The perfect way to travel with Pimm's. For a free set of 4 unbreakable cups, write to Oxford Display, P.O. Box 10143, Louisville, KY 40210. Send $1 for postage and handling. Void where prohibited.

THE LIGHT REFRESHER FROM ENGLAND. ONLY WINNING TASTES AS GOOD.

PIMM'S IMPORTED PIMM'S No 1 CUP PRODUCED IN ENGLAND BY THE PROPRIETORS Pimm's Limited LONDON ENGLAND 67 PROOF

67 PROOF. IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN U.S. FOR SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y. © 1984

© 1979 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

In just three minutes, this man's hair will look a lot handsomer.

clean-scalp shampoo
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN
6 FL OZ

Clinique dermatologists believe a man should wash his hair often. Daily if possible. For a good reason:

A meticulously clean scalp—free of dead skin flakes and dirt—encourages hair to go on growing. To keep a man's scalp in this ideal condition, Clinique developed the unique, concentrated lather of Clean-Scalp Shampoo.

Clean-Scalp Shampoo is thorough but mild enough for daily use. Leaves hair healthy-looking, manageable. Has no perfume to irritate skin and eyes. Also works on beards. Find it—plus a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Handsomer hair depends on Clean-Scalp Shampoo. It's a growing need.

CLINIQUE

SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who lives in the country writes:

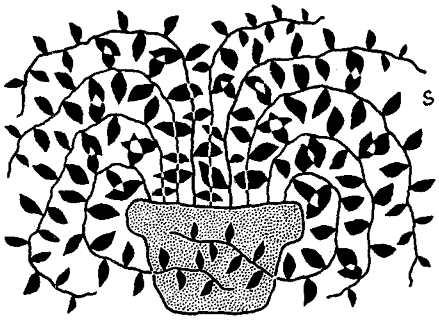
I woke up in the deep-night dark the other night, and as I was lying there waiting to slide back into sleep I heard the voice of a bird. Not many birds sing at night. I raised my head and listened. The voice seemed to be coming from the woods just beyond the kitchen garden. It was a call I didn't recognize, and yet it was almost familiar. It went on and on and on—and then suddenly I realized. The bird was a whippoorwill, it had to be a whippoorwill, but it was a whippoorwill off the melody. The song it sang was not the distinctive, onomatopoetic three-note call that sounds a little like the opening notes of the old First World War song "Over There." Its song had only two notes (like the call of the bobwhite quail): the middle, lower note was missing. But it *was* a whippoorwill. It couldn't be anything else. And that brought me fully awake and wondering. What kind of whippoorwill was this bird? Was it a baby at practice, a baby trying to learn? But there was nothing faltering about those two awkward notes, no hint of trial and error. The call was all wrong, but it never varied. Or was I listening to a tin-eared adult, an underachiever unable to master the signature of its species? If so, could such a bird survive? Teetering at the edge of sleep, I thought of the other whippoorwills out there in the echoing woods. What did they make of that commotion, that anonymous declaration of territory, that nonesuch mating call? It was a tragicomical midnight thought.

* * *

Three Stars

ONE recent evening, we hung out for a while at the Metropolitan Opera House, in the backstage dressing rooms of the actors Bando Tamasaburo V, Kataoka Takao, and Onoe Tatsunosuke, three stars of the Grand Kabuki, ninety-one members of which —about a third of the company in Japan—are currently on tour in the United States (from Lincoln Center to Kennedy Center, in Washington, and then to Royce Hall, in Los Angeles).

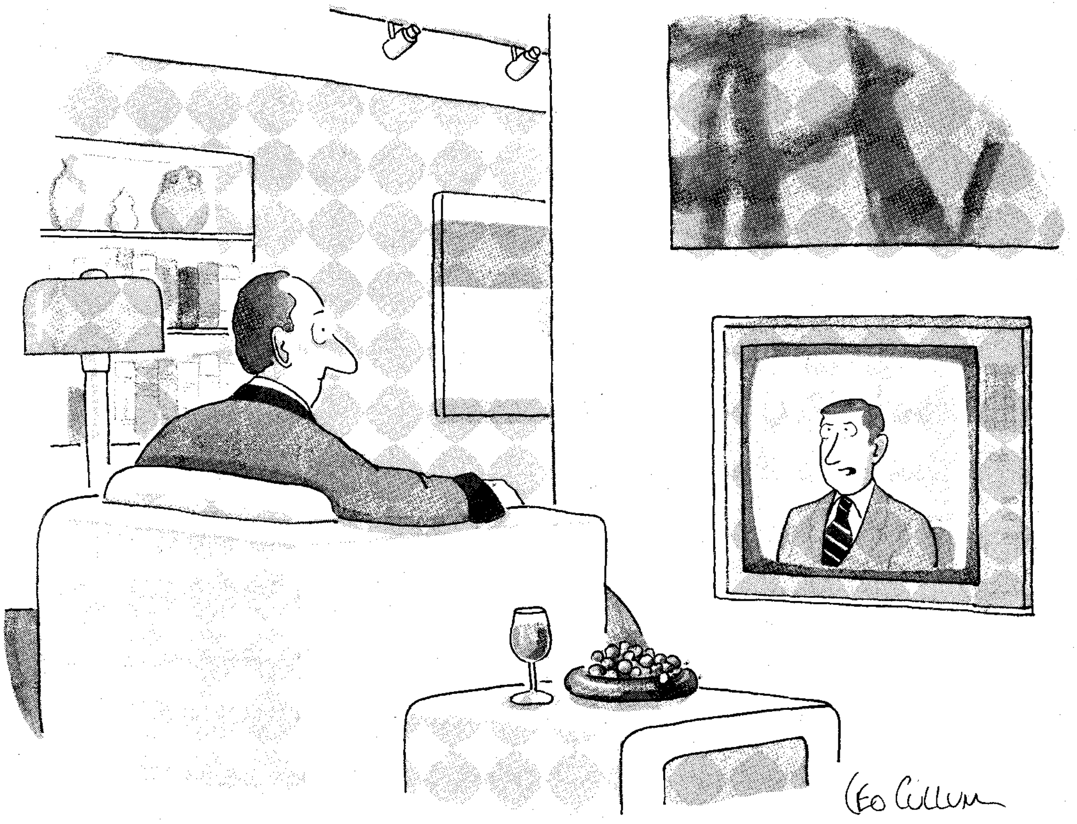
"Hi!" all three actors said to us, in English, when we arrived, and all three quickly followed that with "No problem," also in English, when we asked them if we'd be in the way while they dressed, put on their makeup, and exchanged traditional bows and the traditional "*Ohayo gozaimasu*," meaning "Good morning," with their fellow-actors. (The greeting is the same no matter what time of day or night it is.) From then on, with their English and our Japanese exhausted, we enjoyed the unobtrusive and invaluable translation help of a cherubic-faced young man named Peter Grilli, who is the director of film and education for the Japan Society. Kabuki acting and dancing, and Kabuki four-hundred-year-old traditions, we should say at the outset, don't have much in common with Broadway shows, but the Kabuki stars took in several Broadway shows with both interest and enthusiasm. Tamasaburo liked "Cats" and bought a pile of "Cats" T-shirts and "Cats" beach towels to take back to Japan as presents. He saw "Big River" and had a highly nostalgic reaction to it, not because he had read "Huckleberry Finn" or knew anything about it but because it reminded him of all the American Western and frontier movies he'd been seeing all his life in Japan. Takao was knocked out by "Dreamgirls," because of the staging and the quick set changes. The stars were happiest of all with the way they were able to augment their T-shirt collections with T-shirts advertising the musicals.



At the Met, the stars, in accordance with Kabuki actors' practice, had hung over their dressing-room doors colorful curtains bearing their names in calligraphy and also their Kabuki-family crests. Kabuki actors are known not by their surnames but by their given names—Tamasaburo, Takao, Tatsunosuke, etc.—and that's the way their names appear in the programs. Their full names appear on the curtains and on lanterns decorating the proscenium, and the crests are also seen on the backs of their formal kimonos during the plays. Their dressers and helpers, many of whom have small parts in Kabuki plays, take the surnames of the actors they help. Kabuki names are handed down from generation to generation. Actors also graduate from name to name, sometimes attaining highly honored names. Danjuro XII, for example, got that name just last spring, in a traditional ceremony called Kojo, which during performances on this tour is being repeated outside Japan for the first time; he'd had the name Ebizo X during the Kabuki tour here a couple of years ago. In a Kabuki play, the actors, all of whom are, of course, male, make remarks about themselves without seeming to step out of character, or they very easily make little jokes about the company, and such asides don't detract from their performance any more than their names on the lanterns do. Here goes with Tamasaburo, Takao, and Tatsunosuke, making remarks about themselves to us.

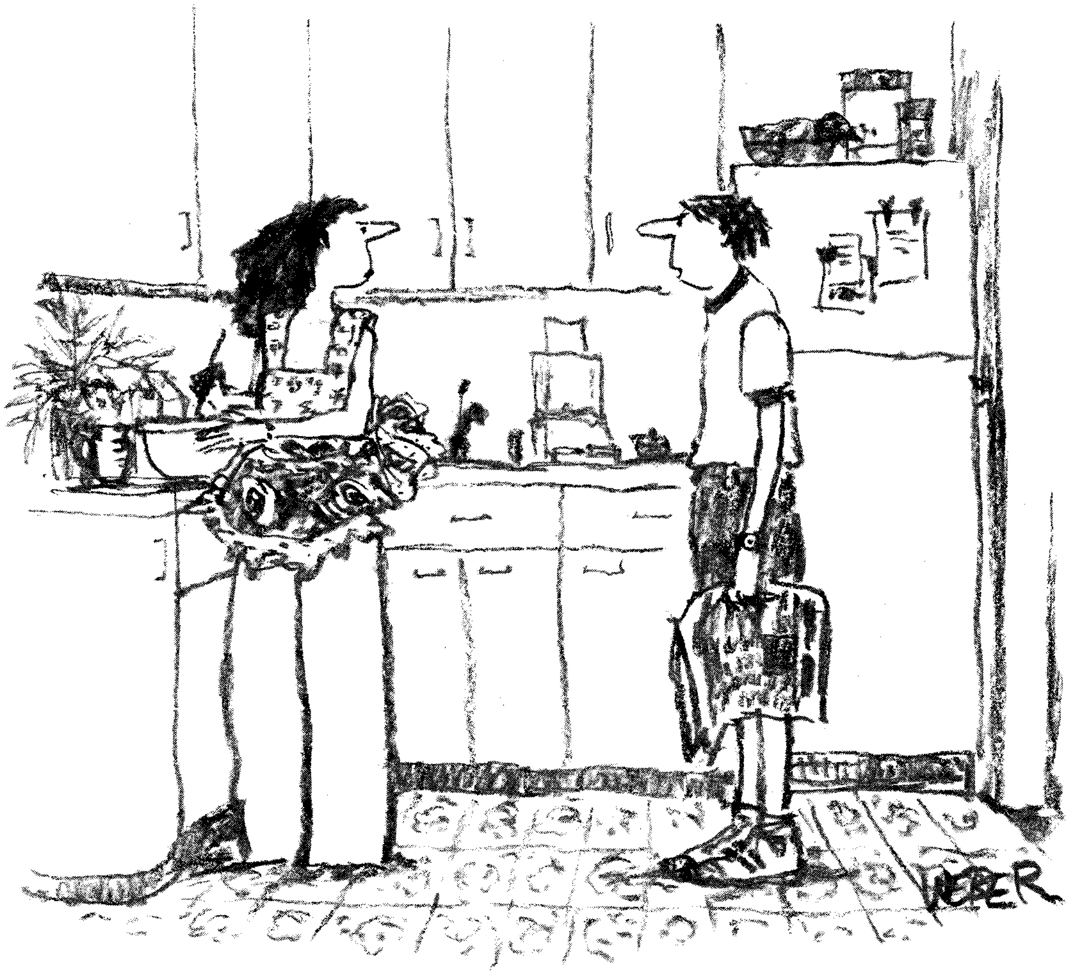
TAMASABURO (*He is slim, serious,*

and watchful, with unusually long arms, and with just a hint in his face, mainly around the mouth, and also in his posture, which is extraordinarily relaxed, of the fact that he is a famous onnagata, *or specialist in female roles. He seems to take in everything around him and usually has an amused glint in his eye, as though he were having a lot of internal, secret fun with his observations. He is a hero to the young Japanese fans, who are as devoted to him as, say, the combined fans here of Bruce Springsteen and Tom Cruise. Tamasaburo wears beautiful, custom-made clothes—such as beige linen pants pleated at the top and with an ultra-narrow brown leather belt, a pleated white shirt with full sleeves, and an ultra-narrow brown necktie. The transformation in him after he has dressed and made himself up heavily for a part as, for instance, a beautiful court lady, with wig, jewelled headdress, fan, and layers of elaborately brocaded kimonos, is thrilling*): I was born in Tokyo in 1950. My parents ran a small restaurant in a residential area. I have one brother, a couple of years older, who is now a photographer. When I was two, for therapy after I had a light case of polio, my mother sent me to a dance school, and the teachers told my mother I had talent. Soon I started taking private lessons with a dance teacher. She was married to the Kabuki actor Morita Kanya XIV, and he adopted me, because he and his wife had no children. They gave me the name Morita Shinishi. Being adopted into the Kabuki is the only way of becoming a Kabuki member if you are not born into it. I first appeared onstage when I was six, with the stage name Bando Kinoji, in the classic play "The Temple School." I played the part of a boy whose parents knowingly substituted him for the master's son to be killed by the enemy. I had one line to speak: "I will bring the request to the priest." I loved it. I felt the audience responding to me, and I loved it. I have played many leading female roles in Kabuki plays, and I have also played, in other theatres, the parts of Lady Macbeth, Desdemona, and Medea. I never get bored playing Kabuki roles, but I like to work in other kinds of theatre, too. I plan to be a director as well as an actor. I want to take classic Japanese plays and direct them in ways that are meaningful to modern audiences. I want to stay in the theatre. I wouldn't really prefer to be in movies, because I love to feel the theatre audience responding to me. I have a good time in America. On my first morning in New York, I went downstairs to the hotel dining room for breakfast, and I had orange juice, fried eggs, whole-wheat toast, and coffee. For breakfast the morning before, in Tokyo, I had had green tea, bean soup, okra, little pieces of meat and fish, and white rice. My stomach has no difficulty in changing from one country to another. Best of all, in America, I like to eat Italian food in Italian restaurants. The best lasagna in the world is in Italian restaurants in New York. The Metropolitan Opera House is incomparable. The proportions are so different from our theatre near the Ginza. Here the audience is four thousand—almost twice as many as we have in Tokyo. When I am onstage, I always look at the people in the audience, and the way they feel about me affects my performance quite a lot. When the other Kabuki actors come in to say the "Good morning," I tell them we'll go onstage and do our best. It is part of our ritual for them to come to my dressing room before and after every performance, and it's afterward that I always say to them, "Thank you for all your effort." I say to my audiences, here and everywhere, in the Kojo ceremony repeating the naming of Danjuro XII, "Please continue to look kindly on my performances with indulgence and tolerance." When I play the tragic-lady roles, I have a very special feeling—happiness and pain at the same time. I have learned so much for playing my female roles by going to old movies and watching Greta Garbo and Vivien Leigh and Katharine Hepburn, and also Deborah Kerr and Greer Garson. Those actresses are gorgeous and elegant. They are very sensual. They have a quality of decadence inside. The actresses of today are too obvious. The best actress of all is Garbo.



"In a controversial move today, the State of Rhode Island made a tender offer for the State of New Jersey."

TAKAO (*He is tall, thin, handsome, charming, and self-confident, and must be the happiest-looking person in all of Japan. He wears gold-rimmed eyeglasses and, sometimes, a three-piece navy-blue business suit. In several plays on this tour, he takes the role of the lover of ladies played by Tamasaburo. Takao has a very pretty wife. He and his wife smile at each* *other and at other people constantly*): I was born in Osaka in 1944. My father was the Kabuki star Kataoka Nizaemon XIII. I am the thirteenth generation of my family in Kabuki. I started on the stage in Kabuki at the age of five. The play was called "Summer Festival," and I played a boy who greets his father after his father has been released from jail. My father had the leading role in the play—the boy's father. My son, Kataoka Takataro, who is now seventeen and is with us on this Kabuki tour, made his Kabuki début in the same part when he was five, but I was not the father in the play. I have two daughters, fifteen and fourteen, and both want to be actresses and dancers. They take lessons in acting and in dancing. They will find work in other kinds of theatre. My children go to regular public schools, and they work at dramatic studies after school. In our home we have some woodblock prints of our Kabuki ancestors in the seventeenth century, but most such artifacts are in museums. I like the dressing rooms here at the Metropolitan Opera House. They have windows and private showers, which we do not have in the Kabuki theatre in Tokyo. Here I can look out and see the hot-dog vender at the curb in front of the apartment house across Amsterdam Avenue. In the Kojo ceremony, I say, "I am the son of my father, Nizaemon XIII, and we have for centuries been linked with the Danjuro family. I have taken sight-seeing trips to America, but this is the first time I have acted before you. Please think kindly of my art." About forty fans of ours came over from Japan in order to see us perform in this country. They visit us in our hotel late at night, and we all stay up until three in the morning and talk about the performances—about how exciting it is to hear and see the cheers and the standing ovations of the American audience and to take curtain calls. We do not take curtain calls at Kabuki in Japan. We tell the fans from Japan it is frightening but enjoyable to take curtain calls. We also compare notes with them on our collections of T-shirts.



"All right, I'm a little cranky. So is George Will, and you think he's cute."

• •

TATSUNOSUKE (*He is sturdy and muscular, with a commanding manner and a deep, throaty voice. He plays many highly stylized traditional aragoto, or rough-business, roles, with the hero vanquishing the villain. He often draws shouts of approval from the audience for his comedy and his dancing. He likes to wear casual clothes—often jeans and sports shirts—and he looks uncomfortable with a necktie on. He smiles rarely, and only with very good reason*): I was born in Tokyo in 1946. My father, Onoe Shoroku, and my ten-year-old son, Onoe Sakon, who has the name I had when I started in Kabuki, at the age of six, are both in the play "Just a Moment!" with me. Our family has been in Kabuki for only eight generations. On my first morning here, I woke up and wanted some exercise. So I walked from Central Park South through the Park and found horseback-riding stables and went for a ride on a horse. Other actors told me that that was a dangerous thing to do, but I liked it. I do what I like. The Metropolitan Opera House is wonderful. It would be impossible to have a theatre like it in Japan today, because of the cost. As soon as I stepped on its stage, I felt as though I were in a Rolls Royce. As an actor, I knew immediately, because of the enormous house, that when I played comedy I would have to inflate my performance. I don't know why I am a Kabuki actor. It is probably part of my fate. When I was six, I went onstage with my first part, in the play "The Disputed Succession." I did it because I was ordered to do it by my father. I was made up and dressed by my father's helpers. I played the part of a servant's son who takes the place of the master's son. I wore a pageboy wig, in the style of noble children, an orange-and-gold brocade top, and skirtlike purple pants. I didn't know what I was doing. My father said at the time that I was a terrible actor. My real name is Fujima Tohru, so everybody in my family calls me Tohru—even my father. He is a Living National Treasure; the designation was given him thirteen years ago by the Cultural Agency in the government. It carries with it great honor, but a small stipend. I used to watch my father on the stage when I was a child, but I did not feel particularly proud of him as an actor. I wanted to be a painter when I grew up. I rebelled against going to Kabuki rehearsals after school. I wanted to go out and play with my friends. I didn't like school, either. I hated arithmetic. When I was fifteen, I finally woke up. I became interested in ancient Noh masks, and I began to understand why they were preserved over the years and what the Kabuki tradition meant. Then, as I watched my father play his roles, I began to think how, if *I* were up there, *I* would do it. In the Kojo ceremony, I say, "I hope you will continue to admire Kabuki." I am now going to take a sip of Tropicana grapefruit juice, and I will put on my makeup for "Just a Moment!" First, I put grease on my face and neck—the pomade that Sumo wrestlers use to make their hair stick up. I melt it down with my cigarette lighter. Then I put on this *habutae*—the cap over my hair to make me look bald. The cap is made of fine silk, of the kind used in formal kimonos. With this brush I put on white paint, starting with the neck, up onto the nose, then speedily all over the face and ears. I pat it all over with the powder puff. It is the beginning of the fool's face, but it must also be ferocious. I put the *beni*, the crimson, on my nose. I put black on the corners of my mouth and also under my eyes. I paint black marks over my eyebrows. I put on white stockings, with twisting red lines to indicate muscles, to make my muscles look coiled and flexed. Only one man in all of Japan makes these stockings; when he goes, it will be the end of having these stockings to put on. I make myself look like a fool because in the play I am fooled by a lady spy. Then the long pigtail sideburns. My kimono has a painting of an octopus on the back, because the octopus is a symbol of foolishness in Japan. I am ready. I take some sips of oolong tea to help my voice. My son is in this play with me. He is a child, but already he likes it so much. I really mean this: my son could be an *onnagata* someday—one of the actors in Kabuki who play the most challenging parts, the most special, the female parts. My son feels the connection with the audience. I never think back on how I got here. There is no what-if for me.

New Game

IN one corner of a restaurant in midtown, four apparently young people sat around a table and played a board game. It was a game about the way members of the opposite—um, uh, about how they get along. A waitress circulated, taking drink orders. Some people asked for regular drinks, and some asked for wild concoctions of fruit juices mixed and blended and frozen in most refreshing ways, and some, who had planned ahead, did not ask for anything, because they were not thirsty.

"We're going for a Stroll in the Park," said one of the players, a male, moving a marker on the playing board.

"Minus two. You're in the Doghouse," said his partner, a female.

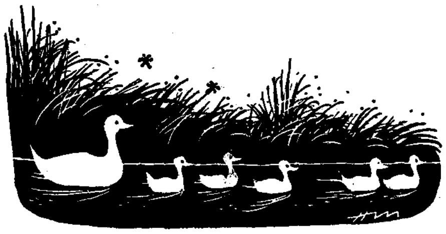
"I would like to have blank *x* times per week," said another player, reading from a piece of paper.

The players did a significant amount of winking, and they all spoke loud enough to be overheard—the idea being that, with any luck, these overheard remarks might be noted by members of the fourth estate who, having produced proper credentials, would be in a position to eavesdrop. *Bride's Magazine* had been invited, and so had *Non-Foods Merchandising* and *Toy & Hobby World*, among others.

"Male plus three," said a player. Then "Female plus two."

The other conversations in the restaurant were about theology, market saturation, beeswax, how to spell "diaphanous," nitty-gritty versus soft, Dwight Gooden, where that necktie came from, Scrabble and Parcheesi, summer tomatoes, the whole breakdown-of-respect-for-authority thing, fear of fat, quick weekend getaways, meeting a doctor, real wristwatches at discount prices, maybe getting a regular job, and losses due to breakage or mishandling.

Jerry Glichenhouse gave just a touch of background. His company, Victory Games, will manufacture and distribute the board game, which, he said, is based upon the very fine work of Dr. Ruth Westheimer, the not very tall psychologist who prefers to be called Dr. Ruth and whose specialty is dealing with concerns in the area of—Well, probably you get the idea by now. There will be a photograph of Dr. Ruth on the cover of the game box. Couples who play the game will accumulate Arousal Points in quest of something called Mutual Pleasure, and they will provide each other with unlimited hours of amusing and informative dialogue as they answer questions relating to stuff that relates to— Gee, how to say this? O.K.—to Dr. Ruth's *findings*. There will be six hundred true-false questions about, you know—anyway, six hundred of them. Plus a hundred multiple-choice questions derived from the same general vicinity of scientific inquiry.

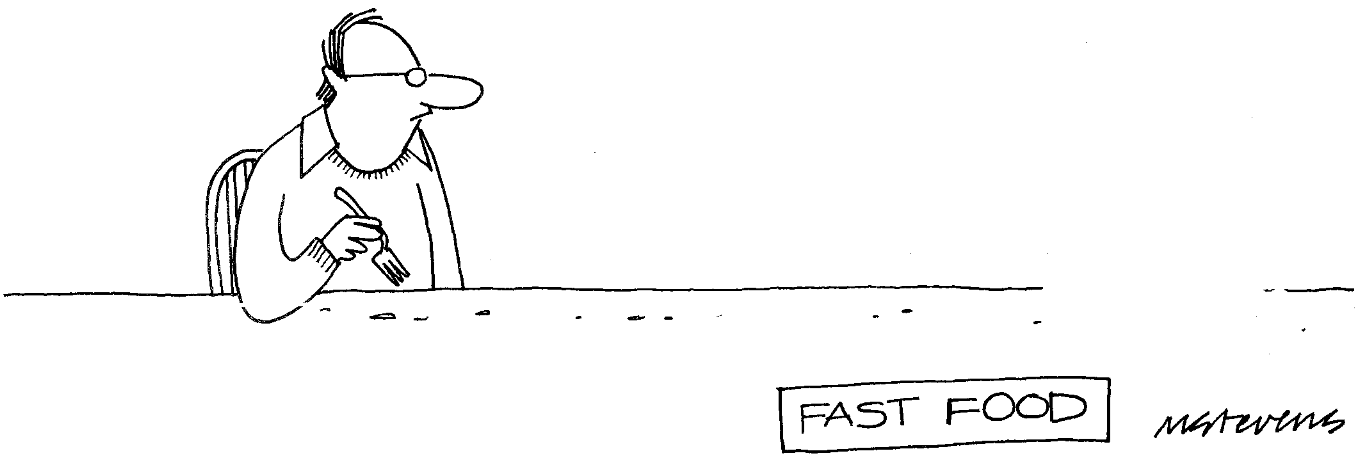


Dr. Ruth was available to answer questions. At first, there were no questions, so Dr. Ruth said, "The first question that I would ask myself is 'Westheimer, why are you now going on the market in this country with this game? What is it going to do to your practice as a therapist?' " Her answer was that she did this advisedly. This and the Dr. Ruth T-shirts and her upcoming feature-length-movie role and the television advertisement for another, ahem, product she is endorsing—all of Dr. Ruth's marketing decisions have been made advisedly.

Finally, someone else asked a question. Often, when Dr. Ruth wants to emphasize a point she says, "Let me tell you something." She liked the question that someone else asked—it was an entirely legitimate and healthy and normal question, about the same thing that the board game and Dr. Ruth's important research are about—so she said, "Let me tell you something. That's a good question. That's a smart question. You ask your boss to give you a raise." Then she answered the question in a detailed and explicit manner.

With Jake

WE'D never met Jake Steinfeld, the Jake and the body behind Body by Jake—L.A.'s celebrity-roster home-exercise service—but somehow we knew we'd be able to spot him in the lobby of the Parker Meridien Hotel, and we were not disappointed.



• •

From among the Continental-looking gentlemen making their way through the hotel's cool marble arcade, out bounded our man, a widebody packed into a black T-shirt and jeans. We knew that Jake was in town to set the tone for a Body by Jake franchise in Manhattan come September, and no sooner had we smacked palms with Jake than we were taking a meeting on the subject at a table in the hotel lounge.

"Let me tell you about the big picture," Jake said after ordering a Tab with lemon—a Tab with lemon to which he brought all the macho of a boilermaker. "I foresee Body by Jake all over the country." He spread his hands and took in chunks of ocean with his little fingers. "The only problem is: How do I keep up the whole Body by Jake mystique—you know, the celebrity clients, the unlisted number? You can't just hop in the car and drive to somebody's house in the middle of Manhattan at any hour of the day. Do I go with limos? Bicycles? I think here in New York we're going to have a studio kind of thing as well as the one-on-one workouts and the home exercise. The idea of a franchise is a big risk for me. I've been in the business for five years without any real overhead. Just salaries, Federal Express, P.R., and T-shirts. I have to be careful not to dilute the business."

Part of the reason Jake is in town this summer is to find personal trainers who fit the Body by Jake mold. To judge from Jake himself, they would have to be in their mid- or late twenties and have a ferociously friendly demeanor, and they'd have to dedicate themselves to working out their big-name clients until such time as a client offered them a co-starring role in a forthcoming movie, as Steven Spielberg offered one to Jake.

"I'm very particular about who works for me," said Jake. "If the trainer is going to come to someone's house every day at seven-thirty in the morning—and I'm not talking about the kind of person who wants to put on twenty pounds of muscle, I'm talking about someone who just wants to stay *alive*—you better believe the trainer's personality is important. I deal with very big executives and stars"—besides Spielberg, according to Body by Jake's P.R. firm, they include Morgan Fairchild, Bette Midler, and Harrison Ford—"and they're people who are used to saying 'Do this' or 'Do that' and it gets done. Here the roles are reversed. The trainer will say, 'O.K., Ms. Marlo Thomas or whoever you are, get on the ground and give me twenty-five more runs.' Do it right and they love it. They *love* it." Jake flashed his well-developed teeth.

How Jake came upon the body and then the business are two stories that Jake proceeded to relate. "I grew up in Brooklyn, right next to Erasmus Hall High School, but I never really concentrated on school," he told us. "When I was in high school, I started weight lifting—I suppose because I liked the way you could carry your sport around with you. It was my lifelong ambition to become Mr. America, but I didn't say anything to anybody about it. My parents didn't actually discourage me, except once in a while when we were out and I'd be walking around with my chest out to here"—he stretched out his arms as if he were hugging another body—"and they'd say, 'Would you just breathe?' So I went to college, where I took my training pretty seriously, and after my freshman year I called my parents and I said, 'Mom, Dad, I'm leaving college to become Mr. America,' and I moved to the West Coast. I became a real musclehead, and I did win Mr. Southern California. But basically I was sitting on the beach by day and working as a bouncer at night. For a while, I was the live Hulk at the Universal Studios tour. Then an actress in my apartment complex approached me one day and asked me whether I would devise some kind of workout for her, because she had a commercial coming up for Club Med. She was frightened of weights, so I improvised a towel-pull, which is part of the Body by Jake program today. A towel and a broomstick were all the equipment I used. Anyway, she was pretty well connected, and soon word of mouth got me to John Landis and Priscilla Presley. Obviously, it's history now."

Jake is riding a crest of success based on the current belief that, as Jake says, "it takes more than a pretty face to get into the movies these days—you *have* to look *great*." Apparently, it also takes more than a name and a mystique to be in the celebrity-workout business. Jake is represented by a book ("Body by Jake," Simon & Schuster), a record and a video ("Body by Jake," MCA), regular TV spots ("Body by Jake," Turner Broadcasting System), and a couple of movie appearances in addition to his soon-to-be-opened franchise.

"I've been offered Jake vitamins, Jake dumbbells, Jake fatty-clamps—you know, like the pinch-an-inch test," Jake said, swatting them away into the air. "The real big news now is my second book. It's a book on business. A street kid's guide on how to run your business. It's a real motivational book. It'll be co-written by the guy who helped do 'The Official Preppy Handbook.' "

THE DRAGON

I WAS standing talking at a cocktail party when I was saddened to see that everybody formed a forest. I felt defeated. The Dragon had taken over.

No sooner did I feel this than I decided it was only a temporary defeat, for that is what I am like. I didn't see then how I could possibly do it, but certainly, I decided, I was going to stop the Dragon. The party was people again. I picked up the conversation at a point where a man in the group was talking. He was good-looking, about sixty. "My address book," he was saying, "is becoming like a necropolis, so many people dying every month, this friend, that friend. You have to draw a line through their names. It's very sad."

"I always use pencil," said a lady, a little younger. "Then when people pass on I can rub them out."

We were in a shady part of the garden. It was six o'clock on a hot evening in the North of Italy. It was my garden, my party. The Dragon came oozing through the foliage. She was holding her drink, a Pimms No. 1, and was followed by a tall, strikingly handsome truck driver, whom she had brought along to the party on the spur of the moment. To her dismay, discernible only to me, he was a genial, easy-mannered young man, rather amused to be taking half an hour off the job with his truck parked outside the gate. I knew very well that when she picked him up at the bar across the street she had hoped he would be an embarrassment, a nuisance.

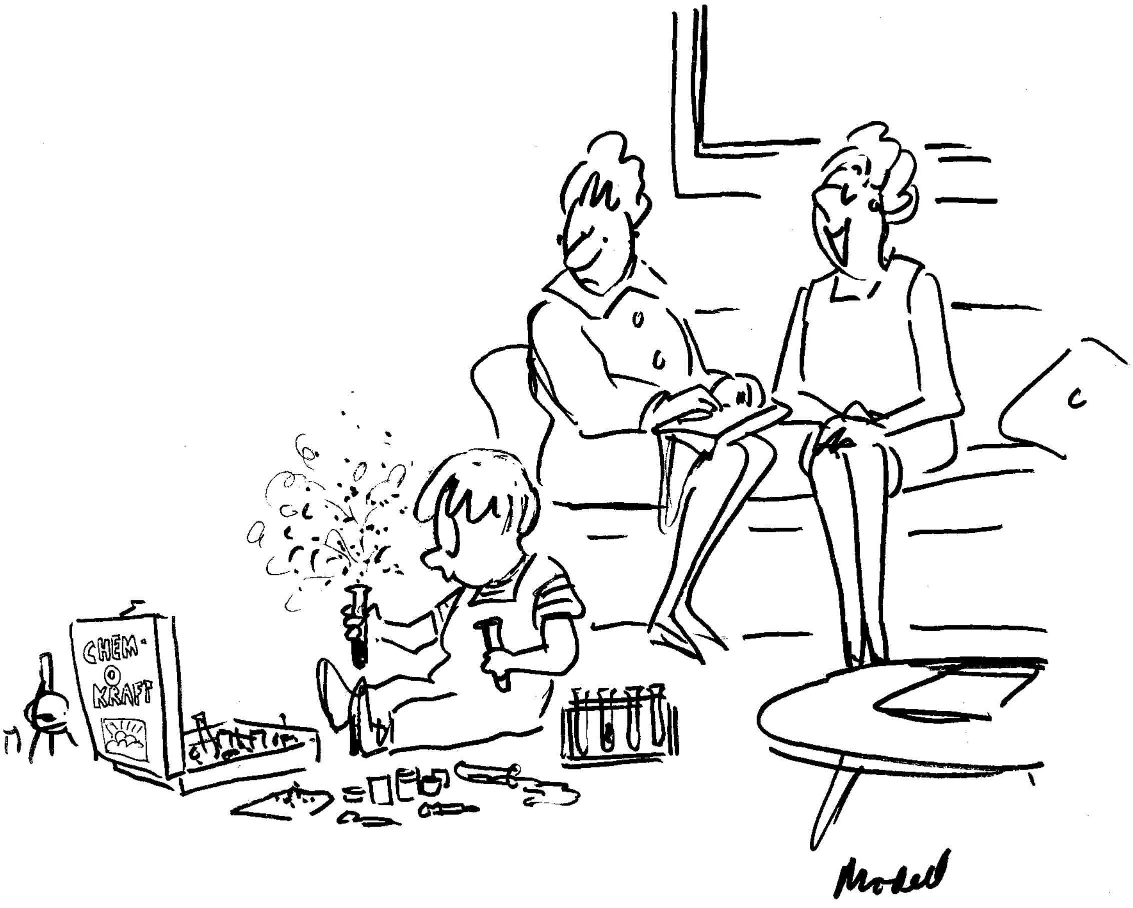
Oh, the Dragon! Dragon was what it was her job to be. She had been highly and pressingly recommended by one of my clients, the widow of a well-known dramatist. It didn't occur to me then that the vertiginous blurb that was written to me about the girl was in fact so excessive as to be suspicious. Perhaps I did feel uneasy about the eulogies that came over the telephone, and the letters that the widow wrote to me from Gstaad about the Dragon and her virtues as such. Perhaps I did. But, as often when I want enough to believe something because I am in need of help, I didn't listen to the small inner voice that said, Something is wrong, or that said, Be careful. I was optimistic and enthusiastic.

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments. On second thought, let me."

I was first and foremost a needlewoman. I have been called a couturiere, a dressmaker, a designer. But it was my fascination with the needle and thread that earned me my reputation. I could have gone into big business, I could have merged with any of the world's famous houses of *haute couture*. But I would have none of that. I preferred to keep my own exclusive and small clientele. It wasn't everybody I would sew for.

When I left school, at the beginning of the sixties, there were two things I could do well. One was write a good letter in fine calligraphy, and the other was sew, by hand, with every stitch perfect. I worked as a seamstress in the alterations department of a London store. This taught me a lot, but it didn't satisfy me. At home, I started making my own clothes. I had learned at my evening classes how to make an individual working dummy. I was very careful about this, and I practiced on my grandmother, with whom I lived. You cut a length of buckram into a body shape and sew your lady into it over the minimum of underwear. I did this with my grandmother, basting the buckram on her body with only an exact inch to spare. She thought she would never get out of it again. Then I slit it up the front with my scissors and sewed it up again with an exact one-inch seam. When I had perfected the sewing on the buckram with even, small backstitching, I filled the dummy with fine-teased raw wool. There was my grandmother's perfect shape to set on my stand. Some dressmakers use synthetic fabrics, if they still employ this process, but I wouldn't touch them.

I made my grandmother a dress she was proud of to the day she died. It was velvet lined with silk, every inside seam edged with narrow lace, both dress and lining. Nobody could see how beautifully it was finished inside. I have always stitched lace to my inside seams. Even if nobody ever saw the reverse side, my clients were the sort of women who are satisfied with the knowledge that they are beautifully dressed in garments made by hand and edged inside with very narrow lace, even when a silk lining hides the whipstitched lace-edged seams. Hemstitch, backstitch, cross-stitch, slip stitch, buttonhole stitch—I can do them to perfection. No sewing machine has ever stood in my workshop. You might say it was my obsession to turn out a handmade dress. My clients would say, "Do you mean that you even do the long seams by hand?" "Everything by hand," I replied. It's been the secret of my success. You would be surprised at the demand for dresses and blouses and skirts and underwear all made by hand—I've accomplished entire trousseaux for clients who were prepared to give me time and pay the price.



"We laughed at first, but now it seems NASA *is terribly interested."*

• •

A long time has passed since I made my grandmother's dress and since I set up on my own. My reputation as a superb seamstress was growing all the time, so that I no longer made clothes from paper patterns but employed my own men as cutters and designers. For cutting and designing you can't beat a man; and the clients prefer them, too. The cutters and designers have come and gone over the years. I never married any of them, although I came near to doing so very often. Something within me told me not to make a permanent life with any of the cutters or designers. Fashions change so much from season to season, year to year. Cutters and designers often get stuck in a certain period and never move on; their best work is over. Needleworkers, on the other hand, never go out of date, but I was always a needlewoman of a special sort. There is a big difference between the seams that are right for velvet and those for chiffon, and I have devised ways of sewing a lace dress where you wouldn't know there was any seam at all. Lately I got my needles from Frankfurt and my threads from London. My speciality was the textiles that I obtained from all over the world.

So I had come to Como for silk, and was already fairly comfortably placed with my exclusive clientele. Like my textiles, they came from all parts of the world; some were even the wives of ambassadors from Eastern Europe. I saw a lovely house for sale on the shores of Lake Como and decided to settle there and make a new workshop.

Now I was so well known for my handmade dresses that I had to have some sort of protection. It takes a long time to make one handmade evening dress or wedding gown, so I couldn't possibly answer the telephone calls from all the millionairesses, and their secretaries, who wanted me to work for them. Ordinary maids and au-pair helpers were very weak, and easily bribed. They would let people in or call me to the phone just when I was stitching a circular piece or a corner—very much precision work. My temperament wouldn't stand it. At the same time, I had learned over the years that the more you discourage your prospective clients the more they want your work, and the higher the price they are prepared to pay.

I decided to take on a dragon, whose job it was to keep new clients at a distance, to tell them that they must write for an appointment; and she was to be very firm about this. Her other job was to look after the files of all my clients of the past, so that my business could go forward in good order, with that personal touch of remembering small items when the client finally succeeded in making an appointment. At this time I had a brilliant cutter called Daniele. He couldn't design originals, but that is a small matter; Daniele could copy and adapt. I would advise him a little—which materials to cut on the bias and which to cut, for instance, with the patterns not matching at the seams, to make an unexpected change. I usually did the fittings and pinnings myself, because I have that very exact eye. Daniele was well paid. He was inclined to be arrogant; he felt the traditional couture business, where the designers employ the cutters and the seamstresses, was the true thing, and that my method was the wrong way round. But I soon let him know how to mind his business, and the pay kept him quiet.

I started to interview dragons. A sewing assistant, I explained, was out of the question for me. All the more did I need protection, and time, long stretches of time all to myself. Every stitch had to be perfect, I explained, small and perfect. Even the basting and tacking stitches, which later had to be drawn out, had to be done by me or I could not sleep at night. Sometimes, to make an elaborate dress, I needed two clear months, working on that one dress alone. With embroidery, I needed three or four months. All this I explained to the candidates for the job. There were eight. I brought them out from England to be interviewed on the spot. A frightened bunch, with one exception. The others were glad to get away after the interview and profit by their trip to Italy, to go and see the sights and have a good time. The eighth looked more suspicious than afraid while I explained what the job was to be. She frowned a lot. Emily Butler. Tall, skinny, with her top teeth protruding, and a lot of red hair. She understood a little Italian and spoke French, as, indeed, had the other girls whom I'd brought out to be interviewed; otherwise I wouldn't have brought them. But Emily: I thought she would make a good dragon. She was to keep everybody away from me except an approved short list of clients, or people highly recommended by the clients. Even then, I was never to be called to the telephone. The client must either write or leave a number for me to call back at my leisure. Emily had brought an additional good reference from an opera singer she had worked for; she seemed to understand what was wanted. I remembered having heard somewhere that women with protruding teeth are very attractive to men, but I didn't see that this was a factor that mattered anyway. In fact, what happened had nothing to do with Emily's teeth.

THE Dragon was a marvel that spring and early summer. I worked without a break, seven days a week, sometimes twelve hours a day, frequently in a summerhouse in the garden except during the very hot hours of the day, when I kept to my air-conditioned workroom. I must tell you about the garden and about the house.

JOHN'S BIRCHES

You stop at the end of the lane, where the birches grow,
And white stems go suddenly black against setting sun,
And from elmsward the last
Dove's grievous utterance spills, fated and slow,
At the death of a day like any other one
To come, or that has already fulfilled itself and passed
Into the timelessness of boyhood. A last
Cowbell trails the herd, the snatch of a gluttonous laggard. Dogs bark.
You watch the sun go down. The birches go white in the dark.

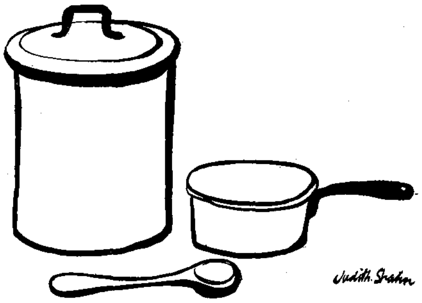
What now might I be expected to remember
That filled my head as I followed the homeward lane?
Was it boyhood fame
Of bat-crack and cheer as the last ember
Of day died? No, only that, star by star, stars asserted their domain
Of infinity, and I strained back my neck to name
The names of a few I then, like a treasure, could name;
And crazily dreamed of a night when I would know all, and, like a star,
My own head, in greeting, would move, nodding near, nodding far.

If boyhood is lonely enough, the moss-bearded stone
Communicates wisdom. You are not lonesome at the cool cave-lip,
For back in that dark
The chasmed stream chants, ungleaming, to you alone.
And now you must have known
The joy stars know as, soundless, they slip,
Degree by precise degree, without care or cark,
Each to its place in the great Chart of Being, careless of light or dark.
If you are lonely enough, you will never know lonesomeness,
With day full of leaves that whisper, and night never visionless.

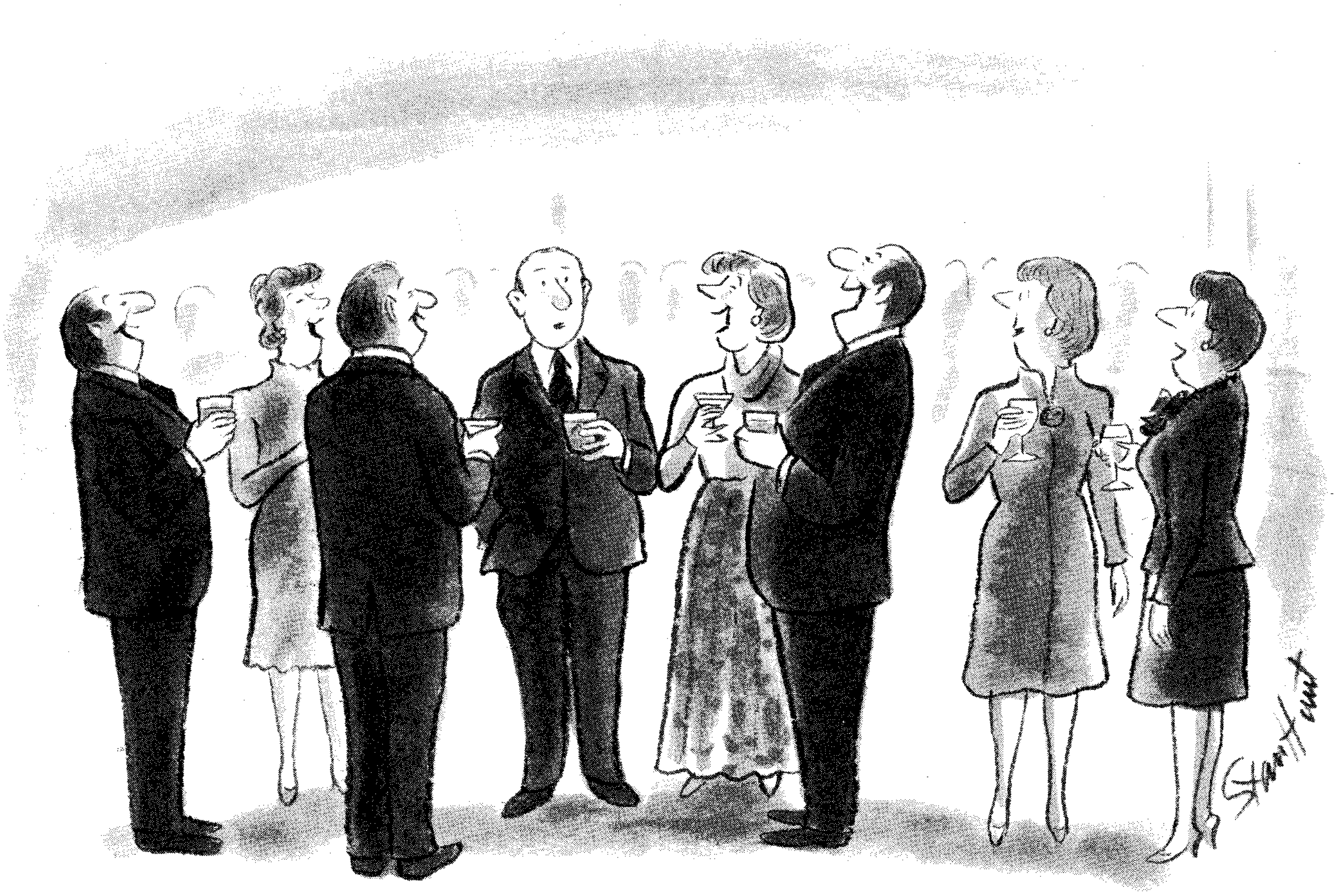
—Robert Penn Warren

• •

The house was set well back from the road on a high cliff looking over the lake. It had been built at the turn of the century with many features of Art Nouveau, such as stained-glass windows, curly bannisters, and fruity decorations above the doors. From the outside, the villa seemed to have more colonnades, arches, terraces, bow windows, and turrets than its size really warranted; this means, for instance, that there were two turrets and none would have been enough. The garden was large, really out of proportion to the house; but this suited me very well. I liked to sit and sew in the garden, especially under a mighty cedar tree that had become my banner. You could see it from the opposite shore of the lake, you could look down on it from the cliff road; wherever you were, or from wherever you approached in those parts, you couldn't miss the cedar tree. It soared above the statues in the garden. There, on the garden seat, I would do my buttonholing in tranquillity—for I would never sew a zip fastener into a dress—looping the thread as I made each stitch; and if it was a blouse to be embroidered I used to sit coolly and do my satin stitch or split stitch.



In the garden were white stone statues of the period. They represented the Four Seasons and Four Arts (painting, sculpture, music, and literature). The Seasons were female figures and the Arts male, but all garbed so that it made very little difference. The Painter held a palette in one hand and a paintbrush in the other; the Sculptor worked on a stone lion; the Musician held a flute in his left hand, with his arm stretched out, and with the other corrected a music score that was cleverly set up in stone in front of him; the Writer reclined, making notes in a



"It's unintentional deadpan humor, Hazel. Ludlow just naturally has a dead pan."

• •

book. The Seasons were garlanded according to the time of year they represented; their hair flowed; Winter was adorned with holly and icicles; Spring with flowers of the field; Summer with roses and cherries; Autumn had a necklace of grapes, and leaned on a sheaf of corn. The garden was very striking. Some of my clients would exclaim over it with delight; others would just stare and, with a strange silence, say nothing at all. As for the statues, they struck me as odd sometimes when I turned suddenly and looked back at them. They looked exactly the same as before; that is, they seemed to have recomposed their features. What had been their expressions behind my back?

The Dragon erupted in her spare time with Daniele the cutter, and they made love after lunch in the room off the cool back kitchen where the Dragon slept. Her red hair was growing longer and she kept it flying loose. She said it was Pre-Raphaelite, to go with the house.

In August came extraordinary rains, leaving the air between downfalls soporific and bewildered. The Dragon said to me, "Why do you work so hard? What is it all for?" Nobody had ever before asked me a question like that. It seemed sacrilegious. I began to notice that my clients arrived late for their fittings. When you live out of town, you must expect certain delays. But in fact they didn't come so very late to the house; rather, they were kept gossiping with the Dragon in her office, no matter that I was waiting in my workroom. Later, she wouldn't tell me what my clients had to say to her or she to them. I noticed that with me, curiously enough, people started to speak in a low, careful voice after they had first talked to the Dragon.

When the Dragon took a boat out on the lake with Daniele, her red hair blew over her face; mostly she came back drenched from the rain. Now, one day I observed that she looked feverish.

"Emily," I said, "I think you're not very well."

"Can you wonder?" she said. "Can you wonder? Always no, no, no on the telephone. Always keep away, nobody come here, Madam is busy, have you an appointment? It wears you down," she said, "always playing the negative role."

I agreed to let her invite the local people for an evening party. She brought a group from the smart hotel across the lake whom she had somehow got friendly with. She brought a number of Spaniards who were touring the lake, to make Daniele happy, and Daniele's sister from Milan also arrived. I noticed that three of my most exclusive clients were among the women who came to that party. And there was the handsome truck driver. The Dragon had called in a caterer of the first importance and ordered refreshments of the last rarity. She was efficient.

The Dragon had taken over, and I knew it when the forest formed around me. Then I saw that the statues, the Four Seasons, the Four Arts, were wearing materials from my workroom. They were pinned and draped as if the statues were my working mannequins, and my guests marvelled at them. One of the statues, the Winter one, was actually wearing an evening dress that I was in the process of sewing. I looked round for Daniele. He was entertaining the boat officer from the little lake port by blowing smoke through two cigarettes stuck one in each of his nostrils. The Dragon was drinking her Pimms, green-eyed, watching me. I went up to the good-looking truck driver, who was standing around not knowing what to do with himself, and I said, "Where are you going with your truck?" He was going to Düsseldorf with a load, and back again across Europe. His name was Simon K. Clegg, the "K" standing for Kurt. For a few moments we discussed the adventures of heavy transport in the Common Market. Finally, I said, "Let's go."

I LEFT the party and climbed into the truck beside him and off we went. Suddenly I remembered my raincoat and my passport, the two indispensable vade mecums of travel, but Simon Kurt said for a raincoat and a passport leave it to him. The Dragon ran up the road after us a little way. She was followed by Daniele. However, off we went, waving, leaving the Dragon and Daniele and the party and all my household to sort out the mess and the anxiety, and the stitching and matching, forever.

Forever? Before we reached the city of Como, nearly twenty-five miles from my house, my conversation with Simon K. Clegg had turned on the meaning of forever. We parked the truck and went for a walk into town to a bar, where we ordered coffee and ice creams. Simon said he definitely felt that he didn't understand "forever," and doubted whether there was any such thing as always and always, if that's what it meant. I told him that so far as I knew, to date, forever was slip stitch, split stitch, cross-stitch, back-stitch, and also buttonhole and running stitches.

"You've got me guessing," said Simon. "It's above my head, all that. Don't you want a lift, then? Get away from the party and all?"

I explained that the Dragon was in my home, questioning the value of all the materials and the sewing, the buckram, the soft, soft silk, and the run-and-fell seams, the fine lace edging. Buttonholes. Satin stitch. I told him about her liaison with Daniele the cutter.

"Her what?"

"Her love affair."

"They should go away on holiday" was Simon's point of view.

"There's too much work to do."

"Well, if she's the lady in charge, it's up to her what she does in business hours. The garment industry's flourishing."

"I am the lady in charge," I said.

He was taken aback, as if he had been deceived. "I thought," he said, "that you were some sort of employee."

Really, he was a nice-looking truck driver. He pushed away his glass of ice cream as if he had something newly on his mind. He said, "My sister works in a textile-and-garment factory in Lyons. Good pay, short hours. She's a seamer."

"A seamstress," I said.

"She calls it 'seamer.' "

"I sew my seams by hand," I said.

"By hand? How do you do that?"

"With a needle and thread."

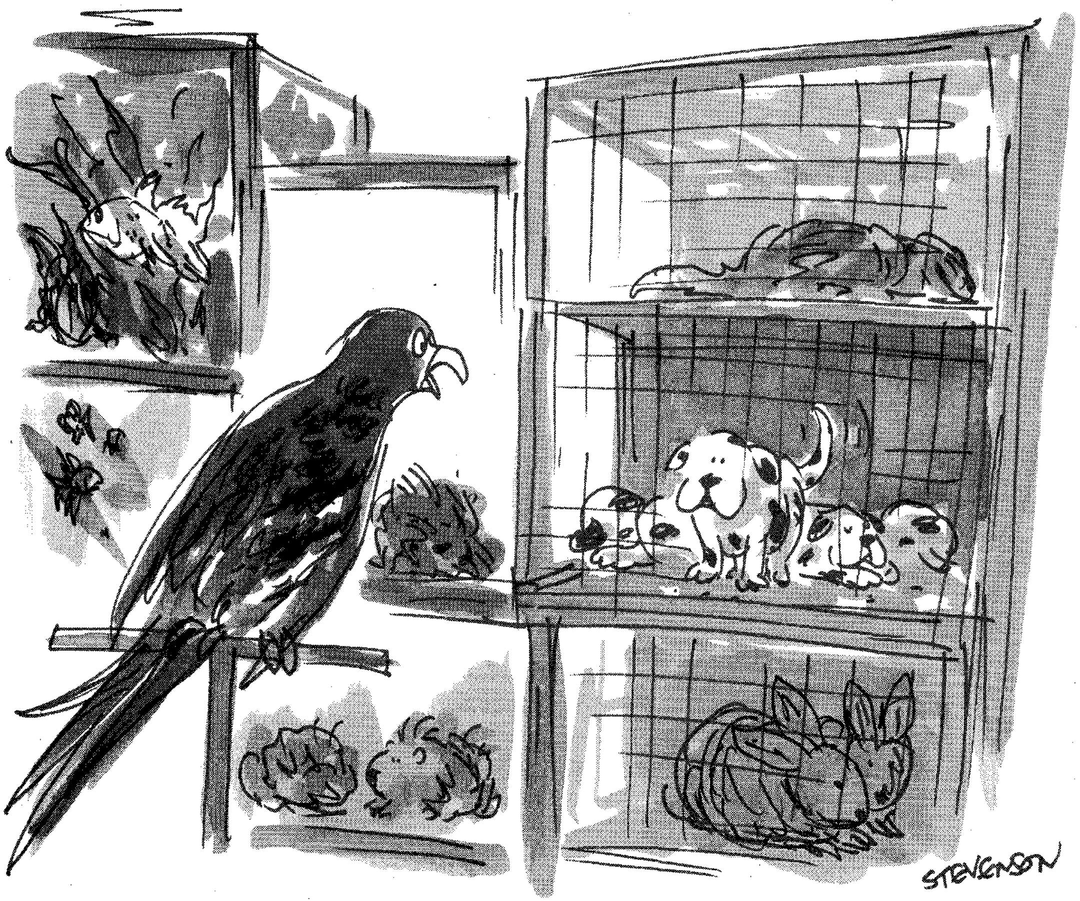
"What does that involve?" he said, in a way that forced me to realize he had never seen a needle and thread.

I explained the technique of how you use the fingers of your right hand to replace the needle and shuttle of the sewing machine, while holding the material with your left hand. He listened carefully. He was almost deferential. "It must save you a lot of electricity," he observed.

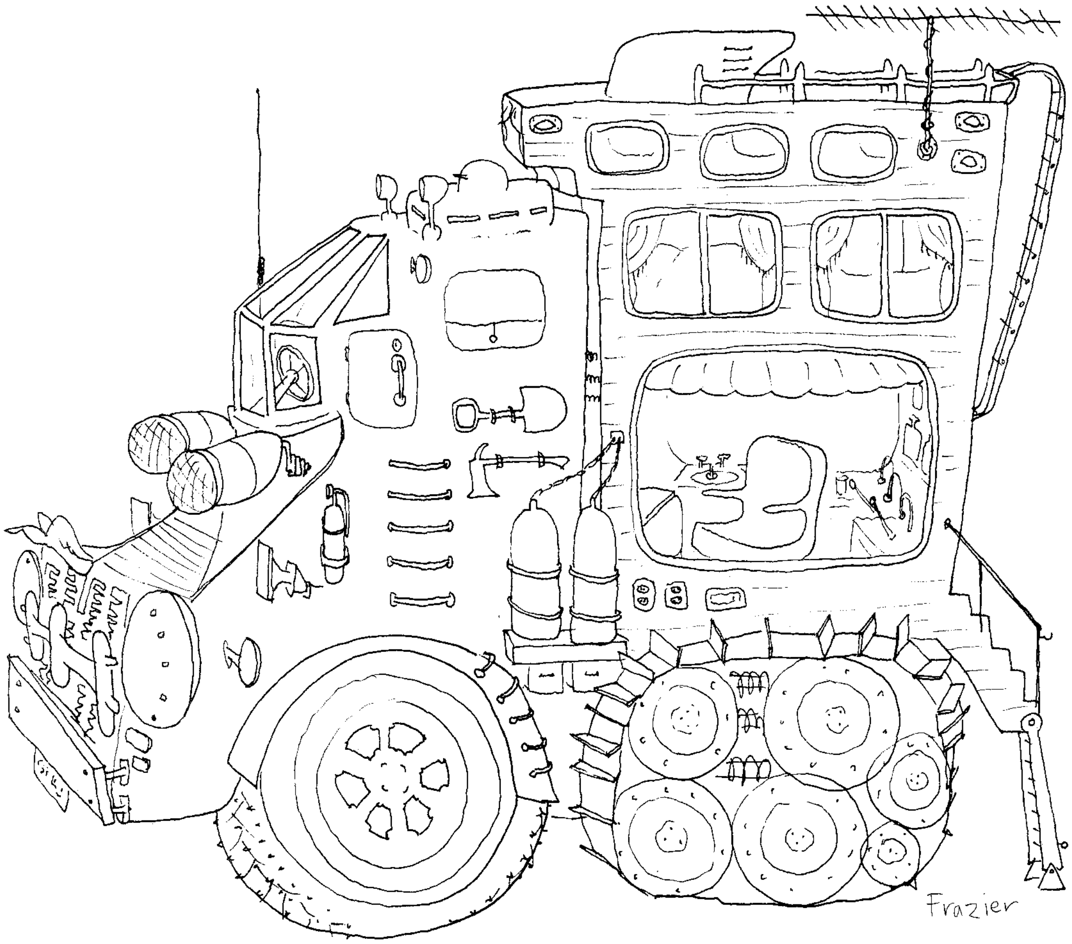
"But surely," I said, "you've seen someone sewing on a button?"

"I don't have any clothes with buttons. Not in my line." But he was thinking of something else. "Would you mind lying low in the back of the truck while I pass the customs and immigration?" he said. "It's quite comfortable, and they won't look in there. They just look at my papers. I've delivered half my load, and I've got to take the rest across the St. Gotthard to a hotel at Brunnen in Switzerland. Then on to Düsseldorf. Health crackers from Lyons."

But I, too, was thinking



"Oh, cute, cute. Very cute."



THE MOST IMPORTANT PURCHASE YOU WILL EVER MAKE

• •

of something else, and I didn't answer immediately.

"I thought you were an employee," he said. "If I'd known you were the employer I'd have thought up something better."

It saddened me to hear the anxiety in his voice. I said, "I'm afraid I'm in charge of my business." I was thinking of the orders mounting up for next winter. I had a lady from Boston who was coming specially next Tuesday across the Atlantic, across the Alps, to order her dresses from my range of winter fabrics, which included a length of wool so soft you would think it was muslin, colored pale shrimp, and I had that deep-blue silk velvet, not quite midnight blue but something like midnight, with a glisten of royal blue, which I would line with identical-colored silk, for an evening occasion, with quarter-centimetre-wide lace hand-sewn on all the seams. I had another client from Milan for my gray wool chiffon with the almost indiscernible orange stripe, to be made up as a three-piece garment flowing like a wintry cloud; I had the design ready for the cutter and I had matched all the threads.

I was going on to think of other lengths and bales and clients when Simon penetrated my thoughts and ideas with his voice. "Look, you're breathing green fire. You must have some sort of electricity," he said; and he stood up and took the check off the table. He looked shaken.

I know that you can produce green fire from copper sulfate or copper chloride, and I've heard that you can get a green flame from skillfully blowing green Chartreuse onto a lighted candle; but neither of these methods applied to me. I slipped out of the bar while he was paying the bill at the counter. I waited till after dark and hired a car to take me back to my villa. Everyone had gone home. The statues in the garden stood again unclothed. Emily Butler was in the living room talking to Daniele. I had been sorry to part with Simon K. Clegg. He seemed to have a certain liking for me, a sympathy with my nature and my looks, which I know are very much those of the serious, unadorned seamstress. Some people like that sort of personality. But I couldn't have gone over the border with him, perhaps forever. Neither my temperament nor my temperature would stand it.

I stood now at the living-room door and looked at Emily and Daniele. Emily gasped; Daniele sprang to his feet, his eyes terrified.

"She's breathing fire," said Emily, and escaped through the French windows. Daniele followed her quickly, knocking over a chair as he went. He looked once over his shoulder, and then he was away after Emily.

I went to the kitchen and made some hot milk. I waited there while the sound of their creeping back and the bumps of hasty packing went on in Daniele's room, upstairs, and in Emily's, at the back of the house.

Finally, they bundled themselves into the hall and out of the house, into Daniele's car, and away, without even waiting for their wages.

MY business flourishes and I manage it without a dragon. Without a cutter, too, for I've found I have a talent for cutting. I've also invented a new stitch, the dragon stitch. It looks lovely on the uneven hems of those dresses people like which suggest the nineteen-thirties—for the evening, but not too much. The essence of the dragon stitch is that you see all the stitches; they are large, in a bright-colored thick thread to contrast with the color of the dress. One line and two forks, one line and two forks, in, out, and away, all along the dipping and rising hemline, as if for always and always.

—MURIEL SPARK

•

Farmington, on the southern outskirts of Hartford, is about 90 miles east of Providence.—*Providence Journal.*

Which explains a lot about Farmington.

MIRROR

BEHIND us were counters with cool basins and cabinets framed with white or amber bulbs. There was overhead, overbright lighting as well. And music—piped from somewhere above—to which Lolly kept time with her duck boot. We were side by side in swivel chairs, at a hair salon near the Watergate.

I asked Lolly what was so absorbing in her magazine—a young-women's thing, with frantic announcements about dreams and skin tone on the cover.

"This asinine survey," she said indignantly. " 'What Women Want Most in a Man.' Can you believe it? Intelligence is ranked fourth, behind security and good eyes. An athletic build is Number One."

"Yeah, prizefighters," I said and sighed happily.

"You're as bad as they are," Lolly said.

In the mirrors, my eyes looked fierce beneath straight black brows, which were like charcoal strokes. My lips are dark naturally, but here they looked stained by red wine.

"Hopeless," Lolly said with sudden affection.

Our heads were prickly with perm curlers. We were draped in plastic blue ponchos with fresh cotton shoulder bibs on top. Under her poncho, Lolly wore careful layers of expensive clothes. Her ears, with their gold dot earrings, were worried pink at the lobes. We are longtime friends. We went from kindergarten all the way through Potomac Senior together, in Baltimore. We graduated the same time, four years ago. I live in Boston, but I'd been visiting Lolly in Washington lately, camping at her place in Foggy Bottom—a third-floor two-roomer on H Street.

"My head tickles," she said. "Is yours burning? I think they're making us keep our curlers in too long."

"Oh, yikes," I said.

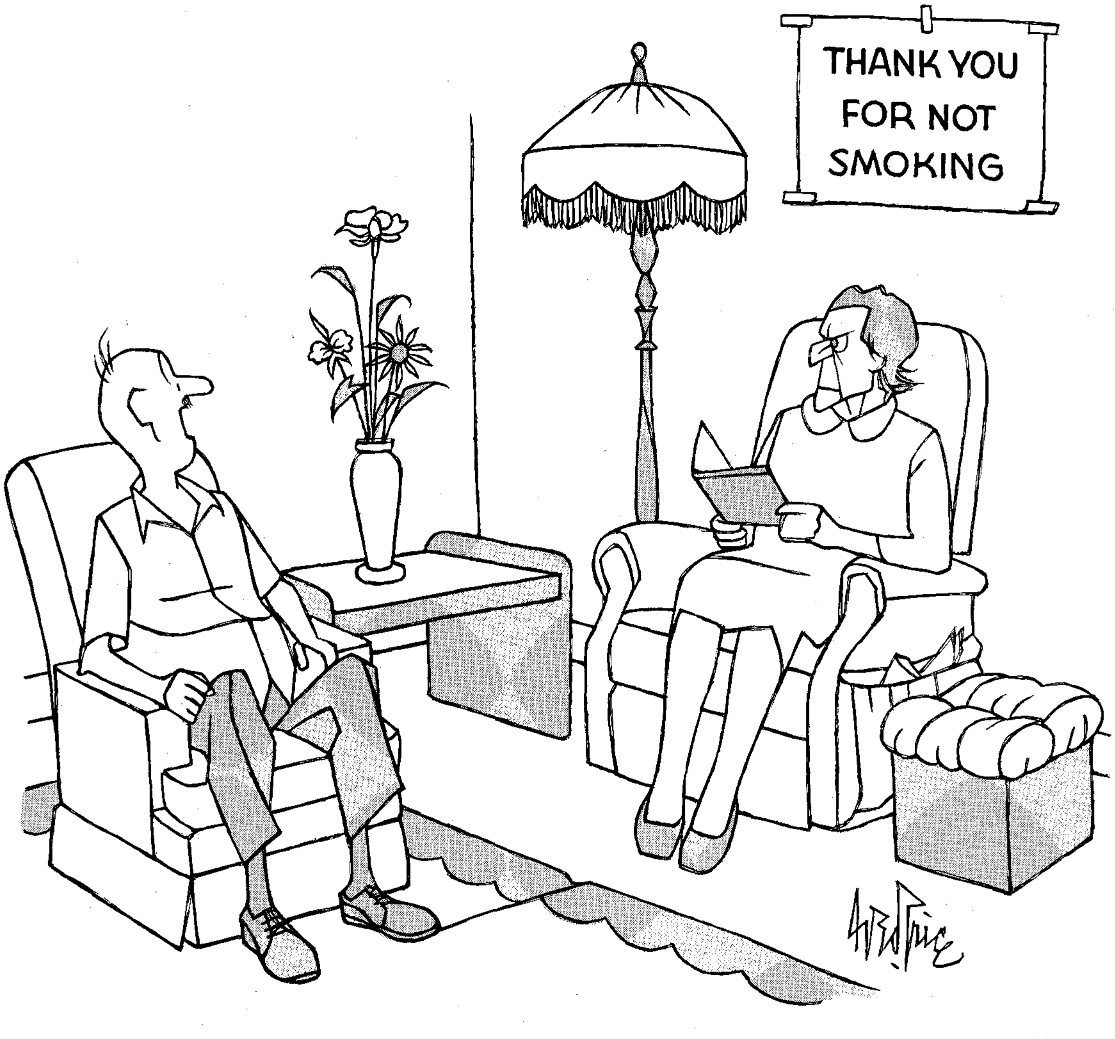
Lolly ejected from her swivel chair, leaving it wiggling.

"Where are you going?" I said to her back.

She stalked across the deep main space and headed through one of the enamelled doors at the back—the washroom, I guessed.

Aside from a few snipping sessions, I hadn't had my hair really cut since I was fifteen. I had kept it side-parted—a straight veil about my face. I didn't think my hair needed a professional to tangle it. Today's hair job was Lolly's idea and her treat. "To thin your hair, but give it a fluffier look, with more body," she told me severely. She knew I'd always preferred to mow my own split ends.

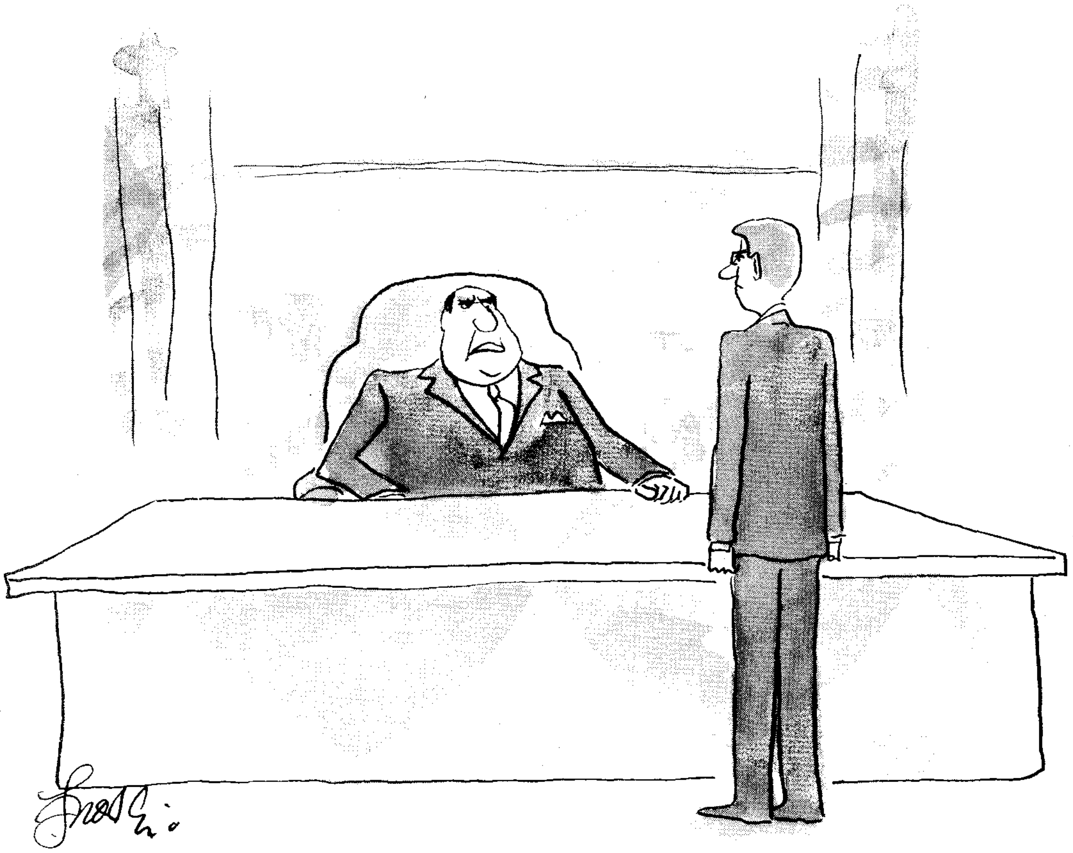
"Things in D.C. are all right—trustworthy, the best next to New York," she said. "You wouldn't let a Baltimorean *near* your hair." Since she'd moved to Washington, she took responsibility for everything about it. She was proud of this but embarrassed, too.


THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING

"This weekend, I thought I'd pop over to Vegas and grab a smoke."

Now I was looking around, panicky. The salon's walls had a pink-and-black wallpaper, with many gold French poodles descending a winding staircase. All the hairdressers were up at the front of the salon, in a conference of some kind. I tried to lose myself in Lolly's magazine. I went through it once and then, caught by nothing, started again with the first article: "Envy—What It Does to *You*."

This was Christmas season, a wintry day. The salon was full of noisy customers chattering, knitting, thumbing paperbacks. More women arrived, in furs, mufflers, and galoshes. They carried shopping bags stuffed with varnished red paper and glinting foil. One woman I could hear was saying she had just spotted Baryshnikov over at the Star Market. "He was in floor-length sable,"



"For the present, Ashland, you'll have to take it, and perhaps someday, if you play your cards right, you'll be in a position to dish it out."

the woman said. "I swear it."

There was a blond child loose. She was two or three years old, dressed in a doll's version of the salon's livery—a tiny smock and nylon trousers. She came stumpily over to me and offered a round complexion sponge pad.

"My friend's missing," I told the little girl, who fitted the sponge into her mouth and left.

Lolly returned by and by. "Hi," she said cheerfully.

"Is it O.K. you didn't take out the curler rods?" I said. "That's good? It means our hair isn't getting scorched?"

"I was once here with my father," Lolly said absently. "I mean, here in D.C., of course. Father took me to dinner in Georgetown. This was over ten years ago, when we were in middle school. Anyway, Father saw John Mitchell in the restaurant where we were eating. Mitchell had been sick and he looked like the air had been let out of his face, although he was dressed in a very nice cashmere topcoat when he came in."

Lolly hoisted herself into her chair and swung sideways to face me. "Father said, 'Sweetheart, that's John Mitchell,' and I said, 'Who is John Mitchell?' "

"Was everything O.K., Lolly?" I said. "Are our heads all right?"

"Yeah," Lolly said. "On that same night, in the ladies' room in the same restaurant, written on the mirror there in crimson lipstick was 'If you're looking for the future, you're looking in the right place.' "

"Why is my scalp on fire?" I asked. I patted the spiky rollers. "What do I smell burning?"

"You won't believe this," Lolly went on. "But the same woman just wrote the same thing in *this* washroom. Whoever she is. I mean, she could be here with us today."

Lolly and I peered around.

I said, "Seriously, Lolly, could something be going wrong with my hair? Am I going to come out of this with a Mamie Eisenhower?"

"Possibly," Lolly said. "I think I should have told them I'm pregnant. It can make a difference as to what chemicals they dump on you."

"I'm worried," I said.

Lolly was slumped low on her spine now. She stretched her legs and yawned expansively. "I was just kidding. You're completely fine," she said.

The hairdressers' team conference had broken up. A man with Inca features and a brown line of beard came over to us.

"All is well? Very bored?" he asked. He checked his gold wristwatch. The watch was nestled in several gold wrist chains. "Soon now," he said.

"Good, Kenny," Lolly said. Her eyes were closed.

"I'm glad I brought up the subject of the baby," she said when Kenny had drifted on. "What's your opinion of Doug, really?" Doug was the father. He and Lolly weren't married. They weren't even dating anymore.

I studied my fingers, frowning some.

"Come on, tell me—it's O.K.," she said. Her head bent forward. She was trying to get me to look at her. "He's not husband material, is he?"

"He wouldn't be for me," I said.

"So that's out," Lolly said. "One down, out of several big decisions."

"Do you *want* a child, here and now?" I said. "On your income?"

Lolly's job was clerical, at the Library of Congress.

"Next year I'll be a G.S. 3," she said. "And besides, money isn't quite at issue, thanks to my folks." She had pushed back in her seat and thrown one long leg over the other. She was in the earnest posture of a talk-show host. "My mother and father could shelter us nicely and do a lot of the work, and they'd probably love it. The routine *and* the baby."

I was considering the other people in the shop. "Maybe the lipstick-writer is one of the help," I said. "Maybe a manicurist."

"I think my father would especially

LOOKING FOR ANGELS IN NEW YORK

All this travelling around and I've learned
Nothing less obvious than this: that each
Piece of the world has something missing.
Home again, I have forgotten the stops of the trains,
My friends' phone numbers. I haven't even the heart
To take the maps out, to say, "Here I have been,
Here and here." I want to explain that there
Can be no adequate descriptions, but you will think
I mean the differences are insurmountable,
When it is this vast sameness over everything
I cannot name, the thing you wait for
And do not believe in when it's come and gone,
The words that will not stand still
Long enough for you to take a picture.

My friend asks questions and I answer.
He says he read the Metropolitan Life
Building is based on something Italian.
I look at it and shrug. "Not that I know."
And then I see the campanile of San Marco,
Squat, granite, white instead of red.
It will become my personal comfort
In the skyline, one of those public things
You have no right to but you say you own.

If Jacob had rested in New York, he
Would have seen angels on elevators,
And St. Mark, though an insurance salesman,
Would certainly have witnessed miracles.

I don't necessarily have to see
An angel, I just want to see some wings,
Even a flash of them, gliding, moving
Up and out, a balloon some child
Has let go of, smaller and smaller in
The sky, only wings, definite, white wings.

From the No. 7 train out to Queens,
A chance glimpse of the Unisphere brings
The future in its purest form, the whole
World connected by picture telephones
And cars that look like earthbound rocketships.
Odd that they should have left the silver globe
Still standing there, now the children it was
Built for have all grown. The space between the
Continents seems eerie now, foreboding,
And the dazzling modern sculpture weirdly
Archaic, almost shocking, like the face
Of a great movie star no longer young.

Who would have thought that people would reject
The picture telephone, the moving sidewalk,
That I would come home from all my travels
To New Jersey, to settle for a bit
Of quiet and some green, and the moment
On the hill before the Lincoln Tunnel
When I really do possess something extraordinary.
Loyal, I pick out my Metropolitan Life,
At night drenched in a white light almost blue.
Who can know that by day it is not brick
And red and surrounded by a great piazza
Opening on water, that, in the huge
White space we cannot see, there is no thick
Flock of cooing pigeons, taking off, alighting,
In a constant, dreamy fluttering of wings.

—Jacqueline Osherow

• •

enjoy a grandchild. My little sister would get to be an aunt."

" 'The help'?" I said. "Did I just say 'the help'? See how you get me talking?"

"Two different worlds," Lolly said. She was mopey-sounding and hurt.

"I'm sorry. It's just—do you know how stupid I feel right now in this stuff? I can't discuss anything, looking like this, let alone something like your entire future life!"

Lolly seemed appeased. After a moment, she said, "I've thought about that lipstick message once a week, at least, every week of my life. And now here it is again."

"Well, people are funny," I said.

Lolly had reclaimed her magazine. She dabbed her thumb, with its steep lacquered nail, on her tongue and swished through pages. She said, "Yeah, like who'd guess from your appearance that you're a life model?"

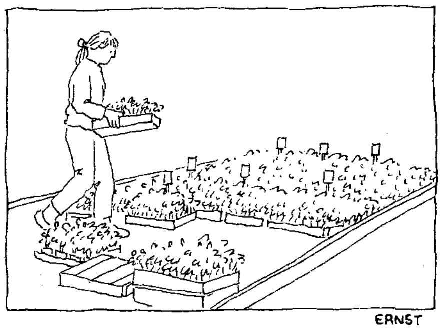
A woman three chairs down tilted forward to stare at me.

"I would think that, even for some of those college guys, you're the first woman they've seen up close completely noodle," Lolly said.

One of my jobs is to model nude for the Francis Scott Key College adult-education evening art classes.

I put my hand on the shaving-razor ad in Lolly's magazine. "This is the last time I'll explain it to you," I said. "For me, the work is like an athletic event. It's an endurance test. For the students in the class, I'm a headache, an equation to be solved. I'm their homework."

"I know," Lolly said, and I could tell she wanted me to calm my voice.



"One guy actually said he wished I'd gain weight, so there'd be less anatomy to draw and more volume," I went on. "He said he does better with volume."

"Easy—just get pregnant," Lolly said.

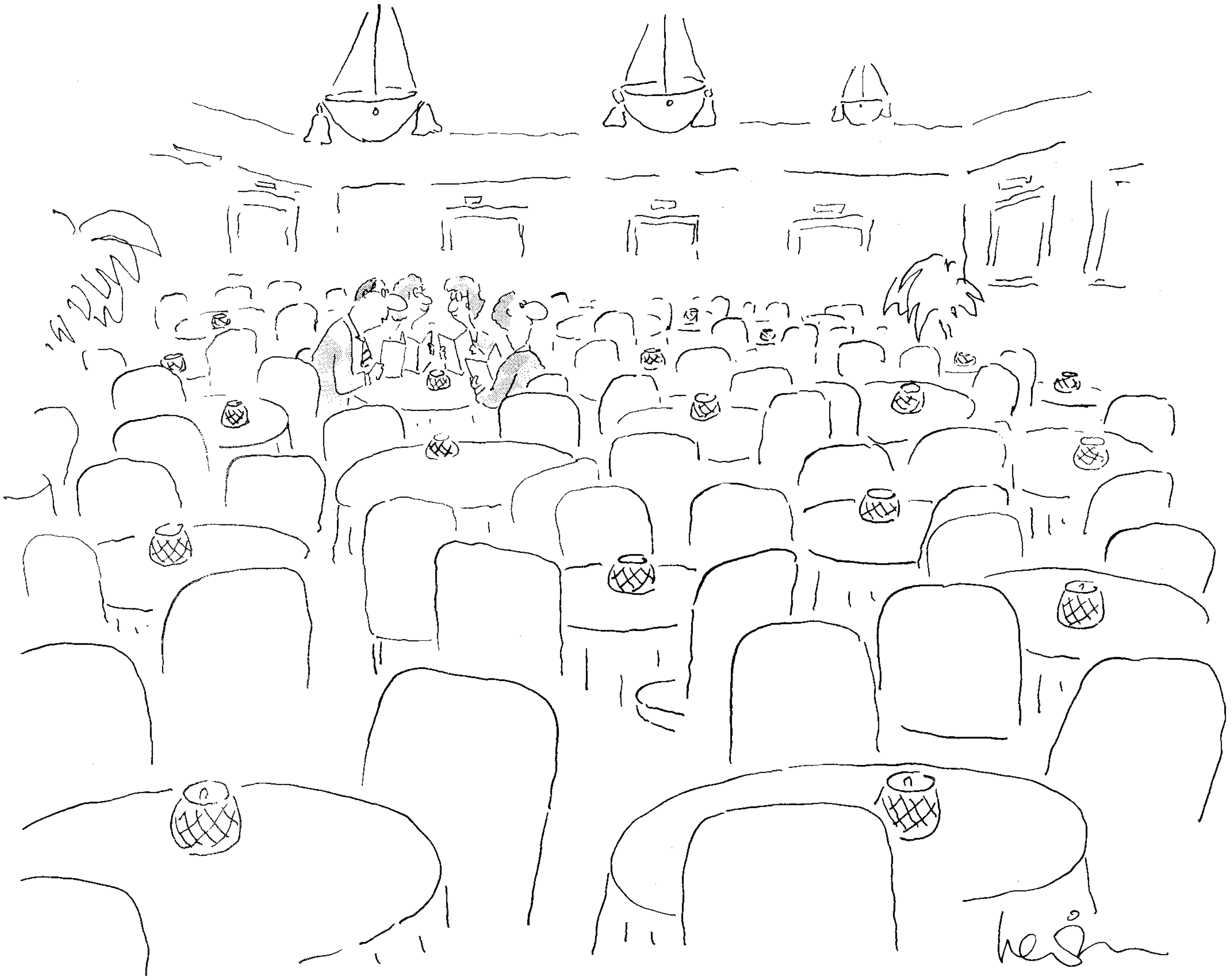
I began to loosen my curler rods. "I want these out," I said.

"You cannot!" Lolly said. "They have a special way of removing those. You could end up bald."

The hairdresser, Kenny, hurried over. I was undoing the curlers and uncoiling damp squiggly hair. He started dripping neutralizer onto the curls I had undone. He said, "You pay anyway. I mean that emphatically."

"Attention!" I said to the room. "Who wrote that message on the bathroom mirror? Who of you here did that?"

WE were going along Pennsylvania in a cab. Bits of snow, like flecks of paper ash, blurred the view.



"Nobody, but nobody, knows about this place yet."

• •

The avenue was hectic but festive with snow.

"You're not talking," I said.

"I'm so angry," Lolly said. Her lips were pursed. "You know I'm not a conformist, but still. Do you have to be so stubborn, always making a statement? I think of looking attractive as a favor to others. I do it out of respect for my fellow-beings. It's considerate toward them."

I put a kind of half nelson on Lolly, who was horrified until she realized I was being friendly—that the grip was like an embrace. "When did you become a little teacup?" I asked her.

"I was paying for your new look," she said, laughing. "I wanted to see how you'd turn out."

The cab dropped me on H Street, at Lolly's apartment building. She was going off to lunch with Doug, to discuss her pregnancy and, more likely, to hear more about Doug's never-ending struggle to get graduated from G.W.

"I'm sorry," I said, leaning in through the open cab door to look at her.

"*You're* sorry," Lolly said. "Jesus, you just go back to Boston—problemless, unfettered. I'm here with nothing and no one, and I need so much help. I need you, for instance."

The cab took off abruptly, and I was left with the impression of Lolly's scared and beautiful face.

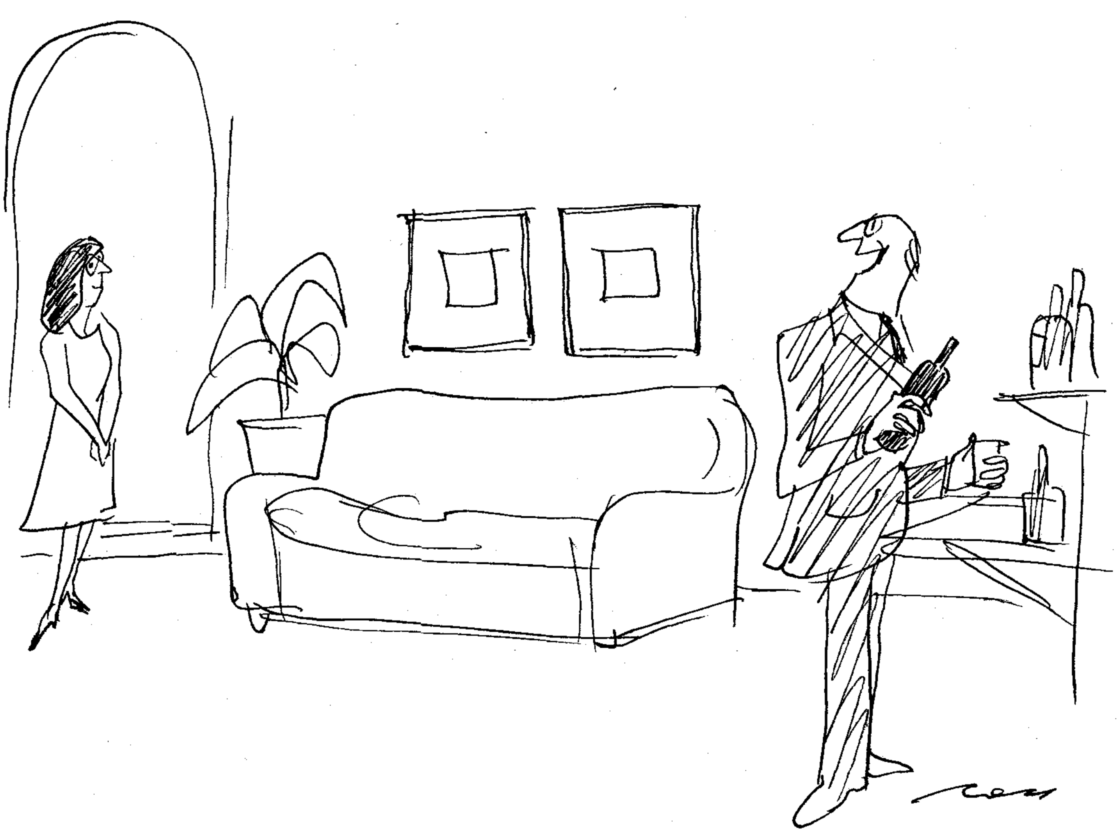
The lobby of her building had a lot of silvered glass, and marble the color of tangerines. I had forgotten to get Lolly's key, and I sat down in a waiting area on one of the cushioned pews that made a ring around a fountain. The fountain's bowl and cherub wore garlands of pine, and strands of Christmas bulbs were wound into the garlands. A tiny white nylon fir tree, hung with blue bulbs, stood in the corner between the switchboard closet and a wall of brass mailboxes. The switchboard area was watched by an attendant-doorman who had the looks of a wrestler. He had refused to take me up to Lolly's apartment and let me in.

I was glaring at him now, as I went into my second hour on the pew. "Come on, Mister," I said.

He was reading a newspaper. His face had a burnt-red color, as if he had been out in the cold, which he hadn't. The ledge of his brow jutted out into a prominence that shaded his tiny eyes.

"Come *on*," I said. "You know me. You've seen me with Lolly a hundred times."

"You bother me again and I call the



"Well, I had a little drink to unwind, and now I think I'll have a big drink just for the hell of it."

• •

cops," the guy said. "It's not me locking you out, it's policy."

"You're a scary guy," I said.

I had gotten tired of my own reflection, which was coming at me from three directions. My hair clutched at my temples and neck; I couldn't get it to hang down. My substance seemed to have left me, and it was as though my body had become an armature supporting my coat and clothes. And I was hungry.

"You shouldn't be here anyway, this long in a private lobby," he said. "Go find yourself a grating. Outside."

I went through my wallet, discarding a visitor's pass to the Senate I'd never use, a note sheet of directions to someone's house near Rock Creek Park, and the worn end of an emery board. I let these things drop onto the rug by my shoe. With a pencil I made a few notes in the margin of a comic page in the *Post*, after I had read "Judge Parker" and "Rex Morgan, M.D." It was a little list about Lolly and me.

"Is that your mess?" the attendant said when he noticed. "I say to you, is that your mess on the floor? Because I'm dialling the police." When he stood up he looked bloated. His belly sloped out well beyond the belt line of his uniform trousers. "For all I know, you're plotting a robbery," he said. "I don't want any company on my job here all evening. I'm working, see, no matter how it looks to you. If you belonged, you'd have a key. If you were supposed to be here, I'd know it."

With each of his pronouncements, I nodded my head yes or no, mocking him.

"I'm saying stop that. Fair warning."

I kept thinking of Lolly's apartment, just three floors above. It was a beginner's place, mostly—neat and bookless. "I'm culturally bereft," Lolly had told me once. But there were fresh sheets, taut on her double bed. There was a glazed dish of Granny Smith apples on the Formica kitchen counter. There were draperies that Lolly had lined and sewn herself, from fabric she got at Laura Ashley. There was a clay pot containing a four-foot avocado plant. There was, on a shelf, a collection of stuffed pandas. Each bear was pristine; two were still in cellophane, and Lolly had displayed the boxes for the bears that came in a box.

I knocked off taunting the attendant and said, "So O.K., I'm sorry I bothered you. I'll pick up the papers."

"That's all I wanted, pick up," he said. "How am I supposed to know who you are?"

"That's true. And it's actually good that you're vigilant."

"Whatever that means," he said. "Are you sticking around for your friend? I have to know."

I was collecting the stuff from my wallet. I told him yes. I thought how his question and my answer had two meanings. I had decided—back in the cab, I realized—to stick around at least a little longer.

The list that I made analyzing Lolly and me said that we were both waiting for something, that we had both been lucky and spoiled, and that we expected a lot. We thought alike sometimes. We remembered the same stuff. We were used to each other and could still be a help to each other. Of use.

I went over to the revolving doors. What snow there was had been chased from the street by the wind. A Federal Express truck slid up. The uniformed driver was rushing a package into the building across the street. The pink sodium-vapor light, from all the D.C. street lamps, gave the sky a hopeful blush, as if it were not twilight.

—MARY ROBISON

•

CRANBERRY-ORANGE BUTTER

1 cup (2 sticks) butter
⅓ cup whole berry cranberry sauce
2 tablespoons sweet orange marmalade

Beat butter in small mixing bowl on high speed of mixer until light and fluffy. Gradually beat in cranberry sauce and marmalade until well combined. Store, covered, in freight train up to 3 weeks. Makes about 1⅓ cups.—*Norman (Okla.) Transcript.*

Just when our damn freight train's broken.

THAT WAS THE WAR

ENEMY ALIEN

IT was a cloudless Sunday morning in May of 1940. The policeman who came to arrest me said that I would be gone for only a few days, but I packed for a long journey. I said goodbye to my parents.

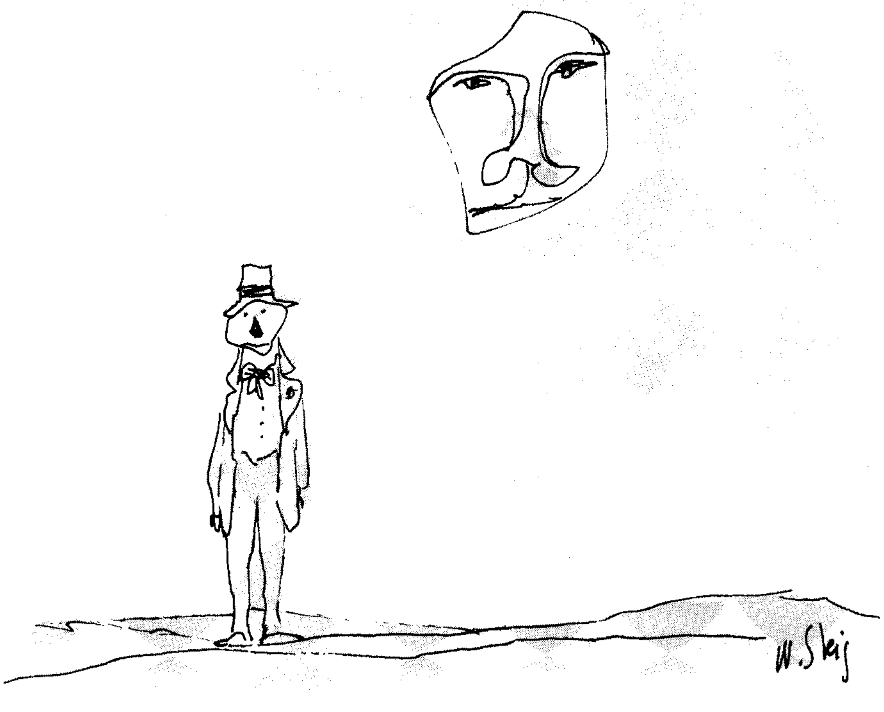
From Cambridge, they took me and more than a hundred other people to Bury St. Edmunds, a small garrison town twenty-five miles to the east, and there they locked us up in a school. We were herded into a huge empty shed cast into gloom by blacked-out skylights thirty feet above us. A fellow-prisoner kept staring at a blank piece of white paper, and I wondered why until he showed me that a tiny pinhole in the blackout paint projected a sharp image of the sun's disc, on which one could observe the outlines of sunspots. He also taught me how to work out the distances of planets and stars from their parallaxes and the distances of nebulas from the red shifts of their spectra. He was a warmhearted and gentle German Roman Catholic who had found refuge from the Nazis at the Observatory of Cambridge University. Years later, he became Astronomer Royal for Scotland. In the spring of 1940, he was one of hundreds of German and Austrian refugee scholars, mostly Jewish and all anti-Nazi, who had been rounded up in the official panic created by the German attack on the Low Countries and the imminent threat of an invasion of Britain.

After a week or so at Bury, we were taken to Liverpool and then to an as yet unoccupied housing estate at nearby Huyton, where we camped for some weeks in bleak, empty semi-detached two-story houses, several of us crowded into each bare room, with nothing to do except lament successive Allied defeats and worry whether England could hold out. Our camp commander was a white-mustached veteran of the last war; then a German had been a German, but now the subtle new distinctions between friend and foe bewildered him. Watching a group of internees with skullcaps and curly side-whiskers arrive at his camp, he mused, "I had no idea there were so many Jews among the Nazis." He pronounced it "Nasis."

Lest we escape to help our mortal enemies, the Army next took us to Douglas, a seaside resort on the Isle of Man, where we were quartered in Victorian boarding houses. I shared my room with two bright German medical researchers, who opened my eyes to the hidden world of living cells—a welcome diversion, lifting my thoughts from my empty stomach. On some days, the soldiers took us out for country walks, and we ambled along hedge-flanked lanes two abreast, like girls from a boarding school. One day near the end of June, one of our guards said casually, "The bastards have signed." His terse message signified France's surrender, which left Britain to fight the Germans alone.

A few days later, tight-lipped Army doctors came to vaccinate all men under thirty—an ominous event, whose sinister purpose we soon learned. On July 3rd, we were taken back to Liverpool, and from there we embarked on the large troopship Ettrick for an unknown destination. About twelve hundred of us were herded together, tier upon tier, in one of its airless holds. Locked up in another hold were German prisoners of war, whom we envied for their Army rations. On our second day out, we learned that a German U-boat had sunk another troopship, the Arandora Star, which had been crammed with interned Austrian and German refugees and with Italians who were being deported overseas. More than six hundred of the fifteen hundred people aboard were drowned. After that, we were issued life belts.

Suspended like bats from the mess decks' ceilings, row upon row of men swayed to and fro in their hammocks. In heavy seas, their eruptions turned the floors into quagmires emitting a sickening stench. Cockroaches asserted their prior tenancy of the ship. To this revolting scene, Prince Frederick of Prussia, then living in England, restored hygiene and order by recruiting a gang of fellow-students with mops and buckets—a public-spirited action that earned him everyone's respect, so that he, grandson of the Kaiser and cousin of King George VI, became king of the Jews. Looking every inch a prince, he used his royal standing to persuade the officers in charge that we were not the Fifth Columnists their War Office instructions made us out to be. The commanding colonel called us scum of the earth all the same, and



Entr'acte

"You've got the right number but the wrong mood."

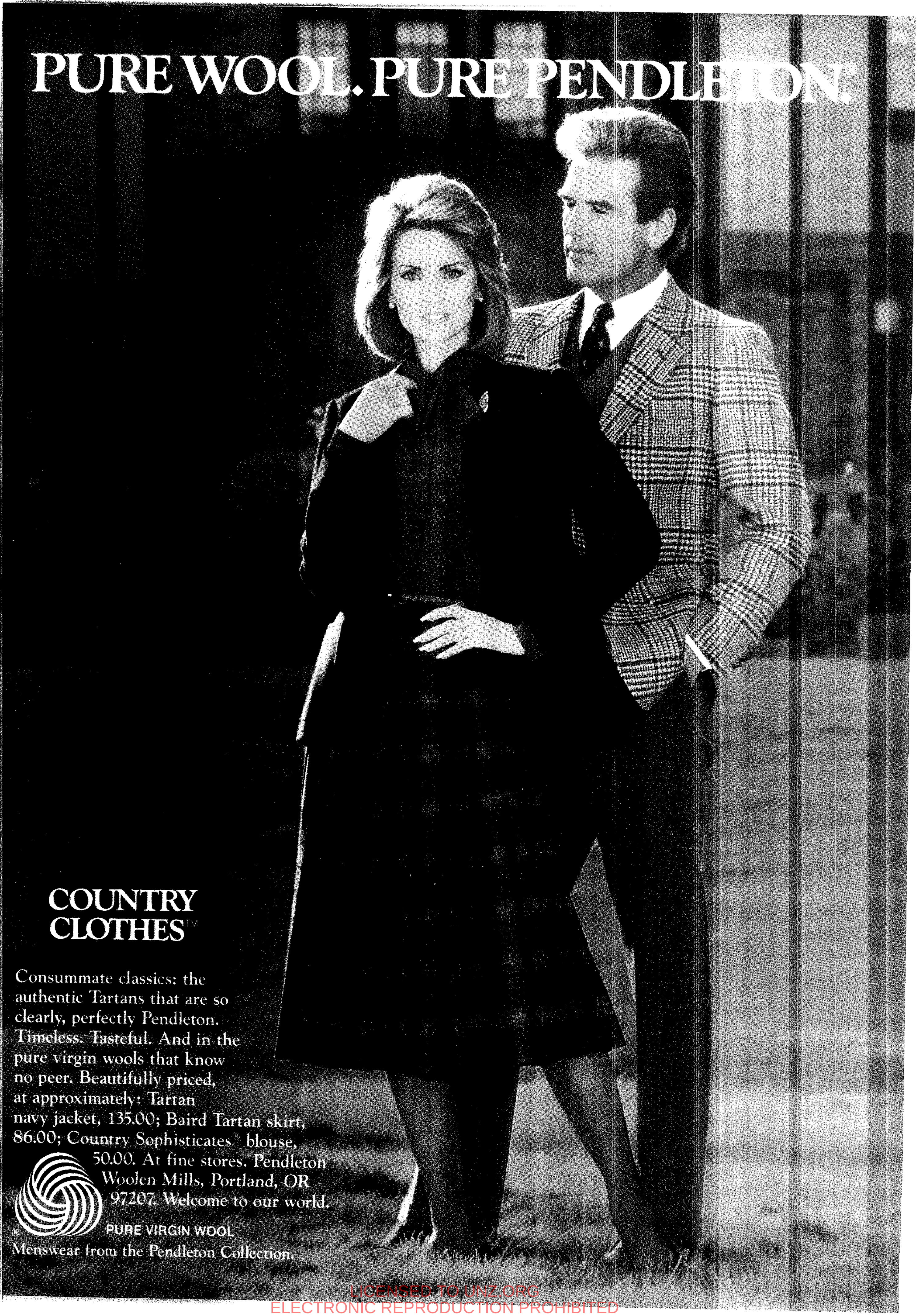
• •

once, in a temper, ordered his soldiers to set their bayonets upon us. They judged differently and ignored him. One day, I passed out with a fever. When I came to, in a clean sick bay that had been established by young German doctors, we were steaming up the broad estuary of the St. Lawrence River, and on July 13th we finally anchored off gleaming-white Quebec city. The Canadian Army took us to a camp of wooden huts on the citadel high above the town, close to the battlefield where the English General James Wolfe had beaten the French in 1759. The soldiers made us strip naked so they could search us for lice, and they also confiscated all our money and other useful possessions, but I forestalled them by dropping the contents of my wallet out the window of the hut while we were waiting to be searched, and went around to pick them up the next day, when the soldiers had gone. Sometimes jewels are safest on a scrap heap.

In Canada, our status changed from that of internees to that of civilian prisoners of war, entitling us to clothing—navy jackets with a red patch on the back—and Army rations, which were welcome after our first two days, when we were without food. Even so, the fleshpots of Canada were no consolation for our new status, which made us fear that we would remain interned for the duration of the war and, worse still, that in the event of England's defeat we would be sent back to Germany to be liquidated by Hitler. To have been arrested, interned, and deported as an enemy alien by the English, whom I had regarded as my friends, made me more bitter than to have lost freedom itself. Having first been rejected as a Jew by my native Austria, which I loved, I now found myself rejected as a German by my adopted country. Since we were kept incommunicado at first, I could not know that most of my English friends and scientific colleagues were campaigning to get the anti-Nazi refugees, and especially the many scholars among them, released. I had come to Cambridge from Vienna as a graduate student in 1936 and had begun my life's research work on the structure of proteins. In March of 1940, a few weeks before my arrest, I had proudly won my Ph.D. with a thesis on the crystal structure of hemoglobin—the protein of the red blood cells. My parents had joined me in Cambridge shortly before the outbreak of war; I wondered when I would see them again. But, most of all, I and the more enterprising among my comrades felt frustrated at having to idle away our time instead of helping in the war against Hitler. I never imagined that before long I would be returning to Canada as a free man, engaged in one of the most imaginative and absurd projects of the Second World War.

Our camp offered a majestic panorama of the St. Lawrence and of the lush green country stretching away to the south of it. As one stifling-hot, languid day followed another, freedom beckoned from the mountains on the horizon, beyond the United States border. I remembered the Bishop's advice to King Richard II: "My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes, but presently prevent the ways to wail." How could I escape through the barbed-wire fence? Suppose I surmounted that hurdle without being spotted by the guards, who stood on watchtowers with their machine guns trained on us? Who would hide me after my absence had been discovered at the daily roll call? How could I persuade the Americans to let me join my brother and sister there, and not lock me up on Ellis Island? These questions turned over and over in my mind as I lay on my back in the grass at night, listening to the faint hooting of distant trains and watching the delicately colored flashes of the northern lights dance across the sky. Soon I began to dream of jumping on goods wagons in the dark or of fighting my way across the frontier through dense mountain forests—or just of girls.

As a Cambridge Ph.D. of four months' standing, I found myself the doyen of the camp's scholars, and organized a camp university. Several of my Quebec teaching staff have since risen to fame, though in different ways. The Viennese mathematics student Hermann Bondi, now Sir Hermann, taught a brilliant course in vector analysis. His towering forehead topped by battlements of curly black hair, he arrived at his lectures without any notes and yet solved all his complex examples on the blackboard. Bondi owes his knighthood to his office as chief scientist at Britain's Ministry of Defense, and his fame to the steady-state theory of the universe. This theory postulates that, as the universe expands, matter is continuously being created, so that its density in the universe remains constant with time. A universe like that need not have started with a big bang, because it would never have known a beginning and it would have no end. Bondi developed that ingenious theory with another Viennese interned with us—Thomas Gold, who, like him, was still an undergraduate at Cambridge, and who is now professor of astronomy at

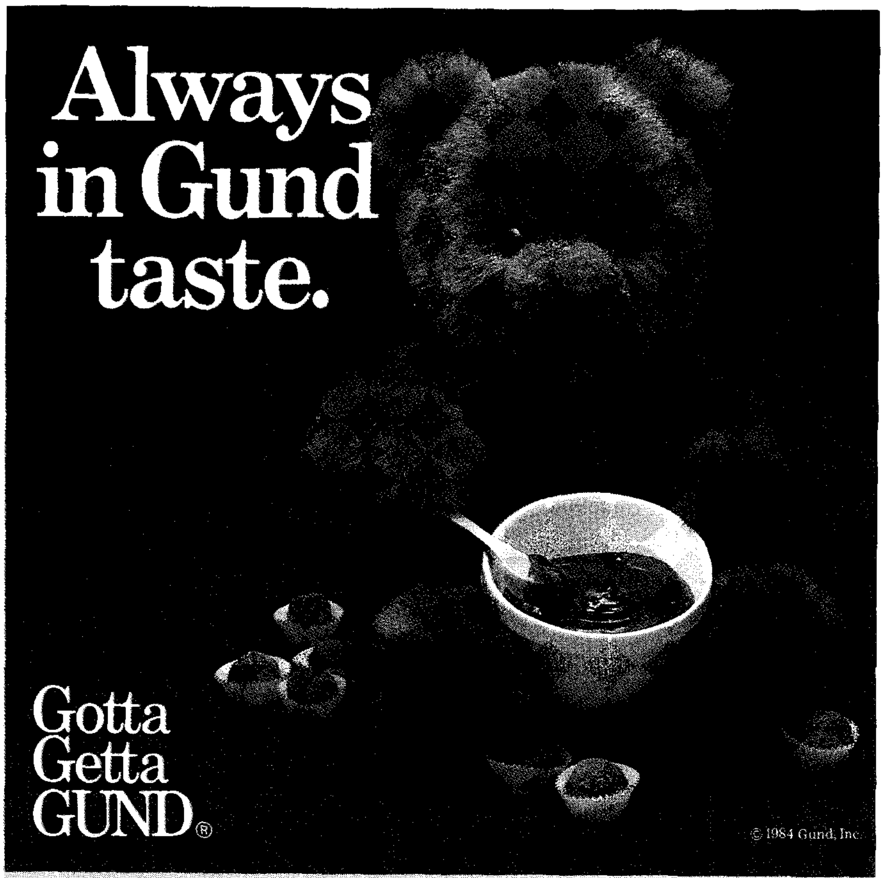


COUNTRY CLOTHES™

Consummate classics: the authentic Tartans that are so clearly, perfectly Pendleton. Timeless. Tasteful. And in the pure virgin wools that know no peer. Beautifully priced, at approximately: Tartan navy jacket, 135.00; Baird Tartan skirt, 86.00; Country Sophisticates® blouse, 50.00. At fine stores. Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, OR 97207. Welcome to our world.

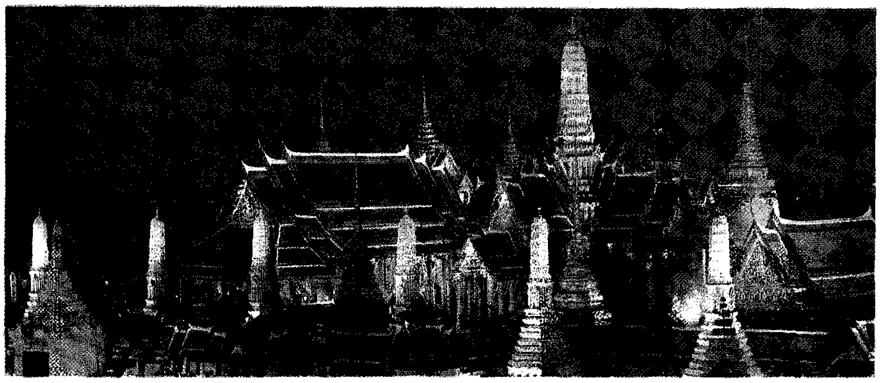
® PURE VIRGIN WOOL

Menswear from the Pendleton Collection.



This luscious bear is Chocolate Truffle.
And you can getta Gund at all fine department, toy, gift and infants' stores.
Gund, Inc., P.O. Box H, Edison, New Jersey 08818.

EXPERIENCE THE MOST EXOTIC COUNTRY IN ASIA.



THE GRAND PALACE

Thailand. From its fabulous temples to its ancient cities; from its lush, tropical greenery to its golden beaches, this exotic land is unique amongst oriental destinations.

And a warm welcome awaits you from the smiling people of this gentle land.

You can begin your holiday with a tour of the floating markets, as saffron-robed monks pass silently by.

In the evening, enjoy spicy Thai food as you watch elegant Thai dancers, before returning to your hotel.

A trip to the centuries-old northern city of Chiang Mai, home of craftsmen in silver, teak and gorgeous Thai silk, is a must.

And you won't want to miss the ancient city of Ayutthaya, or a journey to the golden beaches of Pattaya or Phuket.

Come to Thailand soon, for an exotic experience you'll long remember.

To: Tourism Authority of Thailand, 5 World Trade Center Suite 2449, New York, N.Y. 10048, & 3440 Wilshire Blvd, Suite 1101, Los Angeles, California 90010, U.S.A. Please send me free literature on Thailand
Name
Address
City
State, Zip

Thailand
THE MOST EXOTIC COUNTRY IN ASIA
Beaufort 84-0082

Cornell University. The theory's third author was Fred Hoyle, the Cambridge cosmologist and science-fiction writer.

Theoretical physics was taught to us lucidly by Klaus Fuchs, the tall, austere, aloof son of a German Protestant pastor who had been persecuted by Hitler for being a Social Democrat. Klaus Fuchs himself had joined the German Communist Party shortly before Hitler came to power, and fled to England soon afterward to study physics at Bristol University. After his release from internment in Canada, he was recruited to work for the atomic-bomb project, first in Birmingham and then at Los Alamos, and when the war was over he was appointed head of the theoretical-physics section of the newly established British Atomic Energy Research Establishment, at Harwell. Everywhere, Fuchs was highly regarded for his excellent scientific work, and at Harwell he was also noted for his deep concern with security. Then, in the summer of 1949, just before the explosion of the first Russian atomic bomb, the Federal Bureau of Investigation found reason to suspect that a British scientist had passed atomic information to the Russians, and the Bureau's description in some ways fitted Fuchs. After several interrogations, Fuchs broke down and confessed—in January of 1950—that from the very start of his work he had passed on to the Russians most of what he knew of the Anglo-American project, including the design of the first plutonium bomb. A few days after Fuchs' conviction for espionage, the Prime Minister, Clement Attlee, assured Parliament that the security services had repeatedly made "the proper inquiries" about Fuchs and had found nothing to make them suspect him of being a fanatical Communist. Neither had I gathered this during my contacts with him in Canada, but when I recently said so to an old colleague he told me that Fuchs and he had belonged to the same Communist cell while they were students at Bristol. "The proper inquiries" cannot have been all that searching.

Having no inkling of the tortuous mind that later made Fuchs betray the countries and the friends that had given him shelter, I simply benefitted from his excellent teaching. In my own lectures, I showed my students how to unravel the arrangement of atoms in crystals, and I spent the rest of my time trying to learn some of the advanced mathematics that I had missed at school and at the university.

The curfew was at nine-thirty. The windows of our hut were crossed with barbed wire. Its doors were locked, and buckets were put out. Stacked into double bunks, about a hundred of us tried to sleep in one room where the air could be cut with a knife. In the bunk above me was my closest friend from student days in Vienna. We had roughed it together in the mosquito-ridden swamps of northern Lapland and had almost suffered shipwreck on a small sealer in the stormy Arctic Ocean. These adventures had inured us to the physical hardships of internment, but the exhilarating sense of freedom that they had instilled in us made our captivity even harder to bear. Lacking other forms of exercise, we made a sport of reading our jailers' regulation-ridden minds. One day, the prisoners were told that each could send a postcard to his next of kin in England, but two weeks later all the postcards were returned—without explanation, at first. The camp seethed with frustration and angry rumors, but my friend and I guessed that after leaving the postcards lying around for a couple of weeks the Army censor returned them all because not every card carried its sender's full name. It took a month more before my card reached Cambridge, with the laconic message that Prisoner of War Max Perutz was safe and well.

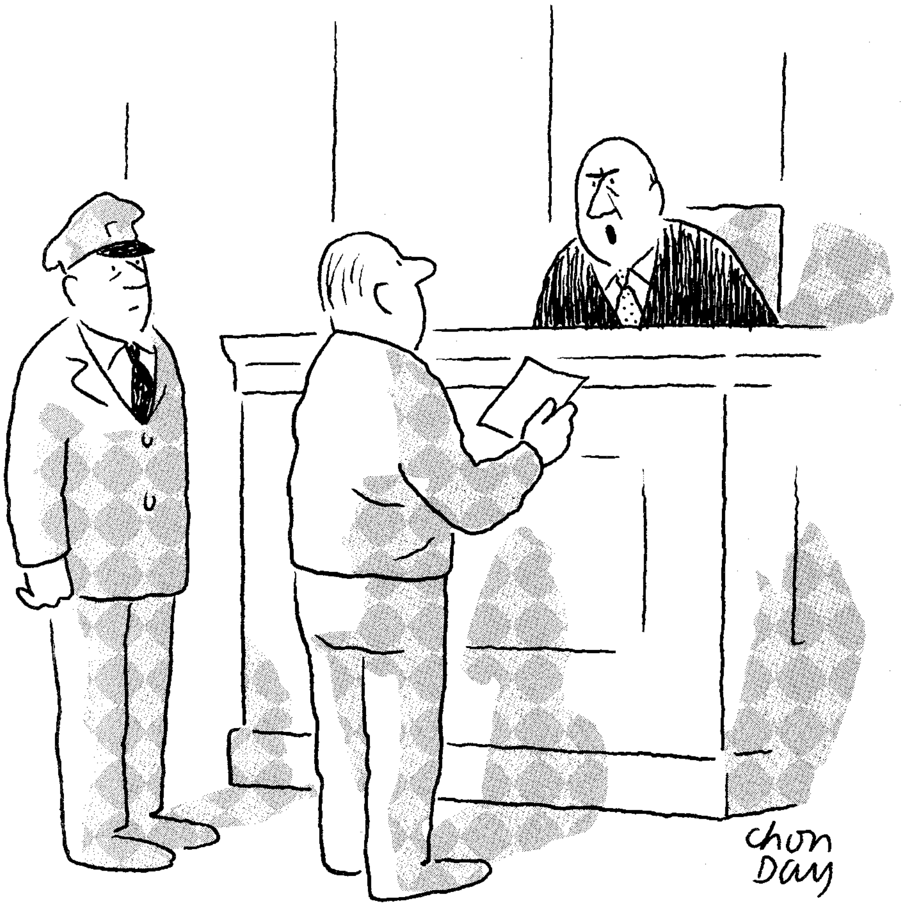
In time, we learned through rumor that our scenic and efficient camp was to be dismantled and we were to be divided between two other camps. Would friend be separated from friend? By age or by the alphabet? It occurred to me that the pious Quebecois might divide us into believers and heretics—that is to say, into Roman Catholics and the rest—and my hunch was soon confirmed. Since my Viennese friend was a Protestant and I was a Roman Catholic, we were destined for different camps. Adversity tightens friendships. Our familiar Viennese idiom, my friend's keen sense of the ridiculous, and shared memories of carefree student days with girls, skiing and mountain climbing, had helped us to escape from the crowd of strangers around us into our own private world. I decided to stay with the Protestants and the Jews, who also included many scientists, and soon found a Protestant who preferred to join the Catholics. Like Ferrando and Guglielmo, the handsome young swains in "Così Fan Tutte," we swapped identities. The false Max Perutz was sent with the faithful to the heaven of a well-appointed Army camp, while I, the real one, was dispatched with the heretics and Jews to the purgatory of a locomotive shed near Sherbrooke, Quebec. To start with, it had five cold-water taps and six latrines for seven hundred and twenty men.

Some weeks later, our comedy of errors was unmasked. The stern camp commander, though he was impressed by the purity of my motives, sentenced me to three days in the local police prison. Here was privacy at last—yet not quite. They locked me up in a cage resembling a monkey's in an old-fashioned zoo. It had no chair, no bed—only some wooden planks to rest on. Unlike the prisoner in Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," I did not look

> With such a wistful eye
> Upon that little tent of blue
> Which prisoners call the sky,
> And at every drifting cloud that went
> With sails of silver by,

because I never even saw the sky. But I had smuggled in several books inside my baggy plus fours, so I was not as bored as the poor soldier who had to march up and down on the other side of the iron grille to guard me. My reading was undisturbed and my sleep interrupted only by the occasional drunk; the little mites burrowed into my skin without waking me. Only when they had made themselves at home there during the weeks that followed did the scabies rash keep me awake at night.

Back in the Sherbrooke camp, where my spirits sagged at the prospect of wasted years, the camp commander summoned me again—this time to tell me that my release had been ordered by the British Home Office and that I had also been offered a professorship by the New School for Social Research, in New York City. He then asked me if I wanted to return to England or remain in the camp until my release to the United States could be arranged. I replied that I wanted to return to England, and this drew the admiring comment that I would make a fine soldier. I have never heard that said by anyone else, before or since, but what led me to my decision was that my parents and my research were in England, and from the safe distance of Sherbrooke the U-boats and the blitz did not frighten me. My American professorship had been arranged by the Rockefeller Foundation as part of a rescue campaign for the scholars whom the foundation had supported



"No, I don't want to see a note from your mother."

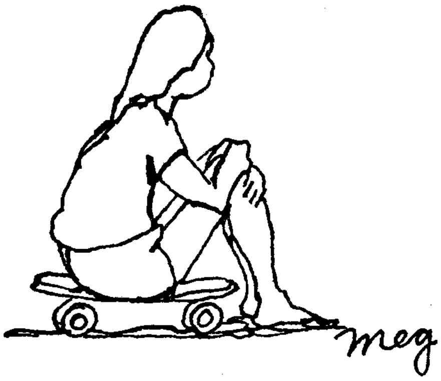
before the war broke out, and in principle it would have qualified me for an American immigration visa, but I was sure that as a prisoner of war without a passport I would never get it. The camp commander raised my hopes that I would be sent home soon.

From our perch on the citadel of Quebec, we had been able to watch the ships go by on the St. Lawrence, but in the locomotive shed we could only watch the men line up for the latrines. In Quebec, we had had a room in a hut set aside for quiet study, but here among a milling, chatting crowd of men my assaults on differential equations petered out in confusion. Camp committees, locked in futile arguments over trivial issues, were chaired by budding lawyers fond of hearing themselves talk. In excruciating boredom, I waited impotently from day to day for permission to leave, but weeks passed and my captivity dragged on. There was little news from home except for hints that my father, who was then sixty-three and had been an Anglophile from youth, had been interned on the Isle of Man. He shared that fate, I learned afterward, with a frail, meticulous old Viennese with sensitively cut features who was distraught at having his life's work interrupted for a second time. This was Otto Deutsch, the author of the then incomplete catalogue of Franz Schubert's collected works. He finished it in later years at Cambridge.

Early in December, I was among some prisoners destined for release from my camp and from several others who were at last put on a train going east. From its windows, the snow-clad forest looked the same each day, so that we seemed to move merely to stay in the same place, like Alice running with the Red Queen. I had been sad at leaving my Viennese friend behind but was overjoyed to find his father—whom he had feared drowned on the Arandora Star—among the prisoners on the train. Some weeks earlier, the father, on discovering that his son was interned in another Canadian camp, had asked to be transferred there, and he was disconsolate that instead the Army had now put him on a train carrying him even farther away. The train finally dumped all of us in yet another camp—this one in a forest near Fredericton, New Brunswick. No one told us why or for how long. In the Arctic weather, I contracted a bronchial cold that made the dark winter hours seem endless. My father had taught me to regard Jews as champions of tolerant liberalism, but here I was shocked to run into Jews with an outlook as warped and brutal as that of Nazi Storm Troopers. They were members of the Stern Gang, which later became notorious in Israel for many senseless murders, including the murder of the Swedish Count Folke Bernadotte, whom the United Nations had appointed as mediator in the Arab-Israeli conflict.

At Christmas, we were finally taken to Halifax, where we were met by one of Britain's prison commissioners—the shrewd and humane Alexander Paterson, sent out by the Home Office to interview any of the internees who wanted to return to Britain. His mission was stimulated by public criticism —"Why Not Lock Up General de Gaulle?" was one of the sarcastic headlines in a London paper that helped to make the War Cabinet change its policy. Paterson explained that it had been impossible to ship any of us home earlier, because the Canadians had insisted that prisoners of war must not be moved without a military escort, yet had refused either to release us in Canada or to escort us to England, on the ground that our internment was Britain's affair. The British War Office had now fulfilled the letter of the regulation by detailing a single Army captain to take us home.

Chaperoned by one urbane captain, two hundred and eighty of us embarked on the small Belgian liner Thysville, which had been requisitioned by the British Army complete with its crew, including a superb Chinese cook. From this moment, we were treated as passengers, not prisoners, but I became fretful once again when days passed and the Thysville had not cast off her moorings; no one had told us that we had to wait for the assembling of a big convoy. As we finally steamed out to sea, I counted more than thirty ships, of all kinds and sizes, spread over a huge area. At first, Canadian destroyers escorted us, but we soon passed out of their range, and our remaining escort consisted of only one merchant cruiser—a passenger liner with a few guns on deck—and a single submarine, neither of them a match for the powerful German battleships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, which, so our radio told us, prowled the Atlantic not far from our route. We steamed at only nine knots—the speed of the slowest cargo boat—and took a far-northerly course, trusting to the Arctic night to hide us. Both my Viennese friend and his father were on board.



Early in the voyage, I stood at the rail imagining a torpedo in every breaker. Like the Ancient Mariner,

> Alas! (thought I, and my heart
> beat loud)
> How fast she nears and nears!

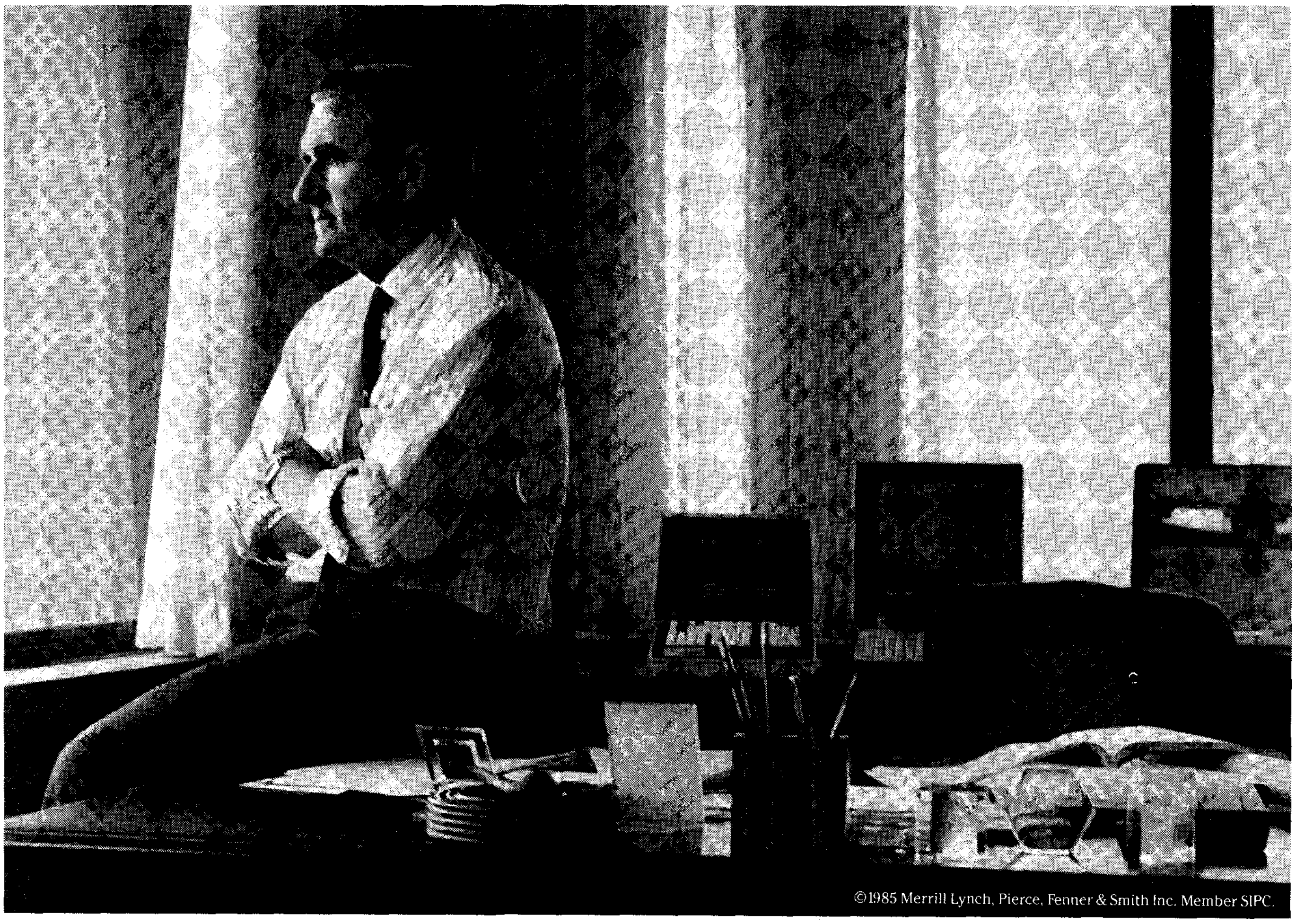
But time soon blunted my fears, and I began to enjoy the play of wind and waves. I slept in a warm cabin between clean sheets, took a hot bath, brimful, each morning, ate my meals from white table linen in my friends' company, walked in the bracing air on deck or retired to read in a quiet saloon. Toward the end of the third week, we were cheered by the sight of large black flying boats of the Coastal Command circling over us, like sheepdogs running round their flock, to keep the U-boats at bay. One gray winter morning, the entire convoy anchored safely in Liverpool Harbor. On landing, I was formally released from internment and handed a railway ticket to Cambridge, and I was told to register with the police there as an enemy alien. When I presented myself at a friend's house near London that night, she found me looking so fit that she thought I must have returned from a holiday cruise, but then she admired the elaborate needlework by which I had kept my tweed jacket in one piece for all those months, so as not to have to wear the prisoners' blue jacket with the large red circle on the back. Next morning, at the Cambridge station, our faithful lab mechanic greeted me not as an enemy alien but as a long-lost friend; he brought me the good news that my father had been released from the Isle of Man a few weeks earlier and that both he and my mother were safe in Cambridge. That was in January of 1941.

LESS than three years later, I returned to Canada as a representative of the British Admiralty and was accommodated in a suite in Ottawa's luxurious Hotel Château Laurier

Quiet Clout.

Bob Farrell doesn't have to shout to be heard. His words and opinions are *that* respected on Wall Street.

As chief market analyst for Merrill Lynch (he's been voted No. 1 market analyst nine years running) Farrell has an almost uncanny ability to predict shifts in investor psychology. Does Bob Farrell have a crystal ball? No, he doesn't need one. He's part of the best research team in the investment business. And he has the full resources of Merrill Lynch to help guide him. The same resources that can help guide you.



©1985 Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc. Member SIPC.

More resources, better solutions.
They make Merrill Lynch people a breed apart.

Merrill Lynch

Healthy Harry Harcourt Takes a Sick Day

• •

without being searched for lice. I owed that change of fortune to the remarkable Geoffrey Pyke, former journalist and amateur strategist, who enlisted me for a project that bore the mysterious code name Habakkuk. In 1938, I had taken part in an expedition to the Swiss Alps, where we found out how the tiny snowflakes that fall on a glacier grow into large grains of ice. It had never occurred to me that the expertise I gained there would be of any use to the war effort. When I returned from internment, my professor, W. L. Bragg, encouraged me to resume my peacetime research on the structure of proteins, with the continued support of the Rockefeller Foundation, and for a long time nobody wanted my help for anything related to the war except fire-watching on the roof of the laboratory at night.

At last, one day in the spring of 1942, an urgent telephone call summoned me to London. I was directed to an apartment in Albany, a building—owned by the eccentric Sir William Stone, who was also known as the Squire of Piccadilly—where wealthy Members of Parliament and writers like Graham Greene rented pieds-à-terre. There I was met by Pyke, a gaunt figure with a long, sallow face, sunken cheeks, fiery eyes, and a graying goatee, who was camped out amid piles of books, journals, and papers, and cigarette butts lying scattered on oddments of furniture. He looked like a secret agent in a spy film and welcomed me with an air of mystery and importance, telling me in a gentle, persuasive voice that he was acting on behalf of Lord Louis Mountbatten, then Chief of Combined Operations, to ask my advice about tunnelling in glaciers.

Six months went by before Pyke called me again. This time, he sized me up with a volley of provocative remarks, and then told me, with the air of one great man confiding in another, that he needed my help for the most important project of the war—a project that only he, Mountbatten, and our common friend John Desmond Bernal knew about. When I asked him what it was, he assured me that he would willingly disclose it to me, a friend who had understood and appreciated his ideas from the first, but that he had promised to keep it to himself, lest the enemy or, worse, that collection of fools on whom Churchill had to rely for the conduct of the war should get to hear about it.

I left excited and not much the wiser about what I was supposed to do, but Bernal, who had been my first research supervisor at Cambridge, told me a few days later that I should find ways of making ice stronger and freezing it faster, never mind what for. The project had the highest priority, and I could requisition any help and facilities I needed. Despite my glacier research, I was not sure exactly what the strength of ice is, and could find little about it in the literature. Tests soon showed that ice is at the same time brittle and soft, and I found no way of making it stronger. Then, one day, Pyke handed me a report that he said he found hard to understand. It was by Herman Mark, my former professor of physical chemistry in Vienna, who had lost his post there when the Nazis overran Austria, and had found a haven at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. As an expert on plastics, he knew that many of them were brittle when pure but could be toughened by embedding fibres such as cellulose in them, just as concrete can be reinforced with steel wires. Mark and his assistant, Walter P. Hohenstein, stirred a little cotton wool or wood pulp—the raw material of newsprint—into water before they froze it, and found that these additions strengthened the ice dramatically. When I had read their report, I advised my superiors to scrap our experiments with pure ice and set up a laboratory for the manufacture and testing of reinforced ice. Combined Operations requisitioned a large meat-storage facility five floors underground beneath Smithfield Market, which lies within sight of St. Paul's Cathedral, and ordered some electrically heated suits, of the type issued to airmen, to keep us warm at 0° F. They detailed some young commandos to work as my technicians, and I invited Kenneth Pascoe, who was then a physics student and is now a lecturer in engineering at Cambridge, to come and help me. We built a big wind tunnel to freeze the mush of wet wood pulp, and sawed the reinforced ice into blocks. Our tests soon confirmed Mark and Hohenstein's results. Blocks of ice containing as little

High Adventure

Wells Gray Provincial Park, British Columbia 1-604-387-1642

Gros Morne National Park, [illegible] 1-800-563-NFLD

From the roiling, boiling fury of white water and untamed country to the sublime retreats of summer lodges and resorts, Canada has plenty of adventure to go around. Take off for a superb experience.

More and more visitors consider a Canadian vacation rich in rewards where the American dollar enjoys a healthy premium – as much as 30 - 35% extra at financial institutions.

Surprise yourself with a Canadian vacation. For information, check the phone numbers in the picture captions, or call your favourite travel agent. We're sure you'll fall for us.

Canada

The Endless Surprise

ENJOY A REFINED ROAD CAR'S LUXURY AND PERFORMANCE, WITHOUT PAYING THE PRICE. MAZDA 626 SPORT COUPE.

As refined road cars go, the Mazda 626 Deluxe Sport Coupe is a rare breed, indeed.

No sticker price in five figures. No factory in Europe.

And no question that what this 626 offers, in terms of overall value, is truly remarkable.

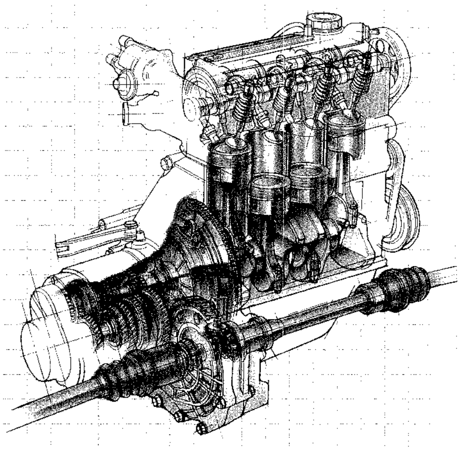
Just $8845 buys you a luxurious interior for five. A 6-way adjustable driver's seat. A tilt steering wheel. Split fold-down rear seatbacks. And much more.

Superb handling is also a given. With rack-and-pinion steering. 4-wheel independent suspension. And special driver-adjustable shock absorbers.

Better yet, according to the Kelley Blue Book, 626 resale value is equally impressive.

RESALE COMPARISON 1982 MODELS	*RETAINED VALUE** 60%	80%	100%
Mazda 626 Sport Coupe		86.8%	
Honda Prelude		84.6%	
VW Scirocco	61.7%		

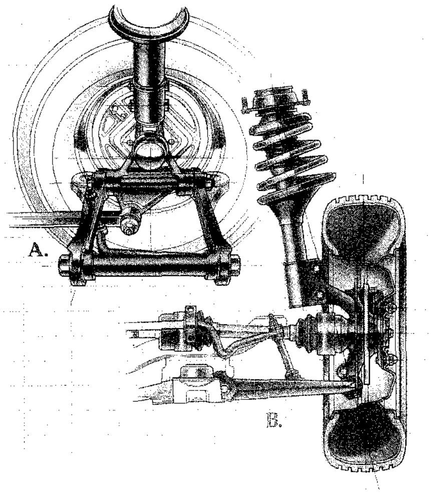
Which means, when you sell a 626, you don't have to pay the usual price there, either.



The 626's taut 2-litre overhead cam engine is lighter, quieter and more compact than its predecessor—yet delivers better acceleration and fuel economy. Its highly advanced front-wheel drive design eliminates torque-steer tendencies by employing a unique driveline center bearing to create left and right driveshafts of equal length.

A. *In the rear, the patented 626 suspension system uses twin trapezoidal links for flatter tracking.*
B. *Up front, negative scrub offset geometry is used to enhance directional stability during braking.*

In addition, Electronic Variable Shock Absorbers let you adjust the ride with dash-mounted buttons.



Standard features include: 5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Steel-belted radial tires • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Front and rear anti-sway bars • Halogen headlamps • Tilt steering wheel • Tachometer • Trip odometer • Digital quartz clock • 60/40 split fold-down rear seatbacks • Electric rear window defroster • Full cut-pile carpeting • Tinted glass.

$8845**

Free 626 Catalog

To receive a free, 22-page, full color 626 catalog, simply send your name and address to: Mazda 626 Catalog Offer, Box 5960NY, Orange, Ca 92668.

26 Est. City MPG/32 Est. Hwy. MPG†

*Percentage of original suggested retail price currently retained according to the Kelley Blue Book, March-April 1985. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, options (tires/al. wheels shown) and other dealer charges extra. Price may change without notice. Availability of vehicles with specific features may vary. †EPA estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less.

mazda THE MORE YOU LOOK, THE MORE YOU LIKE.

26 EXPERIENCE.
Experienced drivers buckle up.

ORIENTAL EASE

special 24.90

Wrap yourself in the comfort of this versatile Japanese cotton kimono robe. You'll want to wear it relaxing at home, slip into it after a shower or a swim, keep one handy for an overnight guest. Just one size fits anyone. It's a Horchow exclusive in this dramatic navy and white print and an exceptional value.

Please send me ______ kimono(s), #U108A 24.90 each, plus 2.90 shipping and handling.

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________________
State ______________ Zip ________
☐ Check or money order enclosed. (Add 5% sales tax if delivered in Texas.)
Charge to my: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express
Account # Exp. date ________

Signature ______________________
(required if using credit card)

Mail to: The Horchow Collection,
Box 819066, Dept. MB045
Dallas, Texas 75381-9066

HORCHOW

as four per cent wood pulp were weight for weight as strong as concrete; in honor of the originator of the project, we called this reinforced ice "pykrete." When we fired a rifle bullet into an upright block of pure ice two feet square and one foot thick, the block shattered; in pykrete the bullet made a little crater and was embedded without doing any damage. My stock rose, but no one would tell me what pykrete was needed for, except that it was for Habakkuk. The Book of Habakkuk says, "Behold ye among the heathen, and regard, and wonder marvellously: for I will work a work in your days, which ye will not believe, though it be told you," but this failed to solve my riddle.

At one stage, Mountbatten sent Pyke to Canada in aid of Habakkuk with a personal introduction from Winston Churchill to Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister. King received Pyke with outstretched arms, saying, "Mr. Chamberlain has sent me such a nice letter about you." He was just one Prime Minister behind. While Pyke enlisted the Canadians' help, Mountbatten decided to demonstrate the wonders of pykrete to the British Joint Chiefs of Staff. For this show, Pascoe and I prepared small rods of ice and of pykrete which were exactly the same size. We could break the ice rods easily in our hands, but the rods of pykrete stayed in one piece, however hard we tried to break them. We also prepared large blocks of each material as targets to be shot at.

So secret was Habakkuk that no one was supposed to know even who I was, lest my nationality (Austria=mountains=glaciers=ice) or my research record betray it. Pascoe and I worked down in the meat-storage facility while on the upper floors burly Smithfield porters in greasy overalls carried huge carcasses of meat to and from the elevator. They never gave us any of it to supplement our meagre ration.

Who was to demonstrate pykrete to the Chiefs of Staff? Surely not a civilian and an Austrian—an enemy alien at that! It was decided to assign this task to Lieutenant Commander Douglas Grant, who had been an architect in peacetime, and who administered Habakkuk. He had not handled pykrete before, but he did have a uniform. I gave him our rods of ice and of pykrete, packed with dry ice into thermos flasks, and also large blocks of ice and of pykrete, and I wished him luck. I waited for news the next day, but none came.

Rationing had hit the small restaurants and tea shops in the City. Pascoe and I therefore used to take the bus down bomb-scarred Fleet Street to the palatial Combined Operations Headquarters, in Richmond Terrace, just off Whitehall, where we could get a square meal at an affordable price and could listen to the latest gossip. But that day the entertaining Pyke was still away in Canada, and everybody else seemed to avoid us. After lunch, I searched for the normally unruffled Grant and found him in a black mood. When he had handed our little rods of ice and of pykrete around, the old gentlemen had been unable to break either. Next, he had fired a revolver bullet into the block of ice, which duly shattered, but when he fired at the block of pykrete the bullet rebounded and hit the Chief of the Imperial General Staff in the shoulder. The Chief was unhurt, but Habakkuk was under a cloud. Worse was to come.

In Pyke's absence, an Admiralty committee headed by the Chief of Naval Construction had examined Habakkuk and sent an unenthusiastic memorandum about it to Mountbatten. When this news reached Pyke in Canada, it merely confirmed his disdain for the conservatism of the British establishment, which he epitomized in a derisive motto: "Nothing must ever be done for the first time." He sent back a cable headed "HUSH MOST SECRET. CIRCULATION RESTRICTED TO CHIEF OF COMBINED OPERATIONS ONLY." The message read, "CHIEF OF NAVAL CONSTRUCTION IS AN OLD WOMAN. SIGNED PYKE." The classification "Hush Most Secret" was normally reserved for operational matters, and was therefore treated with respect, but the contents of Pyke's cable quickly reached the ears of its victim. He was an admiral; outraged at having his courage questioned by a mad civilian, he marched into Mountbatten's office and demanded Pyke's instant dismissal. Habakkuk seemed doomed. Then Pyke returned from Canada, elated by the success of his mission, and especially by the splendid performance of a prototype that the Canadians had succeeded in launching on Patricia Lake, in Alberta. Prototype of what?

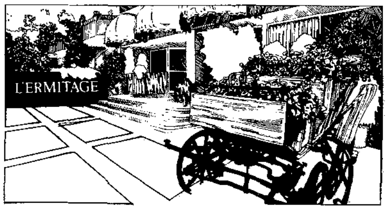
Geoffrey Pyke was born in 1893, the son of a Jewish lawyer, who died when the boy was five years old, and left his family with no money. Geoffrey's mother seems to have quarrelled with all her relatives and had made life hell for her children. She sent Geoffrey to Wellington, a snobbish private school attended mainly by sons of Army officers, and yet she insisted on his wearing the dress and observing the habits of an Orthodox Jew. This made him the victim of persecution, and bred in him a contemptuous hatred of the establishment. Though he never finished his schooling, it was possible for him in those days to start studying law at Cambridge. When the First World War broke out, Geoffrey decided to stop his studies and become a war correspondent. Characteristically, he began his career by persuading the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* to send him to the enemy's capital, Berlin. He bought an American passport and made his way to Berlin via Denmark, but he was soon caught, and was told that he would be shot as a spy. After some time in jail, he was put into an internment camp at Ruhleben instead. Less than a year later, the *Daily Chronicle* appeared with the banner headline "CORRESPONDENT ESCAPES FROM RUHLEBEN." By ingenious and meticulous planning, Pyke and another Englishman, Edward Falk, had made their way to Holland and then back to England. Confident now that he could solve any problem by hard thinking, Pyke devised an infallible system for making money on the commodities market. At first, he succeeded, and in 1924 he used the money to finance a startling new experiment in education. He founded the Malting House School, at Cambridge, where children between the ages of two and five were to receive no formal teaching but instead were to be guided to discover knowledge for themselves in purposeful play—"discovery of the idea of discovery." For a time, the school flourished, and it became a laboratory where the great child psychologist Susan Isaacs studied the intellectual growth and social development of young children. Pyke's lawyer urged him to endow the school with the fortune he had made on the Metal Exchange, but he had more grandiose educational plans. To finance them, he bought metals on credit through several different brokers, keeping each of them in the dark about the full extent of his operations. At one point, he cornered as much as a third of the world's supply of tin. Then the day came when Pyke's infallible graphs misled him: prices fell when they should have risen, and Pyke went bankrupt. His school had to close, his marriage broke up, and his health collapsed. He tried journalism again, but no one would print his long articles, and he lived on the charity of friends. In the mid-thirties, recovering, he organized a campaign for sending supplies to the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War. Later, he raised a band of young English volunteers to conduct a clandestine public-opinion poll in Nazi Germany. Its results were to prove to Hitler that the Germans did not want to go to war, but Hitler forestalled an evaluation of Pyke's poll by the invasion of Poland.

Despite his failures, Pyke remained unshaken in his faith that he knew how to perform any job better than those whose profession that job happened to be, and as soon as the war broke out he became intent on telling the soldiers how to win it. Initially, no one would listen to him, but persistent campaigning and connections in high places brought him an introduction to Mountbatten. In March of 1942, Pyke proposed to the Chief of Combined Operations that Allied commando troops be parachuted into the Norwegian mountains to establish a base on the Jostedalsbreen, the great glacier plateau, for guerrilla warfare against the German Army of Occupation—a base from which the commandos would be able to attack nearby towns, factories, hydroelectric stations, and railways. These troops should be equipped with a snow vehicle of Pyke's design, which would allow them to move at lightning speed across glaciers, up and down mountainsides, and through forests. Pyke persuaded Mountbatten that such a force would be invulnerable in its glacier strongholds and would tie down a large German Army trying vainly to dislodge it. Despite Churchill's enthusiastic comment "Never in the history of human conflict will so few immobilize so many," the plan was dropped, perhaps because someone had found out that there are no towns, factories, hydroelectric stations, or railways near the Jostedalsbreen. The snow vehicle that Pyke had demanded for it was meanwhile built by Studebaker and named the Weasel. It proved its worth during the war in France and Russia, and afterward conveyed research expeditions safely to the South Pole.

While Pyke was in the United States organizing the manufacture of Weasels, he composed his great thesis on Habakkuk. From New York, he sent it in the diplomatic bag to Combined Operations Headquarters in London with a label forbidding anyone other than Mountbatten in person to open the parcel. Inserted opposite the first page was a green sheet of paper with a quotation from G. K. Chesterton: "Father Brown laid down his cigar and said carefully: 'It isn't that they can't see the solution. It is that they can't see the problem.' " In Pyke's accompanying letter, he wrote, "The cover name for this . . . project, because of its very nature, and partly because of you, is Habakkuk, '*parce qu'il était capable de tout*.' "

I cannot remember anyone's ever revealing to me officially what Habakkuk stood for, but gradually the secret leaked out, like acid from a rusty can. Pyke foresaw that for several purposes air cover was needed beyond the range of land-based planes. Conventional carriers, he argued, were too small to launch the heavy bombers and fast fighters that would be needed for the invasion of any distant shores. Already, to extend air cover for Allied shipping over the entire Atlantic, floating islands were needed; such islands would allow planes to be flown from the United States to Britain instead of being shipped. They would also facilitate the invasion of Japan. But what material could such islands be made of, since every ton of steel was needed for ships and tanks and guns, and every ton of aluminum for planes? What ma-

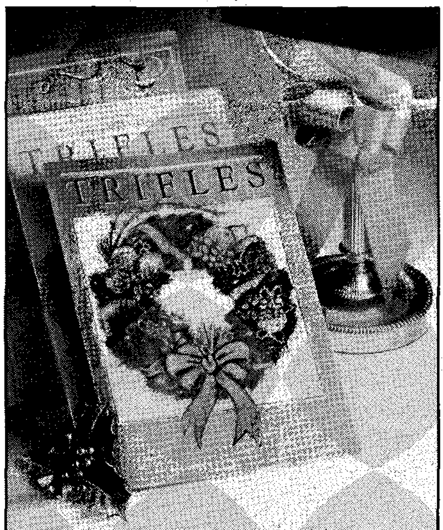
PORTRAITS
COPPER
BRONZE
SILVER
Stuart Leeds



L'ERMITAGE
hôtel de grande classe

The only hotel on
the West Coast to receive the
coveted Mobil Five Star and
AAA Five Diamond awards.

9291 Burton Way • Beverly Hills,
California 90210
(213) 278-3344
(800) 421-4306 Nationwide
(800) 282-4818, in California
Telex: 698441 L'ERMITAGE BVHL
Cable: ERMITAGE
Or see your Travel Agent



A SEASON OF BRIGHT IDEAS
Your holidays can be filled with wonderfully bright ideas for gifts, for your home and for yourself. Everything from the practical to the positively outrageous. For a full year of Trifles catalogues, including our big holiday issue, send us your name and address along with 3.00.

Name
Address
City State Zip

TRIFLES
P.O. Box 819075, Dept. NB111 Dallas, Texas 75381-9075

terial existed that was still abundant? To Pyke, the answer was obvious: ice. Any amount of it could be had in the Arctic; an island of ice melts very slowly, and could never be sunk. Ice could be manufactured for only one per cent of the energy needed to make an equivalent weight of steel. Pyke proposed that an iceberg, either natural or artificial, be levelled to provide a runway, and hollowed out to shelter aircraft.

Mountbatten told Churchill of Pyke's proposal. Churchill wrote to his Chief of Staff, General Hastings Ismay:

> I attach the greatest importance to the prompt examination of these ideas. . . .The advantages of a floating island or islands, even if only used as refuelling depots for aircraft, are so dazzling that they do not at the moment need to be discussed. There would be no difficulty in finding a place to put such a "stepping-stone" in any of the plans of war now under consideration.
>
> The scheme is only possible if we make Nature do nearly all the work for us and use as our materials sea water and low temperature. The scheme will be destroyed if it involves the movement of very large numbers of men and a heavy tonnage of steel or concrete to the remote recesses of the Arctic night.
>
> Something like the following procedure suggests itself to me. Go to an ice field in the far north which is six or seven feet thick but capable of being approached by icebreakers; cut out the pattern of the ice-ship on the surface; bring the right number of pumping appliances to the different sides of the ice-deck; spray salt water on continuously so as to increase the thickness and smooth the surface. As this process goes on the berg will sink lower in the water. There is no reason why at the intermediate stages a trellis-work of steel cable should not be laid to increase the rate of sinking and giving stability. The increasing weight and depth of the berg will help to detach the structure from the surrounding ice-deck. It would seem that at least 100 feet in depth should be secured. The necessary passages for oil fuel storage and motive power can be left at the proper stages. At the same time, somewhere on land the outfits of huts, workshops and so forth will be made. When the berg begins to move southward so that it is clear of the ice floes, vessels can come alongside and put all the equipment, including ample flak, on board.

Could an ice floe thick enough to stand up to the Atlantic waves be built up fast enough? It was to find the answer to this question that Pyke and Bernal first called me in, but without being allowed to tell me what the question was. As anyone knows who has tried to make a skating rink in his back yard, a long time is needed even in very cold weather to freeze a thick layer of water, because the thin film of ice that forms at the top delays the transfer of heat from the underlying water to the cold air above. By Churchill's method, it would have taken about a year to build up an ice ship a hundred feet thick—and then only if the action of natural forces could somehow be prevented from causing it to disintegrate. But this was deemed unfeasible. Then, what about a natural floe? In the nineteen-thirties, a Russian expedition had discovered that even at the North Pole the pack ice was no more than ten feet thick. Atlantic waves can be as high as ninety feet, with a distance of more than fifteen hundred feet from crest to crest. Our tests showed that a slab of ice ten feet thick and suspended on two knife edges eight hundred feet apart would snap in the middle. Besides, bombs and torpedoes would crack it, even if they could not sink it. And natural icebergs have too small a surface above water for an airfield, and are liable to turn over suddenly.

The project would have been abandoned in 1942 if it had not been for the discovery of pykrete: it is much stronger than ice and no heavier; it can be machined like wood and cast into shapes like copper; immersed in warm water, it forms an insulating shell of soggy wood pulp on its surface, which protects the inside from further melting. However, Pascoe and I found one grave snag: though ice is hard to the blow of an axe, it is soft to the continuous pull of gravity, which makes glaciers flow like rivers—faster in the center than at their sides, and faster at the top than near their beds. If a large ship of ordinary ice were kept at the freezing point of water, it would gradually sag under its own weight, like putty; our tests showed that a ship of pykrete would sag more slowly, but not slowly enough, unless it were to be cooled to a temperature as low as 4°F. To keep the hull that cold, the ship's surface would have to be protected by an insulating skin, and its hold would have to carry a refrigeration plant feeding cold air into an elaborate system of ducts.

All the same, plans went ahead. Experts drew up requirements, naval designers settled at their drawing boards, and committees held long meetings. The Admiralty wanted the ship to be strong enough to stand up to the biggest known waves—a hundred feet high and two thousand feet from crest to crest—even though such gigantic waves had been reported only once, in the North Pacific, after prolonged storms. It said that the ship must be self-propelled, with enough power to prevent its drifting in the strongest gales, and that its hull must be torpedo-proof, which meant that it had to be at least forty feet thick. The Fleet Air Arm demanded a deck fifty feet above water, two hundred feet wide, and two thousand feet long, to allow heavy bombers to take off. The strategists required a cruising range of seven thousand miles. The final design gave the bergship (as it came to be referred to) a displacement of two million two hundred thousand tons—twenty-six times that of the Queen Elizabeth, the biggest ship then afloat. Turboelectric steam generators were to supply thirty-three thousand horsepower to drive twenty-six electric motors—each fitted with a ship's screw and housed in its own separate nacelle—on the two sides of the hull. These motors were to propel the ship at seven knots—the minimum speed needed to prevent its drifting in the wind. Steering presented the most difficult problem. At first, we thought that the ship could be steered simply by varying the relative speed of the motors on either side, like a plane taxiing along the ground, but the Navy decided that a rudder was essential to keep it on course. The problem of suspending and controlling a rudder the height of a fifteen-story building was never solved. Indeed, even today rudders cause problems in supertankers of only a tenth the bergship's tonnage: in 1978, failure of the rudder control caused the supertanker Amoco Cadiz to be blown onto the rocks off the coast of Brittany, spilling its oil onto the white beaches.

While plans for the bergship became more elaborate with each committee meeting, Pyke's mind raced ahead to work out how such ships should be used to win the war. He argued that the bergships would solve the difficult problems of invading hostile coasts, because they would be able to force their way straight into the enemy's harbors. The defending troops would be petrified, literally, by being frozen solid. How? The bergships were to carry enormous tanks full of supercooled water—liquid water cooled below its normal freezing point—which could be sprayed at the enemy to solidify on contact. Afterward, more supercooled water would be pumped ashore to build bulwarks of ice, behind which Allied troops could safely assemble and make ready to capture the town. It was Pyke's best piece of science fiction. In reality, the cool-

SAVE $235!
ON
THE INHERITANCE
the finest European
Goose Down Comforter
Now, at Introductory Prices
from
THE COMFORTER CONNECTION

For several years, we have sold the Karo-Step comforter at a lower price than any of our competitors. It was the finest available anywhere. But, as fine as the Karo-Step is—and we still offer it—we weren't satisfied.

So, for the past two years we have been working with some of the best manufacturers in Europe to develop an even better comforter. Most importantly, we are offering it at an even greater savings than our original Karo-Step. We call it, THE INHERITANCE.

Covered in a silky-soft 220 thread long-staple cambric cotton, you will find the highest quality European white goose down. Its fill power is an unsurpassed 650+, fluffier and warmer than others. And, because it's all down and no feathers, you can use it all year long.

Lastly, the finest stitchers were chosen to create a baffled inner wall to allow the down to loft to its fullest, and to guarantee that there would be no leakage of fill whatsoever—ever. With each comforter comes a LIFETIME GUARANTEE as well as a satisfaction guarantee. Truly an INHERITANCE! And best of all, our prices are lower than those you would find anywhere else—*if* you could find THE INHERITANCE anywhere else!

SAVE $100 on Twin—Now $245 **SAVE $145** on Full—Now $295 **SAVE $190** on Queen— Now $365 **SAVE $235** on King—Now $445 The Comforter Connection pays all shipping and handling charges.

Available in Winter White, Soft Cream, and Pale Silver

TO ORDER:
Call TOLL FREE 1-800-922-4450 for immediate shipment. (in MA Call (617) 329-3731). We accept American Express, Visa and Master Card.

We also welcome mail orders:
Send your name, address, and check or credit card information (type of card, number, expiration date) to
The Comforter Connection
555 High Street-Dept. NYB-0308
Westwood, MA 02090

P.S. Call or write to receive our catalog.

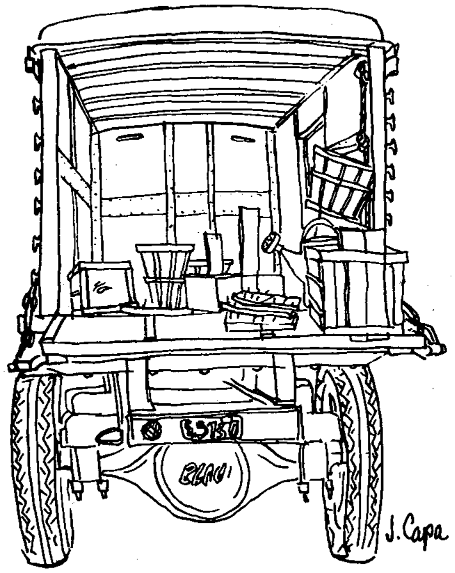
ing of liquid water below its freezing point is observed only in the tiny droplets that clouds are made of. Pyke could not have found reports in the scientific literature of anyone's making more than a thimbleful of supercooled water, but this did not diminish his enthusiasm for its use by the ton.

My own next problem was to find a site for the building of a bergship. How could we follow Churchill's sensible directive to let nature do the job? Surveying the world's weather maps, I was unable to find a spot on earth cold enough to freeze two million tons of pykrete in one winter. Nature would have to be aided by refrigeration. Eventually, we chose Corner Brook, in Newfoundland, where wood pulp provided by the local mills was to be mixed with water and frozen into blocks in a two-hundred-acre refrigeration plant. The problem of launching our Leviathan was to be circumvented by laying down the first pykrete blocks on wooden barges cramped together to form a large floating platform. This would gradually sink as the mass of pykrete was built up. The prototype was to be built in the winter of 1943-1944, to be followed by a fleet of bergships constructed on the North Pacific Coast the following winter, in time for the invasion of Japan.

One day, Mountbatten called me into his office to ask who should represent Habakkuk at a high-level meeting. I suggested Bernal as the only man who possessed the technical knowledge, the intellectual stature, and the persuasiveness to stand up to the war leaders. Bernal was the most brilliant talker I have ever encountered. The son of a wealthy Irish Catholic farmer, he soaked up knowledge from an early age like blotting paper, and became mesmerized by science. Once, he tried to generate X-rays by focussing the light from a paraffin lamp so as to see through his hand, and nearly set the farm on fire; he was beaten by his father. He was converted to Communism in 1922, when he was a student at Cambridge, and remained a faithful Party member all his life. (He died in 1971.) Bernal is mentioned in Andrew Boyle's recent book "The Climate of Treason" as one of the founders of the Cambridge Communist cell in the nineteen-thirties, but he made no secret of his allegiance and was never suspected of disloyalty to Britain. As a Cambridge undergraduate in the early twenties, he studied natural sciences and then took up X-ray crystallography, a physical method used for determining the arrangements of atoms in solids. When I joined him as a graduate student, in 1936, he was at the height of his powers, with a wild mane of fair hair (no beard), sparkling eyes, and lively, expressive features. We called him Sage, because he knew everything from physics to the history of art. He was a bohemian, a flamboyant Don Juan, and a restless genius always searching for something more important to do than the work of the moment.

When war broke out, the authorities asked Bernal to assess the likely damage from aerial bombardment. He requested that his former research assistant be taken on to help him, but, to his astonishment, the request was refused on security grounds. Bernal ridiculed the decision and demanded to see the reason. When he was reluctantly shown the file, the papers stated that the man could not be trusted because he was associated with the notorious Communist Bernal.

Mountbatten, who liked to have unconventional people around him as counterweights to naval orthodoxy, appreciated Bernal's prodigious knowledge and his original approach to any kind of problem. Mountbatten himself impressed me greatly by his quick and decisive mind. The high-level meeting he was preparing for took place in Quebec in August of 1943, and was headed by Roosevelt and Churchill. Bernal staged a demonstration of pykrete which so impressed the war leaders that they decided to give Habakkuk the highest priority. Detailed plans for the immediate construction of a prototype were to be drawn up in Washington. The British team was ordered there forthwith—except for Pyke, whose mordant wit had upset the American military to the point where he was forbidden to come.



When the people at the United States Consulate in London saw my invalid Austrian passport, they said that they were not allowed to issue visas to enemy aliens, however vital for the war effort. Mountbatten's Chief of Staff tackled this trivial obstacle by phoning the Home Office and telling the people there to make me a British subject within the hour. But, like a parson asked to perform a shotgun wedding without calling the banns, the Home Office insisted on at least the semblance of its customary naturalization ritual. That night, a detective called on me at my lodgings, in Holland Park. Would I give the names of four British-born householders who could vouch for my loyalty? Normally, the detective said, he would make careful inquiries from each of them, but in my case he wouldn't bother. What near relatives did I have in enemy territory? Normally, he would cross-check my answers, but in my case he wouldn't bother. Had I been convicted of any crime? Yes, of riding a bicycle in Cambridge without lights. Normally, he would check the police records, but in my case he wouldn't bother. After an hour of such banter, I signed his form. Supposing I had gone and betrayed the secrets of pykrete to the Eskimos. Would the Prime Minister have assured Parliament that "the proper inquiries" had been made at the time of my naturalization to ascertain that I had not been an Eskimo sympathizer from an early age? The next morning, I swore allegiance to the King before a justice of the peace; my wife merely had to sign a piece of paper at home in Cambridge. The following day, I was issued a shiny blue passport that described me as a British Subject by Certificate of Naturalization Issued 3 September 1943. You cannot become an Englishman, as you can become an American, but at least we were no longer enemy aliens liable to be interned, and my new passport solved the United States visa problem.

The other members of the Habakkuk team had already sailed to New York. To catch up with them, I was now sent there by air. First, a Sunderland flying boat took me from Bournemouth to Shannon, where the British officers on board donned civilian clothes in deference to Eire's neutrality. From Shannon, Pan Am's Yankee

Clipper flying boat ferried us to Newfoundland in fourteen hours, and thence to New York Harbor, where we landed thirty-four hours after leaving London—a record time. When the immigration officer read in my passport that my British nationality was of exactly four days' standing, he decided to unmask this foreign agent whom the wily British were trying to foist on their unsuspecting ally, and subjected me to a sharp interrogation. When I had told him most of my life history, except for my involuntary sojourn in Canada, he began questioning me about relatives in the United States. A brother. What is his name? When was he born? What does he do? Where does he live? My heart thumped as I remembered that my brother's house had been searched by the F.B.I. when they found out that he had been in correspondence with a prisoner of war in Canada. Would this be in the immigration officer's file? If it was, he gave no sign, but continued. What other relatives? A sister. Where does she live? Prytania Street, New Orleans. Suddenly, his tense face relaxed into a broad grin. "But that's the street where I was born." And I was admitted. No one whose sister lived on Prytania Street, New Orleans, could be a spy.

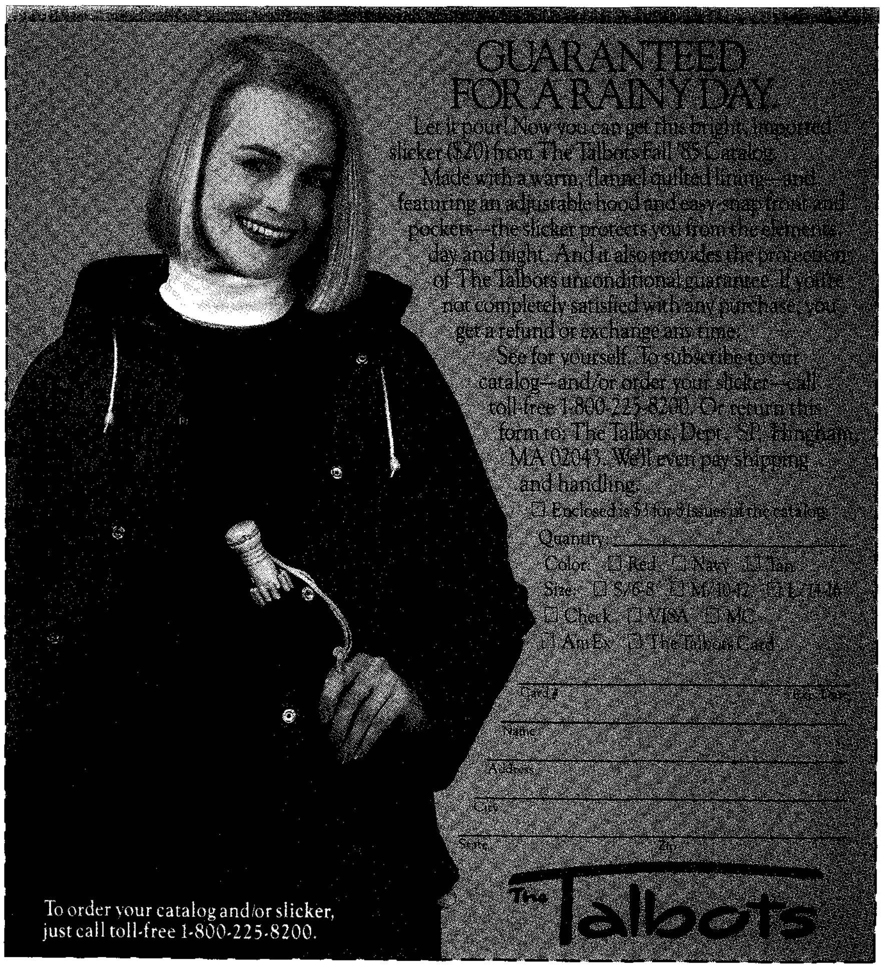
On arriving in Washington, where I imagined the British team to be busy sixteen hours a day with the planning of the bergship's construction, I was surprised to find them all welcoming me at Union Station in the middle of a weekday afternoon. They wondered what the weather had been like in London when I left—a question that I diagnosed as an expression of homesickness—and seemed in no hurry to get back to their desks. The next morning, when I reported for duty in a hut outside the Department of the Navy Building, on Constitution Avenue, I heard that Habakkuk was under scrutiny by the department's naval engineers, and that pending their report there was nothing we could do. Lord Zuckerman, another of Mountbatten's wartime scientific advisers, recently explained to me why no one paid much attention to us in Washington. Shortly after our arrival there, Mountbatten left Combined Operations to become Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in Southeast Asia. Since he had been Habakkuk's principal advocate, its priority took a deep plunge. So as not to idle away my time, I asked for permission to visit the Canadian physicists and engineers who had carried

No. 3
The Hay-Adams Chronicles
(Authentic examples of the standard of service at the Hay-Adams Hotel.)

A first-time guest charged out of the elevator, headed for the front door. His peripheral vision caught a glimmer of the yellow *moiré* walls of the Henry Adams Room, which has become breakfast meeting place of choice for official Washington. "How lovely!" he exclaimed, "I wish I had time for breakfast." Andrew, one of our people, overheard the remark, and by the time the guest had checked out he'd delivered a glass of fresh-squeezed orange juice. Was that difficult to do? Andrew would have found it difficult not to have done it.

The Hay-Adams. A hotel with the grace of a fine home. Across from the White House at One Lafayette Square, Washington, D.C., (202) 638-6600, (800) 424-5054.

The Hay-Adams Hotel



GUARANTEED FOR A RAINY DAY.

Let it pour! Now you can get this bright, imported slicker ($20) from The Talbots Fall '85 Catalog.

Made with a warm, flannel quilted lining—and featuring an adjustable hood and easy-snap front and pockets—the slicker protects you from the elements, day and night. And it also provides the protection of The Talbots unconditional guarantee. If you're not completely satisfied with any purchase, you get a refund or exchange any time.

See for yourself. To subscribe to our catalog—and/or order your slicker—call toll-free 1-800-225-8200. Or return this form to: The Talbots, Dept. SP, Hingham, MA 02043. We'll even pay shipping and handling.

☐ Enclosed is $5 for 8 issues of the catalog.
Quantity: ______
Color: ☐ Red ☐ Navy ☐ Tan
Size: ☐ S/6-8 ☐ M/10-12 ☐ L/14-16
☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MC
☐ Am Ex ☐ The Talbots Card
Card # ______ Exp. Date ______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

The Talbots

To order your catalog and/or slicker, just call toll-free 1-800-225-8200.

out tests on ice and pykrete parallel to ours and had built a model ice ship, complete with insulation and refrigeration, on Patricia Lake. It was on this trip that I reëntered Canada as a free man, but I evaded my hosts' conventional question about whether this was my first visit. Back in Washington, I took a room in the suburbs, where I listened to a Republican fellow-lodger's denunciations of Roosevelt as a greater menace than Hitler. I read in the Library of Congress or went rock climbing on the banks of the Potomac until the United States Navy finally decided that Habakkuk was a false prophet. One reason was the enormous amount of steel needed for the refrigeration plant that was to freeze the pykrete, but the crucial argument was that the rapidly increasing range of land-based aircraft was making floating islands unnecessary. This was the end of Pyke's ingenious project.

It was hard for a civilian to find a place on a ship back to England, but finally I was allocated a berth in a first-class single cabin on the Queen Elizabeth, England's newest and fastest liner. When I stepped into my cabin, I found that I shared it with five others. One, a tall, dignified old gentleman, introduced himself as Mr. Coffin, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., and proudly announced that he was going to London to have tea with the Queen. To belie his lugubrious name, he entertained the rest of us by day with a great fund of stories; he also kept us awake at night with his loud snoring. The ship carried fourteen thousand American soldiers, sent to join the great armies that were to liberate France the following summer. Under big notices of "No Gambling," piles of dollar bills slid across mess tables in the lounge every few minutes as the great ship heeled over, steering its zigzag course to evade the U-boats. After six days, we steamed up the Firth of Clyde, where a large Allied battle fleet lay assembled in the gloomy winter morning, the sinister gray shapes anchored between the dark, cloud-covered mountainsides lending drama to a scene that looked like a Turner painting of a Scottish loch.

When I reported the demise of Habakkuk to my superior at the Admiralty the next morning, he was not surprised. Pyke was disappointed, but he was already busy on new schemes. One of them was the construction of a gigantic tube from Burma into China; much easier than building a road over the mountains, he argued. Through this tube, Allied men, tanks, and guns were to be propelled to China by compressed air, like the pneumatic post in department stores, to help Chiang Kai-shek defeat the Japanese Army there. Another of Pyke's plans plotted the destruction of the Rumanian oil fields from which Germany derived most of its fuel. In the dark of night, one squadron of planes was to attack the fields with high-explosive and incendiary bombs, while another squadron was to drop a force of commandos nearby, charged with destroying the fields on the ground. How could they penetrate the defenses? Disguised as Rumanian firemen, they should capture a fire station and drive into the oil field with its engines, pretending that they were on their way to extinguish the fires started by the air raid but fanning them instead.

I had come to realize some months earlier that construction and navigation of the bergships might prove as difficult as a journey to the moon then seemed to me, yet Habakkuk was one of several apparently impossible projects conceived during the war; in

Make Your House A Summer Home

Take a 20-minute vacation with the Wolff System.

With just a few relaxing 20-minute sessions, the patented Wolff System can give you a deep, dark, natural tan in the privacy of your own home.

It's something the whole family will enjoy. It requires no special ventilation, very little maintenance, and less than 35 square feet of space. And with one or two sessions each week, it can keep you tanned and natural-looking all year long.

The patented Wolff System. It's the perfect addition to a home gym. And it's the world's most popular indoor tanning system. So let the sun shine in your home season after season. Call 201-836-8030 or toll-free 1-800-526-9061.

WOLFF SYSTEM
SCA
USA TM

The Most Trusted Name In Tanning.
Glenpointe Center East, 300 Frank West Burr Blvd.
Teaneck, NJ 07666

Offices in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New Jersey, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle and Washington D.C. © 1985 SCA

each case the question was not so much one of absolute feasibility as of whether the strategic advantages to be gained by carrying out the project were in proportion to the manpower and materials required. In retrospect, it seems surprising that Mountbatten should have taken any of Pyke's projects seriously, but then Mountbatten was the youngest member of the Chiefs of Staff and headed an organization set up for unconventional warfare. Faced with that task, he liked to attract to his headquarters men who had not been to Staff College and whose ideas were therefore less likely to be anticipated by the enemy—never mind if they wore no socks. In peacetime, most of Pyke's ideas would have been discarded as the science fiction they were, but Mountbatten relied for scientific advice on Bernal, without realizing that Bernal's one great failing was a lack of critical judgment. Pyke had the Cartesian's arrogant conviction that an intelligent human being could reason his way through any problem, rather than Francis Bacon's humble maxim that "argumentation cannot suffice for the discovery of new work, since the subtlety of Nature is greater many times than the subtlety of argument." I returned to Cambridge, sad at first that my eagerness to help in the war against Hitler had not found a more effective outlet, but later relieved to have worked on a project that at least never killed anyone—not even the Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

UNTIL recently, I did not know how and why, four decades ago, the British government had decided to intern and deport many thousands of innocent German and Austrian refugees and Italians living in Britain, and to start releasing them again a few weeks later, long before the danger of a German invasion had receded. I have now read "Collar the Lot!," Peter and Leni Gillman's history of the internment of aliens in Britain, which is based on a scholarly study of official documents that were released thirty years after the events and on interviews with many of the survivors. The book reveals a disheartening story of official callousness, interdepartmental intrigue, newspaper hysteria, public lies, lies told to Parliament and to the governments of the Dominions, and, as John Maynard Keynes said of David Lloyd George, decisions taken on grounds other than the real merits of the case. The book tells also of human suffering, and of a few upright individuals whose compassion turned the tide.

The story begins in the autumn of 1939, when the Home Office and the War Office were anxious to avoid a repetition of the wholesale internment of nearly thirty thousand mostly harmless Germans in squalid prison camps which had taken place during the First World War. The Home Secretary, Sir John Anderson, therefore established tribunals that classified Germans and Austrians as refugees from Nazi oppression, and ordered the internment only of those thought to be loyal to the Nazi regime.

On April 9, 1940, German forces invaded Norway, supposedly helped by a Fifth Column of Norwegian Nazis and by German spies posing as refugees. A month later, the Germans invaded Holland and Belgium, and Winston Churchill replaced Neville Chamberlain as Prime Minister. Churchill held his first Cabinet meeting on May 11th. At the insistence of the Chiefs of Staff, the reluctant Anderson was asked to abandon his enlightened policy and to intern all male Germans and Austrians living near the coasts that were threatened by invasion. A few days later, Sir Nevile Bland, the British Ambassador at The Hague, returned to London with alarming stories of treachery by German civilians in Holland. His photograph shows him supercilious and vacant, like a figure out of Evelyn Waugh's farcical novels about the British upper class. He realized that his important hour had come, and, at the end of May, he solemnly warned the nation in a radio broadcast, "It is not the German and Austrian who is found out who is the danger. It is the one, whether man or woman, who is too clever to be found out." Having pondered this profound truth, the Chiefs of Staff warned the Cabinet that "alien refugees [are] a most dangerous source of subversive activity," recommending that all should be interned. "The most ruthless action should be taken to eliminate any chances of Fifth-Column activities." On May 24th, Churchill told the Cabinet that he was in favor of removing all internees from the United Kingdom. Newfoundland and St. Helena were two of the inhospitable places to which Churchill proposed we should be banished. General Jan Smuts managed to do one better by suggesting the Falkland Islands instead. On June 10th, when Italy de-

MEMBER PREFERRED HOTELS WORLDWIDE

The Grand Little Hotel of Chicago.

It's the quiet little things that make for a grand hotel. For those who require elegance, in a discreet atmosphere of privacy and grace, there is The Barclay of Chicago.

THE BARCLAY CHICAGO
Just off Michigan Ave. on Superior St.
(800) 621-8004. (312) 787-6000

LONDON BRIDGE

Bridging the gap between England and Denmark is the legendary Birger Christensen of Copenhagen. Now you can visit those same stunning furs on New Bond Street. So if on occasion you've found London chilly, you'll now feel it less so.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
170 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W1. 01-629-2211

OUR ALL PIMA COTTON SLEEPCOAT

Now you can combine the comfort of a nightshirt with the convenience of a robe. Our pure cotton sleepcoat is cut full for an easy fit, and fashioned with long sleeves, self belt and pockets. In maize, tan or blue. Made in U.S.A. S (34-36), M (38-40), L (42-44), XL (46-48). $36. Size XXL (50-52), $42.

Phone Orders: (415) 397-7733

☐ *$3 for 1 year catalogue subscription. (Applicable toward future purchase.)*

A1H125

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939
Mail Orders: No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108
Sleepcoat (79728A); Size___ Col.___ Qty.___
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #________________ Expir.______
Add $2.75 ship., hdlg.; CA delivery add tax.
Name________________________
Address______________________
__________________ Zip_______

clared war, Churchill ordered the Home Office to "collar the lot" of Italians living in Britain.

Among four thousand Italians interned during the succeeding two weeks, and among those supposedly most dangerous ones later selected for deportation overseas, were H. Zavattoni, the banquet manager at the Savoy Hotel, who had worked there since 1906; D. Anzani, the secretary of the anti-Fascist Italian League of the Rights of Man; Piero Salerni, an engineer urgently needed by the Ministry of Aircraft Production; and Alberto Loria, a Jew who had come to Britain in 1911. All except Loria were drowned on the Arandora Star.

In obedience to the Chiefs of Staff directive, the War Office ordered that those who had survived the torpedoing of the Arandora Star be reëmbarked a few days later on the Dunera, a ship bound for Australia. Among those guarding the internees as they boarded the Dunera at Liverpool Harbor was a young soldier named Merlin Scott. That night, he wrote a letter home. "I thought the Italian survivors were treated abominably—and now they've all been sent to sea again," his letter said. "The one thing nearly all were dreading, having lost fathers, brothers, etc. the first time. . . . Masses of their stuff—clothes etc. was simply taken away from them and thrown into piles out in the rain and they were allowed only a handful of things. Needless to say, various people, including policemen! started helping themselves to what had been left behind. They were then hounded up the gangway and pushed along with bayonets, with people jeering at them. . . . Masses of telegrams came for them from relatives nearly all just saying 'Thank God you are safe,' and they were not allowed to see them." The telegrams "had to go to a Censor's Office . . . Some of them said they had no mail for six weeks." Shortly after the Dunera left harbor, a German submarine fired two torpedoes at it, but the Dunera happened to change course, and the torpedoes missed the ship by about a hundred yards.

Merlin Scott's father was an assistant under-secretary at the Foreign Office. His son's letter made the rounds of the office and was shown to Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary. He forwarded it to Sir John Anderson, the Home Secretary, together with a memorandum expressing concern about the bad effect that such inhumanity would have on public opinion at home and in the United States. Halifax and Anderson won over Chamberlain, who until then had been the chief executor of Churchill's deportation policy, and on July 18th, only a week after Scott had written his letter, Chamberlain persuaded the Cabinet that "persons who were known to be actively hostile to the present regimes in Germany and Italy, or whom for other sufficient reasons it was undesirable to keep in internment, should be released." The Cabinet also agreed that the "internal management, though not the safeguarding," of the internment camps should be transferred from the War Office to the Home Office. The deportations were stopped.

The Canadian government at first stonewalled Paterson's proposal to release in Canada those refugees who did not want to return to England, and the American State Department refused to admit even those refugees who had already held immigration visas before they were interned. Early in 1941, Ruth Draper, the great diseuse, gave one of her heartwarming performances in Ottawa for the Canadian Red Cross. Afterward, the Prime Minister asked her what Canada could do in return. She told him, "There is a young innocent boy, whom I have known since he was a baby, being held in one of your internment camps behind barbed wire, without offense, without a trial." The Prime Minister ordered the boy's release, and his decision opened the door for others. When I paid my return visit to Canada, in October of 1943, the last internment camp had just been dismantled. The Gillmans' book shows that even in wartime one person's compassion can sometimes prevail against hardened politicians and the military.

As far as I know, historical research has found no substance in the ugly rumors of spying by Germans who posed as refugees, either in Norway or in Holland; nor was there ever a case of a German or Austrian refugee in Britain who aided the enemy. Merlin Scott, whose letter saved so many Italians in Britain from internment and deportation, was killed by the Italians in Libya during the first British advance, early in 1941.

—M. F. PERUTZ

●

Now inside the orbit of Jupiter, amateur astronomers with small telescopes will be able to see Halley's comet this fall.—*San Diego Union.*

If they hold their breath.

At The Kennedy Center, We're Rehearsing for the Future...

At The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, we believe in starting early. Inspiring children. Encouraging young people's appreciation of the arts. Cultivating the best in America's emerging talent.

That's why, in 1985, we're expanding our national programs for children and youth and other programs that help develop new talent and new works.

But these programs can only continue through the generous support of individuals and businesses both large and small.

As members of the Corporate Fund Leadership, we urge you to contribute to the Kennedy Center, America's national cultural center.

What you encourage today may receive the applause of the nation tomorrow.

Please call or write:
Jillian Poole,
Director of Development
The John F. Kennedy Center for the
Performing Arts
Washington D.C. 20566
(202) 872-0466

Chairman
John F. Welch, Jr.
Chairman,
General Electric
Vice Chairmen
Samuel H. Armacost
President,
Bank America
Stephen D. Bechtel, Jr.
Chairman, Bechtel Group
Robert A. Beck
Chairman,
Prudential Insurance
Bennett E. Bidwell
Exec. Vice President,
Chrysler
Theodore F. Brophy
Chairman, GTE
Charles L. Brown
Chairman, AT&T
James E. Burke
Chairman,
Johnson & Johnson
Donald F. Craib, Jr.
Chairman,
Allstate Insurance
John J. Creedon
President,
Metropolitan
Life Insurance
James H. Evans
Former Chairman,
Union Pacific
James L. Ferguson
Chairman,
General Foods
John H. Gutfreund
Chairman,
Phibro-Salomon
Robert A. Hanson
Chairman,
Deere & Co.
Henry H. Henley, Jr.
Chairman,
Cluett, Peabody & Co.
Edward L. Hennessy, Jr.
Chairman,
Allied Corp.
Edwin K. Hoffman
Chairman,
Woodward & Lothrop
John J. Horan
Director,
Merck & Co.
William R. Howell
Chairman,
J. C. Penney
Edward G. Jefferson
Chairman, DuPont
F. Ross Johnson
Chief Executive,
Nabisco Brands
David T. Kearns
President, Xerox
James L. Ketelsen
Chairman, Tenneco
William F. Kieschnick
President,
Atlantic Richfield
Charles F. Knight
Chairman,
Emerson Electric
Howard M. Love
Chairman,
National Intergroup
Ruben F. Mettler
Chairman, TRW
John R. Opel
Chairman, IBM
Edmund T. Pratt
Chairman, Pfizer
James D. Robinson III
Chairman,
American Express
Andrew C. Sigler
Chairman, Champion
International
Roger B. Smith
Chairman,
General Motors
Rawleigh Warner, Jr.
Chairman, Mobil
Thomas H. Wyman
Chairman, CBS
Secretary
Harold Burson
Chairman,
Burson-Marsteller

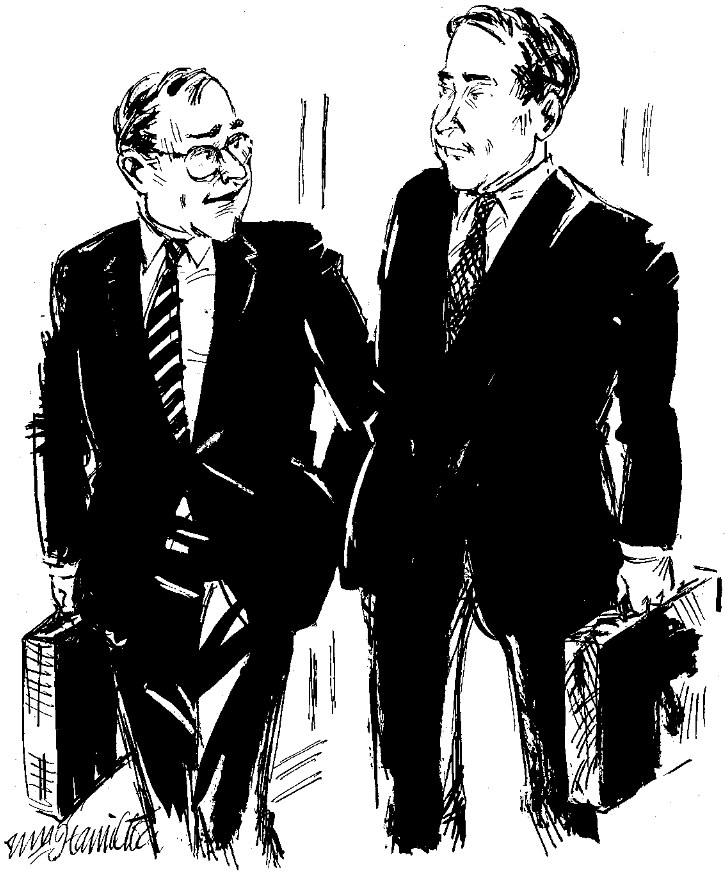
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THOUGHTS OF AN EATER WITH SMOKE IN HIS EYES

IN the past couple of years, I've tried to face up to the possibility that barbecue may be going the way of chili. It hasn't been easy for me. The signs are all around us, though, for anyone to see. There are congressmen prepared to insert remarks in the *Congressional Record* about the superiority of South Carolina barbecue or Tennessee barbecue or Texas barbecue. There are barbecue sauces with elegant labels advertised in the gourmet classifieds. There are ritualized arguments—arguments that are reminiscent of the federal case the chili-heads have made out of Beans v. No Beans—about whether authentic barbecue is beef or pork or mutton. There are so many barbecue-cooking contests that in the summertime a competitive barbecuer can haul his rig from fairgrounds to fairgrounds, like a man with a string of quarter horses. I have resisted the signs. When chili went the way of chili—when it became clear that the eating of chili had come to be surrounded with enough self-conscious boasting and slick packaging to impair the appetite—I accepted the evidence with equanimity. I had never been deeply involved with chili. I had previously admitted that I liked chili, but not enough to discuss it with people from Texas. Barbecue is a different matter. I have been deeply involved with barbecue, mostly on the eating end. It would hurt to see barbecue go the way of chili—cross over what I now think of as the Chili Line. The fact that just about everything else in the United States seems to have crossed over the Chili Line—labelled and packaged and relentlessly organized and fitted out with promotional T-shirts—doesn't mean that it would hurt any less.

I once attended a chili contest. It was organized by some retired Americans who lived in Mexico, but most of the participants and the judges seemed to be from California. There is a theory that sooner or later anything in America that's any fun at all will be ruined by people from California. The theory is based on the fact that a number of people in California tend to apply themselves too intensely to pastimes that don't call for a lot of application. Soap-bubble blowing is an example. I once came across someone blowing huge soap bubbles on the beach in Venice, California, just south of Santa Monica. He was a grownup. He had made a study of soap bubbles. He knew the best soap formula to use. He knew a lot about density and wind velocity and angle of blowing; he talked a lot about density and wind velocity and angle of blowing. His bubbles were extraordinary, the smallest of them the size of a prize watermelon. I don't doubt that he is the best soap-bubble blower in the world. I don't doubt that the second-best and third-best soap-bubble blowers in the world live nearby. In California, there is no shortage of people who are willing to become exceedingly skilled at something that is not, in the long run, terribly important.

The Californians who were judging the chili contest were solemnly efficient. They had elaborate safeguards to mask the authorship of each bowl of chili being judged. They had bowls of celery and crackers in the middle of the table to use for cleansing their palates. When one of them picked up a bowl of chili—there were about twenty bowls on the table during any round of judging—he would sort of balance it in his hand for a moment, maybe judging its heft. Then he would stir it vigorously with a spoon, as if trying to dredge up some secret elixir from the bottom of the bowl. Then he would smell it, in four or five quick, nervous sniffs. Then he would take a small taste and stare straight out into space with his brow knitted in concentration, occasionally smacking his lips. I realized that the judges were seriously committed to the proposition that they could distinguish precisely among twenty bowls of chili. Then I was struck by a realization that was considerably more disquieting: maybe they actually *could* distinguish precisely among twenty bowls of chili. Who would have predicted, after all, that a man could consistently turn out soap bubbles the size of prize watermelons? I felt a terrible temptation to say, "Don't you think you're making too big a deal out of this?" I have since decided that one way to judge whether something has crossed over the Chili Line is whether it makes you want to say, "Don't you think you're making too big a deal out of this?"



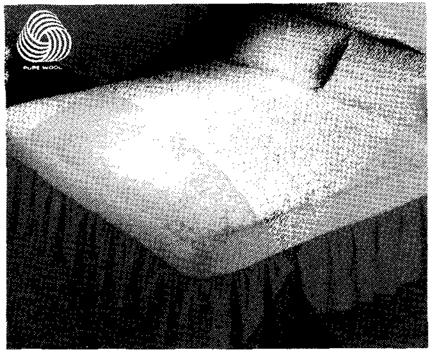
"Damn, Langdon. That 'Quién sabe?' of yours was about the suavest thing I ever heard at a board meeting."

Friends who knew of my experience at the chili contest were surprised this spring when I announced that I intended to go to Memphis for the Eighth Annual Memphis in May International Barbecue Cooking Contest, which has come to be known as the country's preëminent barbecuing competition. But I believed that the time had come for me to go. I believed that the time had come for me to face up to the question of whether the Chili Line has been crossed. I also believed that while I was down there I might get my hands on some decent barbecue.

I FOUND some comfort in the fact that Memphis was a serious barbecue town long before barbecue sauce began being displayed in Eastern gourmet stores next to extra-virgin olive oil and balsamic vinegar. For as long as anyone can remember, people in Memphis and the surrounding countryside—northern Mississippi and eastern Arkansas as well as western Tennessee—have been barbecuing at home, in pits in the back yard or in old water tanks or in any other sort of container that will hold slow heat on a couple of pork shoulders for ten or twelve hours. For at least half a century, Memphians have been able to walk into a barbecue restaurant and indicate their preference with a sort of code that doesn't appear on any menu. In Memphis, someone can order a particular kind of barbecue sandwich by saying, "Gimme a white pulled"—although I don't know why anyone would, since "white" is what people in Memphis call the lighter and juicier interior meat, and ordering it breaks the Law of Nature that states "The crunchy part of anything's the best." Memphis people say "brown" if they want a preponderance of the crunchy part. "Pulled" means pulled off the bone—as opposed to "chopped," which is pulled meat cut up into finer bits. There is no such thing as "sliced": if a piece of meat could stand up to slicing, people in Memphis would figure that it needed four or five more hours in the pit. It is a given that the meat in question is pork shoulder and that it will be served in a bun, probably with coleslaw in the bun with it. A barbecue eater in Memphis who feels like ribs chooses a restaurant according to whether he prefers his ribs "wet" or "dry"—at the last minute, some restaurants add sauce and some restaurants add a sort of dry rub of spices—and he assumes that the ribs were originally attached to a pig. Barbecue dishes other than those made out of swine are served in some Memphis restaurants, but more or less as novelty items. In Memphis, barbecue is pork. A contestant in the Memphis in May barbecue contest can compete in one of only three divisions: Pork Shoulder, Pork Ribs, and Whole Hog. Memphis has long thought of itself as the Rome of pork barbecue, and its barbecue purveyors have long shown the traditional disdain for schismatic claimants from elsewhere. A couple of years ago, while doing a piece on Memphis's right to call itself Pork Barbecue Capital of the World, the food editor of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, Christine Arpe Gang, mentioned to Charlie Vergos, the owner of a well-known dry-ribs emporium called the Rendezvous, that North Carolina also did pork barbecuing. Vergos's response was what might have been expected from someone who has been in the game long enough to know how to talk like a barbecue man: "North Carolina's nothing."

In Memphis, a returning native son on a family visit is likely to stop at his favorite barbecue joint even before he goes to see his dear old mother, and new favorites are opening constantly—including two in the last few years opened by former champions of the Memphis in May barbecue contest. A travelling barbecue devotee who is in the habit of leafing through the restaurant section of the Yellow Pages in any hotel room he happens to find himself in, as many travelling barbecue devotees are, can cheer himself with a quick look at the Memphis telephone directory—although my own good cheer was dimmed when I put down the phone book and picked up the visitors' guide that is also provided in Memphis hotel rooms. In a section devoted to barbecue, it says, "Look in the Memphis Yellow Pages, page 180, under Barbecue. You'll find approximately 40 listings; many with multiple locations." Presenting a report on the number of barbecue joints listed in the Yellow Pages, with the addition already done, is the sort of thing that can represent some drift toward the Chili Line.

I SUPPOSE a lot of people do think of Memphis as the Pork Barbecue Capital of the World, but a recent survey by the Convention & Visitors Bureau indicated that a lot of people don't think of Memphis much at all. I do. I have always thought of it as the place of origin of at least four remarkable American institutions—the modern motel (Holiday Inn), the supermarket (Piggly Wiggly, although that claim has recently been disputed), the express-delivery system (Federal Ex-



100% Merino **Wool Mattress Pad**

SHOP & COMPARE OUR PRICES

Soft 100% Merino Wool cushions and cradles your body for a deeper, more restful night's sleep. Even the best mattress creates pressure points on the shoulders, hips and back. Soft, thick Merino Wool conforms to the contours of your body, relieving pressure points. Many people report they fall asleep faster and enjoy a more restful sleep.

In an independent study of our wool pad conducted by the University of Wisconsin, 83% of the participants reported a better night's sleep, 94% stated their muscles and joints felt better the next day.

Wool is a natural insulator. In winter, the pad retains body heat to keep you warm. In summer, the pad keeps you cool by absorbing moisture and carrying it away from your body. As an exclusive and superior design innovation, we have eliminated the standard elastic straps and have designed the pad like a fitted bottom sheet to hold the wool more firmly in place. Machine Washable. Non-Allergenic.

If you don't enjoy the best night's sleep you've ever had, simply return the pad for a complete refund. Delivery: We ship within 24 to 48 hrs.

☎ TO ORDER CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-356-9367, Ext. H649,
or use the coupon below. Or, call or write for your free catalog featuring 20 down comforter styles, down pillows, designer down coats, and many other natural products designed to improve the quality of your life.

The Company Store®

100% Merino Wool Mattress Pad Style #511
☐Crib (28" x 52") $39 ☐Queen (60" x 80") $109
☐Twin (39" x 75") $69 ☐King (76" x 80") $139
☐Full (54" x 75") $89 *Color:* Natural

☎ ORDER BY PHONE TOLL-FREE
1-800-356-9367, Ext. H649.
Use your credit card. OR ORDER BY MAIL:
☐M.C. ☐VISA ☐Am. Exp ☐Check
Acct. No.____________________
Exp. Dt.__________

	QTY		PRICE	
☐Send Free	______	x	$______	=$______
Catalog	______	x	$______	=$______
			Ship., Hdlg. & Insurance -$5	=$______
			*UPS 2nd day air	=$______
			Total	=$______

☐ *We ship UPS ground service unless you request otherwise here. UPS 2nd day air add $8.50 to your order.
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City/State/Zip ____________________
Send to: The Company Store, Dept. H649, 500 Company Store Road, La Crosse, WI 54601.

press), and Elvis Presley. I say "at least four" because I am not prepared to argue about the birth of the blues. I think of Memphis as a place where an extra ion of American ingenuity might be hanging in the air.

Apparently, the Convention & Visitors folks, being by profession people who look on the bright side, were not put out by the discovery that Memphis did not loom large in many people's minds. They took heart from the fact that the survey at least didn't turn up a lot of negative feelings. The assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., in 1968, didn't seem to affect Memphis's reputation the way the assassination of John F. Kennedy affected the reputation of Dallas. At the time, it appeared that the main effect the assassination would have on Memphis was to finish off downtown. To an out-of-towner, downtown Memphis, which starts on some bluffs lining the east bank of the Mississippi, seems uniquely endowed. When I think of a downtown river in an American city, what comes to mind is a greasy brown stream with some crumbling storage depots and a cluster of rusty oil tanks visible on the opposite bank. In Memphis, the view begins with barges being nosed down an enormously wide stretch of the Mississippi, extends over the rich Arkansas farmland that acts as a floodplain for several miles back from the west bank, and ends with an astounding sunset. For generations, people in the rest of the South thought of Memphis as the river and the area associated with it—the cotton shippers' offices lining Front Street, and, a couple of blocks farther back, the Peabody Hotel, a Southern institution where Delta planters and visiting notions-drummers and small-town honeymooners and *le tout* Memphis sat in the rococo lobby sipping drinks and watching the ducks swim around in the lobby fountain. But for generations people in Memphis seemed to gauge their station in life according to how far away from the river they could live. Those who could afford it established residential districts farther and farther eastward, and as soon as the modern shopping center was invented (not, alas, in Memphis) the stores followed them. The tensions that accompanied King's death persuaded a lot of Memphis residents that downtown was not simply dreary and inconvenient but dangerous. In the seventies, the Peabody Hotel closed its doors, and there was talk of tearing it down. *Le tout* Memphis was strolling around some suburban shopping mall fifteen miles away.

By that time, Memphis, like a lot of American cities, was devoting some energy to trying to revive downtown. A shopping street one back from Front Street was made into a mall, to no great effect. Mud Island, which lies in the river just off downtown, was developed as a Mississippi River museum and entertainment area. Restoration began on a couple of blocks of Beale Street. A local family bought the Peabody and, with the encouragement of some tax abatements, spent twenty-five million dollars completely renovating it. (Of course, when it finally reopened, in 1981, the time had passed when a hotel could simply have ducks in the fountain in case anyone wanted to look at them swimming around. The new Peabody has a restaurant called Dux, a bar called Mallards, duck decoys for sale in the gift shop, and dozens of tiny ducks on the plastic laundry bags; I would have to say that they made a pretty big deal out of those ducks.) With the Peabody and Mud Island and Beale Street assured as anchors, some people began converting a few of the old cotton warehouses into retail and office space. River-view condominiums were built, and it turned out that a number of affluent people who had been living in East Memphis were willing to give up the convenience of nearby shopping malls if it meant watching the sun set over Arkansas. In 1977, with some of the developers of such projects at the core, a number of Memphis boosters who thought downtown was important started the Memphis in May International Festival.

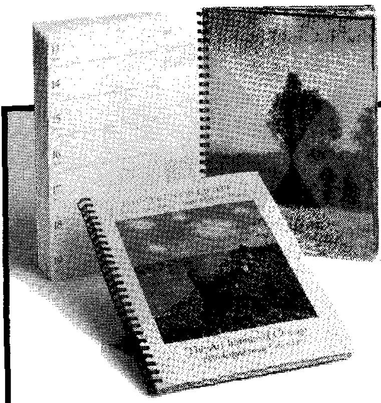
As it happened, Memphis already had a major civic celebration in May—Cotton Carnival was nearly as old as the Peabody—and rivalry between the two gangs of merrymakers at times erupted into accusations of crowdnapping. Although Cotton Carnival had always had its public aspects, it was thought of as being dominated by the private parties of clubs called secret societies. Its best-known symbols were the king and queen and their court—a group that the rest of the population might be forgiven for considering a lot of rich people wearing funny clothes. The times were beginning to catch up with Cotton Carnival. A lot of younger Memphians of Cotton Carnival backgrounds were not actually taken with the idea of paying good-will visits to old-age homes while dressed up as dukes. Despite a number of gestures toward democratization and desegregation, Cotton Carnival was thought of as exclusive and white. Memphis in May International defined itself in a way that made it a clear alternative to Cotton Carnival. Its leaders tended to be younger, more entrepreneurial, less deferential to old Memphis money. From the start, its officers and its board included black people and women. Its events were all free and all downtown. Its volunteer committees were open to anyone who wanted to join in. It had the frank interest in commerce that has often been taken as a progressive position in the South—the implication being that commerce is valued over birth or race. The "International" in its title referred to the policy of having each year's festival honor a foreign country that had potential value to Memphis—a country that might make use of contacts with Memphis suppliers or might someday be in the market for a forward-looking, centrally situated American city as a site for a new factory or warehouse. The first country honored, it almost goes without saying, was Japan.

A number of Memphis in May events turned out to have considerable public appeal—the Memphis Symphony's annual sunset concert on the bank of the Mississippi, featuring a show-stopping rendition of "Ol' Man River" by a local singer named James Hyter, strikes some Memphis residents as the highlight of the year—but the big surprise was the barbecue contest. It began the second year of the Memphis in May Festival, on a parking lot, with twenty-eight contestants. The winner that year was a black woman of modest means who cooked on a back-yard grill and acknowledged, when asked for her secret sauce recipe, that she had just doctored up the cheap stuff from the supermarket. Within a few years, there were two hundred teams competing—teams with names like Willingham's River City Rooters or the Not Ready for Swine Time Porkers—and that number merely reflected the space limitations of Tom Lee Park, an eight-acre site on the river to which the contest had been moved. The back-yard grills began to give way to huge barbecue rigs built onto boat haulers or truck frames. More and more Memphis business firms came forward to sponsor teams. Increasingly, teams came equipped with team T-shirts and elaborate plans for skits that might wow the judges even if the pork shoulder didn't. Willard Scott showed up. Thousands of people dropped in on competitors they knew, to have a beer or a plate of ribs. On the Friday night and Saturday of the contest, tens of thousands of spectators could be counted on to come to Tom Lee Park just to stroll through the grounds, even though there was not much for them to do beyond admiring the fancy rigs or listening to some country music or maybe taking in the Ms. Piggie Contest. Partly because of the appeal of barbecue and "Ol' Man River," the quiet little war between Cotton Carnival and Memphis in May began to go in the challenger's favor. Eventually, Cotton Carnival was more or less forced to sue for peace. Its events have now been moved to later in the spring. It recently announced a change of name—to Great River Carnival.

TOM LEE PARK, right on the river at the foot of Beale Street, was named after a black man—although in a style less suited to Memphis in May International than to Cotton Carnival in its glory days. Tom Lee did about the best thing a black man could do in 1925—he saved the lives of a bunch of white people. During a convention of the American Society of Civil Engineers, a boat taking engineers and their families down the Mississipi sank suddenly in rough waters twenty miles below Memphis, and Lee, a casual laborer who was going upstream in his boss's motorboat, made four dangerous trips from the wreckage to shore, managing to rescue thirty-two of the more than seventy people aboard. A public subscription led by local engineers and the *Commercial Appeal* raised enough to set Lee up in a small house, the City Engineer arranged a secure city job for him as a garbage collector, and he was taken to Washington to shake hands with President Coolidge. For years, the *Commercial Appeal* ran an annual item noting that the Engineers Club had, with a Christmas gift of seventy-five dollars, demonstrated that the engineers of Memphis had not forgotten Tom Lee. For his part, Lee praised the coolheadedness of the people he found clinging to planks and crates in the Mississippi; he once described them to the *Commercial Appeal* as "the sensiblist drowning folks I ever saw." Edward Crump himself—the Memphis political boss, who was deeply committed to the proposition that black people should vote as long as they voted for him—led the fund-raising drive for the Tom Lee monument, an obelisk that still stands in the park. It says "Tom Lee Memorial—A Very Worthy Negro."

Although judging never starts until Saturday, a lot of barbecue rigs had already been rolled into place on Thursday afternoon, when I took a stroll to Tom Lee Park to sniff around a bit before joining some acquaintances for dinner at a barbecue restaurant whose brown pulled I had already found admirable. As teams prepared the patches of ground they had been assigned—each patch was large enough to accommodate a smallish gathering of hungry friends—tent tops were being raised and banners were being tacked up. A few of the teams were constructing nearly full-sized replicas of log cabins or, in honor of Australia's being this year's honored country, replicas of outback shepherds' cottages. Some competitors were arranging a display of their barbecue-contest prizes—towering trophies that inevitably culminate in a bronze pig. A lot of competitors offered me estimates of how many people would come to Tom Lee Park on Friday for what amounts to an all-night celebration—figures that seemed to have been arrived at in most cases by thinking of a number, any number, and adding a hundred thousand. I was told that thousands more would sit on the grassy bluffs above the park, gazing down on the smoky, noisy scene below, the way curious farm folk might gaze in wonder at a Gypsy encampment.

I suppose the immediate popularity of the barbecue contest was a sign that some civic nerve had been struck—that what people in Memphis had been wanting to do all those years was not to watch a banker dressed up as a king but just to walk along next to the river and sniff the aroma of pork ribs being



FREE WITH YOUR FIRST GIFT CATALOG ORDER

FRENCH IMPRESSIONIST APPOINTMENT CALENDAR

Receive this free 1986 calendar, featuring 53 color reproductions, a $7.95 value, when you place your first order from The Art Institute of Chicago Gift Catalog.

The Art Institute catalog offers gifts of unique quality for all ages. Outstanding art publications, reproductions, Christmas cards, calendars and stationery featuring the museum's greatest Impressionist works. Scarves, ties and jewelry, adapted from our world renowned collections. Twenty-eight pages of gifts priced from $5.50 to $900.00. All chosen to reflect your taste and caring. 1985 full color gift catalog $1.00 (to cover shipping and handling costs).

Please send me your 1985 gift catalog. Enclosed is $1.00.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Michigan Avenue at Adams Street
Department 904
Chicago, IL 60603

exposed to a hickory-wood fire. The barbecue contest could include competitors drawn from the entire population; in a way, it was the leveller that the modernists in Memphis in May had been looking for. "Barbecue's like grandchildren," a Memphis community leader told me. "It's something everybody can be the best at."

Everybody around Memphis knows not simply how to barbecue but how to act while barbecuing. Everybody knows some basic barbecue bragging phrases like "Why, you taste these ribs, you'll throw rocks at other folks' ribs." ("When you bite into this sauce, it's a tad sweet, and then it rolls off your palate just a tad hot, so it makes every bite eventful," a contestant named Chuck Slaten told some judges this year, just before he told them, "Hopefully, we're going to give you a rib that'll make your breath come hard.") Everybody around Memphis knows that the sauce recipe is supposed to be a secret encased in a casual disclaimer ("Oh, it's nothin' special really—anybody who just cooks the onions till they get sweet can make a hero out of himself"). Everybody knows that barbecue teams are supposed to have names like Peckerwood Point Paragon of Piggery or Ol' Hawg's Breath or Trichinosis Terry & His Borderline Swine.

There were some teams at the contest this year whose names were singularly appropriate—the management of Graceland, Elvis Presley's mansion, had a team called the Love Me Tenderloins, which did its barbecuing on a guitar-shaped cooker—but anybody who lets his wordplay run toward the porcine can make up a serviceable name for a barbecue team. At the contest this year, I happened to speak to a man from Corinth, Mississippi, who for five years had come to Memphis to cook with a team whose name he was particularly proud of—the Swine Lake Ballet. Pointing across the way toward the team sponsored by Holiday Inn, he said that when the Holiday Inn folks asked all their high-priced marketing people to come up with a stunning barbecue-team name this year the name that emerged was none other than Swine Lake Ballet. The Holiday Inn team had to settle for Swinestone Cowboys. Swine Lake Ballet, he reminded me, was a name that had already been thought of by a bunch of guys from the little town of Corinth who didn't have any marketing people, or even a corporate sponsor, and who made do without fancy decoration of their cooking area and who appeared at the contest wearing just their plain old back-yard-barbecue clothes—plus, of course, their tutus.

I happened to be present when Mike Richards, a partner in the largest law firm in Memphis, was presiding over the unpacking of equipment for the team he founded, Barbecue Jones and the Bandits of Love, which is now officially sponsored by his firm. He was gazing with dismay at the sign someone at the firm had provided for the team's cooking area. It did not say "Barbecue Jones and the Bandits of Love." It said, in letters of paralyzing good taste, "Heiskell, Donelson, Bearman, Adams, Williams & Kirsch." Richards looked at the signs of the other teams around him. One of them said "Wild Hog Express." One of them said "Hog Sloppers." One of them said "Leland Euphastus Broadswine's Pork Pullers." He looked back at his own sign, and then down at his team T-shirt, which had the firm name printed in the same lettering above the left breast, giving it the appearance of a T-shirt worn by a member of the junior-varsity one-hundred-and-fifty-pound crew. "I'm personally embarrassed," he said. "And the Bandits of Love are going to be upset when they get here." Then, turning to one of the partners who were helping to unpack, he said, "You can set that sauce over here, Bubba."

"I thought you said his name was Earl," I said to Richards.

"His name *is* Earl," Richards said. "But during the contest we always call him Bubba. Every barbecue team needs someone named Bubba."

Because of the way competing in the Memphis in May barbecue-cooking contest has seized the public imagination, the contest seems less likely than it once did to include a lot of people who are called Bubba all year round. A certain number of places are reserved for teams representing corporations that have been generous contributors to Memphis in May International. Preference is given to teams from faraway states—or, better, faraway countries. Even in the luck of the draw, a team made up of barbecuing pals from a Memphis neighborhood or a small town in eastern Arkansas is increasingly unlikely to feel in its element among teams that may erect a two-story structure that combines the themes of barbecue and Australia or may compete for the showmanship prize with skits that include elaborate costumes, recorded music, and video effects. A black woman with a back-yard grill is not likely to come at all; Memphis in May is now concerned about the paucity of blacks among the contestants. There are still a number of informal teams—teams whose members, as one of them told me, "come down here to cook a few ribs and drink a little beer and watch the girls go by"—but more and more teams look for sponsorship to defray some of the costs. These days, a number of teams at the Memphis barbecue-cooking contest reflect corporate sponsorship in their names—the Wonder Bread Smokers or the Fidelity's Piggy Bankers. A corporate team that prepares pork shoulder for the judges on Saturday afternoon may have had some valued clients around for a rib dinner on Friday night. A corporation may display in its cooking area a sign like "Uncommon Banks Cook Uncommon Barbecue." A corporation, once it has a few bucks invested, is likely to make a pretty big deal out of barbecuing a pork shoulder. Someone who is supposed to be keeping an eye on the Chili Line, I realized, also has to contemplate the fact that the ordinary citizens of Memphis, having grown a bit tired of celebrating spring by watching a banker pretend he's a king, have now been given an opportunity to watch a corporation lawyer pretend he's an ol' boy named Bubba.

On Friday evening, I stopped by the barbecuing area assigned to a roofing-and-siding contractor known as Ziggy, who presides over a rib-cooking team called Ziggy's Piggys. Ziggy is originally from a part of Kentucky where it is traditional to accompany barbecue with a sort of stew called burgoo, and I came upon him as he was putting the finishing touches on the pot of burgoo he customarily cooks up on the Friday night of the Memphis barbecue contest. I lingered a bit. I might as well admit

How to Become a "Black Belt" in Verbal Self-Defense

For anyone who's ever been pulverized by put-downs, rankled by reproaches, or irritated by insinuations, here's a revolutionary book that devotes itself *completely* to tactics of verbal self-defense. *The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense* teaches you how to defend yourself *diplomatically* in delicate family situations and in the hard-nosed business world. And this book is so thorough and easy-to-understand that you can read it once and become the kind of person everybody admires—the person who stays unruffled during confrontations, who always says the right thing, and who enjoys good relations with everyone.

Stop Them with a Few Words

This book explains the various ways that people will try to bait you and then it tells you how to *stop* them with a few carefully chosen words. It trains you to defend yourself with a simple eloquence that will subdue your verbal opponents. And it shows you how and when to use blunt honesty, agreement, humor, flattery, and distraction.

Keep Cool During Arguments

The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense also helps you avoid the self-defeating, overly emotional attitudes that many people assume during arguments. Once you've read this book, you'll *never again* lose an argument by being sullen, uncontrollably angry, peevishly defensive, or apologetic. You'll have gained enough savvy not to be thrown by hostile remarks.

Learn to Handle *All* Attacks

The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense covers all the types of verbal attacks and attackers you're likely to encounter. And it explains both attacks and defenses with helpful features like these:

- The 8 Types of Verbal Attacks (and how to fight them).
- The 4 Principles of Verbal Self-Defense (from *knowing* you are under attack to *following through* with your counter-attack).
- The 5 Personalities & How They Communicate (Is your boss a "leveller"? Is your mother a "blamer"? Is your husband a "distracter"?
- Dialogues that Show Effective & Ineffective Defense Strategies
- Instructions on Voice Control & Body Language

These features will teach you how to deal with all types of people, including bullying bosses, backbiting co-workers, guilt-producing mothers, nagging wives, condescending husbands, and many others. And you'll discover how to counter *all* the varieties of verbal abuse — from subtle put-downs to out-and-out attacks.

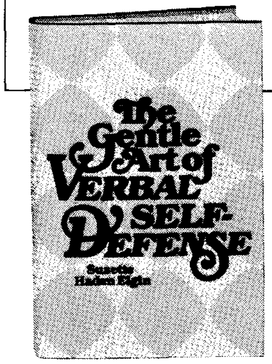
Save Yourself Years of Mistakes

The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense gives you a complete education in communication, an education that will improve the quality of your personal and professional relationships. On your own, it might take you years of trial and error, of fights and misunderstandings, to learn all the lessons of this book. So, why not wise up *now* by ordering your copy of the book today?

The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense, originally $12.95, now costs only $6.95. And, should you want to return the book, you can do so and have your money refunded with no questions asked.

About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



310 PAGES

Pub. at $12.95

Only $6.95

Offer good only in continental U.S.A.

SINCE 1873
Barnes & Noble
BOOKSTORES
126 FIFTH AVE., DEPT. V132, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

1295690. Please rush me_____copies of *The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense* at your special sale price of $6.95 (plus $.75 per book shipping and insurance). *N.Y. and N.J. residents: Please add sales tax.*

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

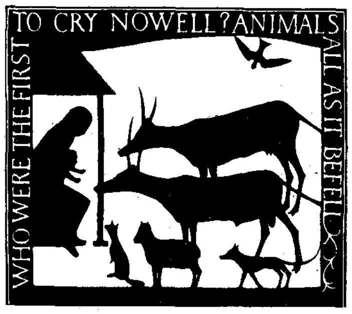
City ____________________

State __________ *Zip* __________

© 1985 Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

30-Day Money-Back Guarantee

Discover The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston by Mail



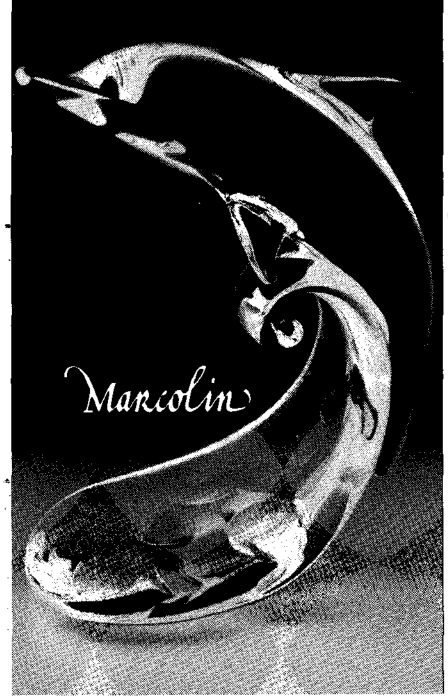
"Who Were The First To Cry Nowell?" This Christmas card is just one of many unique holiday cards reproduced from the collections of the renowned Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Available September 1 through a new 74 page color gift catalogue.

☐ I'd like a one-year subscription of the Museum catalogue. Enclosed is $1.00 to cover mailing costs.

Name ____________
Street ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________

Mail to:
The Museum of Fine Arts, Dept. NY8125
P.O. Box 74, Back Bay Annex
Boston, MA 02117

The free spirit of the sea, brought brilliantly to the land, in fully leaded crystal from the master glassblowers of Sweden. Marcolin, now in America, marketed by RIEDEL, 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010. Write for the full collection folio.



that burgoo is something I have never been able to get enough of. Ziggy, it turned out, produces a superior version, and I felt compelled the following morning to drop by the Ziggy's Piggys booth again to tell him once more that the folks at home would be proud of the sort of person he had grown up to be. Unfortunately, he was all out of burgoo. I noticed that Ziggy's Piggys were displaying a number of barbecue-cooking trophies and at least as many hangovers. Ziggy himself was already at work on the ribs he would submit to the judges, and I asked him what secret he used to barbecue meat well enough to win all the trophies.

"Good meat and good whiskey," Ziggy said, without looking up from his cooker.

"You baste the meat with whiskey?"

Ziggy turned and looked at me, as if to make certain the smoke had not penetrated my brain. "I wouldn't waste it on the meat," he said.

Ziggy's Piggys were not the only people with hangovers that morning. Barbecue contests are a big attraction for the people I think of as the party-as-a-verb crowd. I don't say that as a criticism of their usage: "To party" means something other than "to have a party." I don't say that as a criticism of their behavior, either, even though I tend to get sleepy before the real fun starts. The spirit of party-as-a-verb is reflected in the fact that some barbecue trophies have built right into them, just below the bronze pig, a Budweiser beer can. "Partying" makes me think of what somebody I used to know always said when he was asked if he had a hobby: "I drink and get drunk." A corporate team at the Memphis barbecue-cooking contest may have a party; a lot of people on all sorts of teams see the contest as an opportunity to party.

They also come to show off their barbecue rigs and talk about their techniques. There were people in Tom Lee Park with barbecue cookers made from old butane tanks and old water tanks and aluminum beer kegs and a coin-operated Pepsi machine. There were cookers in the shape of an abstract hog and in the shape of a railway engine; there were cookers that seemed to be the size of a railway engine. There were cookers that looked like the furnace of a Manhattan skyscraper. There were huge barbecue rigs that could have been mistaken for mobile homes. There is a lot of technical talk at a barbecue contest. Cooking temperature. Firebox design. Ventilation. The advantages of placing ribs in the cooker vertically. The advantages of placing the ribs in a big pile, horizontally. The advantages of designing a spit to turn precisely five point seven revolutions per minute, so that the pork shoulder actually bastes itself. I know that the technical discussions at the Memphis barbecue contest flow from the same pool of American ingenuity that gave us the supermarket checkout line. Still, not being a back-yard barbecuer or a converter of butane tanks myself—I am, as I said, mostly in the eating end—I tend to listen to explanations of basting methods or heat-flow devices the way I might listen to detailed descriptions of how density and wind velocity and angle of blowing affect the size and quality of soap bubbles.

As I was about to have my first taste of an official entry—I was tagging along with a Memphis architect named Roy Harrover, who had been assigned several teams to visit as a judge in the Whole Hog Division—it occurred to me that I might have had the bad luck to start in a nest of smoky technocrats. The first team Harrover called on was the Howlin' Hogs, which turned out to be an outfit made up mostly of people who work for the telephone company in Millington, Tennessee, an airbase town thirty miles or so north of Memphis. Like most Whole Hog contestants, the Howlin' Hogs split the hog right down the inside of its backbone and spread-eagle it, stomach down, on the grill, so it starts out looking just a bit like a sunbather who's decided he needs more rays on his back. Our host, Grady Turnbow, was explaining that instead of basting the hog during the twenty hours or so it spends in the cooker his team injects the basting sauce beforehand by means of a fruit-sprayer fitted out with a stainless-steel syringe. Barbecue technocrats are always adapting things to uses that would knock the manufacturer out of his chair.

"What's in the sauce?" Harrover asked.

"Oh, oil and vinegar and pineapple juice and beer," Turnbow said. "And a whole bunch of stuff. I don't know what all."

Harrover asked that we be given some shoulder and some loin and some ham, and we sat down at a formally set table. While we were waiting to be served, Turnbow told us that the Howlin' Hogs were in the process of building a new rig, on a horse-trailer frame—a rig that would include not only a cooker large enough for a whole hog but a bedroom and a full bathroom. Then the meat came, and we began sampling. It was dazzling. It was a tribute to what man can do if he knows how to use a fruit-sprayer the way it was meant to be used. It was so good I couldn't think of anything to say. The compliment that came to mind—"Mr. Turnbow, this hog compares favorably with Ziggy's Piggys burgoo"—seemed inappropriate. We walked away with mumbled thank-yous.

"The people in charge of the judging warn us not to get carried away at the first place we go," Harrover said.

"The people in charge of the judging are wrong," I said.

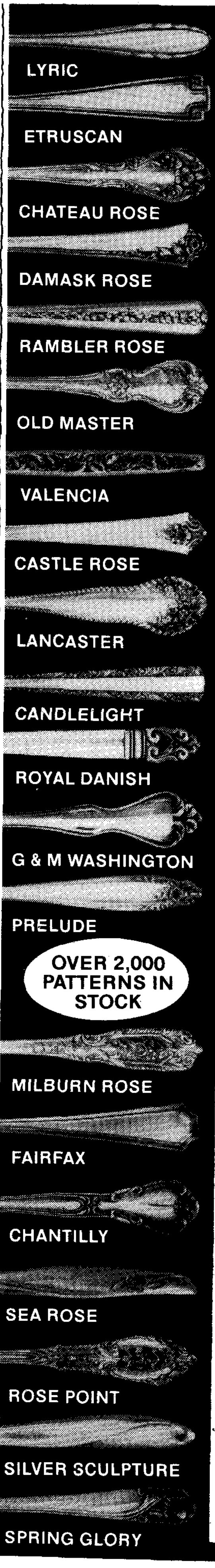
After I had made the rounds of a few more Whole Hog specialists with Harrover, someone suggested that I take a look at the activities of what are called "inside judges"—the judges who do blind tastings of the entries recommended by outside judges like Harrover. Apparently, the inside judges and the Memphis in May volunteers in charge of the standings had the judges' tent chock-full of computers and Price Waterhouse accountants and I don't know what all. As far as I know, they may have had celery in there to cleanse their palates; I didn't look. It had occurred to me that the scene might remind me of California people attacking twenty identical bowls of chili, and I decided that I didn't want to be reminded of that. I preferred the memories of the whole hog I had sampled at the booth of the Howlin' Hogs—particularly the crunchy parts. If I had any spare time, I thought, I wasn't going to waste it in a tent full of computers. I thought I might wander back to the Howlin' Hogs area instead, for a sort of courtesy call. I wanted to say a proper thank-you to Grady Turnbow. I had finally thought of what to tell him: "Mr. Turnbow, anyone who eats your barbecue would throw rocks at other folks' barbecue." —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*From the Palo Alto (Calif.) Peninsula Times Tribune*]

Because the National Crime Survey is based on interviews with crime-victim survivors, it makes no attempt to include homicides.



Sterling Silver Pattern Matching Service

STERLING AND SILVERPLATE

More than 2,000 Patterns in Stock
Replace lost or damaged pieces
Complete your starter set • Add serving pieces

ACTIVE • INACTIVE • OBSOLETE

We have thousands of sterling and silverplate flatware patterns in stock—active, inactive, and obsolete. Get just the piece or pieces you need today! Many of the patterns we have in stock are not available in retail stores.

EASY TO GET YOUR FREE PRICE LIST

Just tell us the pattern name and manufacturer. We will send you a list of all the pieces we have in your pattern and the price for each. We will keep you notified when we have additional pieces you might be interested in. No obligation, of course. Walter Drake Silver Exchange offers a 30-day money back guarantee on all silver purchased. If you are not sure of your pattern name and manufacturer, send for our FREE Flatware Pattern Identification Directory which pictures thousands of flatware patterns!

SEND THE COUPON BELOW TODAY—OR PHONE US

Join the thousands of satisfied Walter Drake customers who now enjoy having full sets of sterling and silverplate flatware. We buy and sell silver every day, so our inventory is constantly changing. The sooner you send the coupon below, the sooner you will get the pieces you need. If you need further information, phone our toll-free number. One of our trained silver specialists will give you prompt, courteous service.

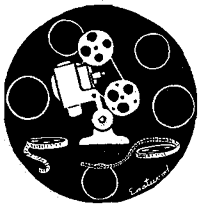
VISA MasterCard
PHONE TOLL FREE
FOR INFORMATION
1-800-525-9291
Colorado Residents call 1-800-332-3661

Walter Drake Silver Exchange
5248 Drake Building, Colorado Springs, CO 80940

WALTER DRAKE SILVER EXCHANGE
5248 Drake Building, Colorado Springs, CO 80940
Your Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________
I am interested in: ☐ Sterling ☐ Silverplate ☐ Buying ☐ Selling
Pattern Name ____________
Pattern Manufacturer ____________
☐ Send FREE Flatware Pattern Identification Directory.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Pop Mystics



IN an interview published in *American Film* last year, Pete Hamill asked Sergio Leone, who had cast Clint Eastwood in the spaghetti Westerns that made him an international star, just what Leone had seen in Eastwood that no one in America had spotted. Leone said, "When Michelangelo was asked what he had seen in the one particular block of marble, which he chose among hundreds of others, he replied that he saw Moses. I would offer the same answer to your question—only backwards. . . . What I saw [in Eastwood], simply, was a block of marble." When Leone was asked how he would compare an actor like Eastwood with someone like Robert De Niro (whom he had just directed), he said, "They don't even belong to the same profession. Robert De Niro throws himself into this or that role, putting on a personality the way someone else might put on his coat, naturally and with elegance, while Clint Eastwood throws himself into a suit of armor and lowers the visor with a rusty clang. It's exactly that lowered visor which composes his character. And that creaky clang it makes as it snaps down, dry as a Martini in Harry's Bar in Venice, is also his character. Look at him carefully. Eastwood moves like a sleepwalker between explosions and hails of bullets, and he is always the same—a block of marble. Bobby, first of all, is an actor. Clint, first of all, is a star. Bobby suffers, Clint yawns."

That just about sums up Eastwood: he was a world-class yawner. But in recent years he has been too self-conscious to yawn, and in his new Western he seems eager for the world's good opinion. "Pale Rider," which he produced and directed, from a script he commissioned from Michael Butler and Dennis Shryack, lifts its general outlines from "Shane" and its specifics from Leone, but it's an art Western, shot in art color—shades of dirt, with gray, brown, and black trimmings, and interiors so dark you can barely see who's onscreen in the middle of the day. Eastwood himself, a ghost who materializes as the answer to a fourteen-year-old girl's prayer for a miracle, seems to be playing some spectral combination of Death, Jesus, Billy Jack, and the Terminator. This tall, gaunt-faced Stranger sometimes wears clerical garb and is addressed as Preacher. When he takes off his shirt, his back has shapely bullet holes, like stigmata, and when he opens his mouth sententious words of wisdom fall out of it—gems like "There's plain few problems can't be solved with a little sweat and some hard work." If this is how people beyond the grave talk, I'd just as soon they didn't come back to visit.

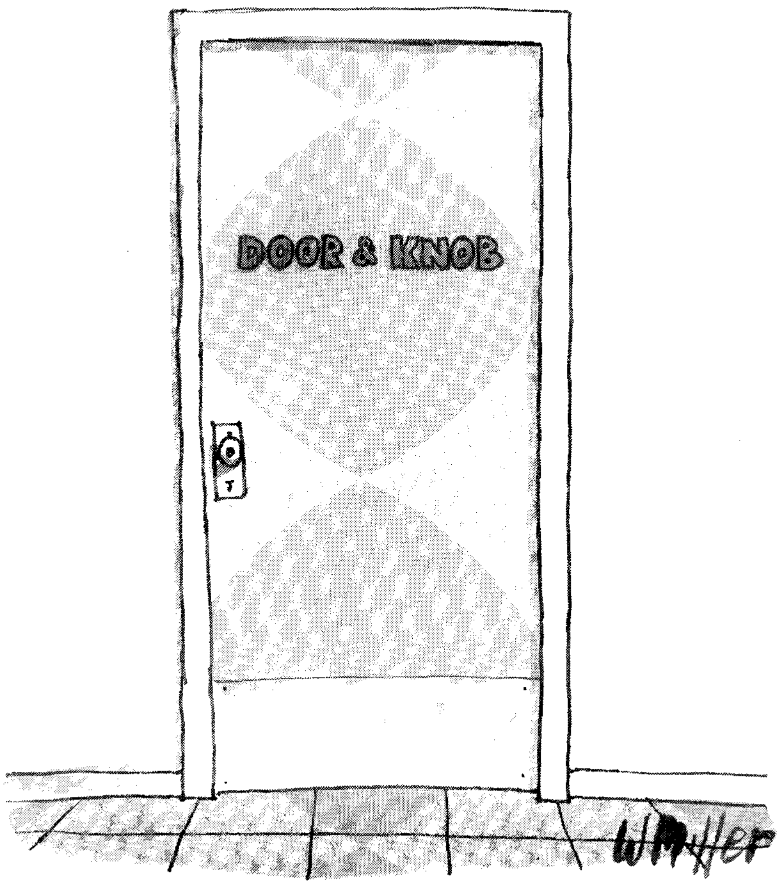
The story centers on the battle between the good people, gold miners called tin pans (because of their principal tool), and LaHood, a land baron who uses hydraulic strip-mining methods that scar the earth. The movie is set in the California Sierras during the gold-rush era before the Civil War, but the twenty tin pans' claims seem to be clustered in an area smaller than a city block; they work a few feet apart, panning the little stream that runs through their campsite, and talking to each other while they work. Yet, in the midst of thousands of acres of unexplored wilderness, LaHood is determined to drive them out and grab this itty-bitty piece of land; he sends his workers on raids to destroy the defenseless miners' sluice gates and tents and shacks and livestock. When the Stranger helps the pans stand their ground, LaHood hires a band of seven mercenaries to kill him and finish driving the others off.

"Pale Rider" has the kind of Western situations that were parodied years ago by Harvey Korman on "The Carol Burnett Show." Once again, a harmless, likable old duffer is tormented by gunmen who force him to dance by shooting at his feet. And the movie actually establishes how bad the bad guys are by having them kill the little girl's puppydog. (Weeping shiny glycerin tears, she picks up an obviously stuffed toy animal, and buries it; it's on this hallowed spot that she prays and is heard.) Eastwood has been getting a lot of mileage out of dogs lately, and out of little girls, too—in "Tightrope" he had his own daughter threatened with rape by his doppelgänger—and this dogless little girl tells him she loves him and wants him to teach her how to make love. (I know that Clint Eastwood is a big star—some say the biggest in the world. Still, isn't it a bit unseemly for this man—he's fifty-five now—to have a scene in his own production in which a fourteen-year-old girl wants to have sex with him?) When he declines, she rightly detects that he's more taken with her mother (Carrie Snodgress), though it beats me how anybody could detect his feelings. (There don't seem to be many disadvantages to being dead: this resurrected preacher-gunslinger is sexually potent and gets to spend a night with the mother.) Soon the little girl can't think of anything better to do with herself than borrow a horse and ride into LaHood's base of operations, so she can be molested by the whole evil pack, which—for a touch of the outré—includes the gigantic Richard (Jaws) Kiel, slavering with desire. The Stranger rescues her, of course, and takes her home. (Neither of them remembers to take along the borrowed horse.)

Actors love to play these misterioso bozos. Eastwood makes his entrance riding down from distant cloud-covered peaks in images that are superimposed on the maiden at her prayers; that must have been enough right there to delight him with the Butler-Shryack script. And he gets to do a lot of impassive staring, clenching his teeth and twisting his tight mouth just the teeniest bit to show anger. (He never laughs.) Eastwood (or a double) gets to twirl an axe handle so it sparkles in the sun, like John Wayne's rifle in "True Grit." Eventually, he reënacts Gary Cooper's "High Noon" walk to the final confrontation, and his spurs jingle-jangle. The movie is full of recycled mythmaking, but Eastwood goes through his motions like someone exhumed, and as a director he numbs out what he borrows.

There isn't a gleam of good sense anywhere in this picture. When the tin pans talk about not wanting to leave, because they've put down roots here, and say that they came to this site to raise children and that they have family graves here, you think, They've been working these dinky claims for generations? They must be crazy. But the music track is reverential, as is to be expected when people talk of family values. Eastwood came up with the idea for this movie himself, but could Butler and Shryack have started out with a script about homesteaders, decided to make it look a little different from "Shane" by changing them to gold miners, and failed to make the necessary readjustments? (This may be an ecologically minded Western, but it's strip-mining "Shane.") Plot details are slovenly. It's explained that Carrie Snodgress's husband simply took off, but his still being around somewhere doesn't seem to bother Michael Moriarty, the leader of the pans, who keeps asking her to marry him. And Moriarty has a baffling sequence of riding into town for supplies, passing over patches of snow (the shots don't match), and then arriving at the store and talking cheerily about putting in provisions before the cold weather comes, as if it were weeks in the future.

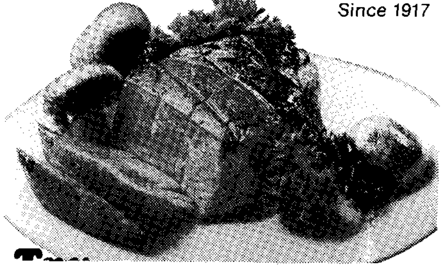
Horses are supremely photogenic, so a Western always has something going for it. But "Pale Rider," with its attempt at a folkloric hero, doesn't provide what Eastwood's public can usually count on in his tough-cop pictures: the tension that makes him dangerous. When Eastwood's cop, baiting a bad guy, says, "Make my day," it's a laugh line, because he's acknowledging what the audience already knows—that he's holding back, that he *wants* to shoot. The climactic gunfight in "Pale Rider" is a bust, because although Eastwood as Avenging Angel gets to knock off all seven mercenaries, he isn't revved up. Is it the art bug that got into him? He kills them methodically. It's like target practice, and the audience doesn't get the charge it gets from his chief emotion when he's Dirty Harry—his feeling angry so deep down that he's almost trembling, he's on the verge of exploding. (What's disgusting about the Dirty Harry movies is that Eastwood plays this angry tension as righteous indignation. He never seems to examine the insides of the character.)



As an actor, Eastwood never lets down his guard. His idea of being a real man is that it's something you have to pretend to be—as Sergio Leone put it, he's wearing a suit of armor. This actor has made a career out of his terror of expressiveness. Now here he is playing a stiff, a ghost. It's perfect casting, but he doesn't have the daring to let go and have fun with it. Even as a ghost, he's armored.

JOHN BOORMAN is drawn to subjects on which he can project his obsessive theme: that civilized man, having lost tribal man's magic unity with nature, is spreading his brutal, nature-destroying sickness. His latest film, "The Emerald Forest," is set in Brazil, where Tommy, the seven-year-old son of an American engineer (played by Powers Boothe), wanders off during a family picnic at the edge of the Amazon rain forest and is abducted by the members of a tribe called the Invisible People. The Invisibles take little blond Tommy to save him. The child, seeing their shaman-chief (Rui Polonah), smiles at him, and the chief, perceiving that the child is still in innocent harmony with nature, doesn't have the heart to let him go back to The Dead World of the Termite People. The chief raises Tommy as his son, teaching him jungle lore, the mysteries of earth and air, and such useful arts as out-of-body travel. For ten years, the engineer searches for the boy during whatever time he can take off from the job of clearing the rain forest to build a giant dam (which fosters the rise of a city). When, at last, the father locates the seventeen-year-old Tommy (played by the director's son, Charley Boorman), he realizes that Tommy's consciousness surpasses his own and that the boy's life is superior to anything civilization has to offer, and he returns to the city alone. Some large-scale melodramatic incidents follow, but this variation on John Ford's "The Searchers" is the core of the first half of the movie. It reëstablishes the myth of the noble savage by imbuing it with modern hallucinogenic romanticism. Tommy has trance visions and can call up his familiar—an eagle—when he needs to travel. In the father's brief stay with the Invisibles, he, too, has visions, and learns that his own familiar is a jaguar.

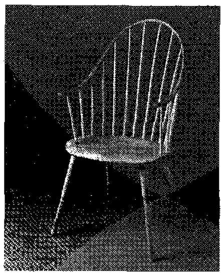
John Boorman isn't anything as simple as a sentimentalist or a fraud; he's a Jungian. In the actual kidnapping—of a Peruvian child—that the story is based on, the Indians were a warlike tribe who carried out raids, and they attacked the Peruvian family's campsite at the time that they made off with the child. But all that is really beside the point. Boorman makes his aims clear in his book "The Emerald Forest Diary" (to be published in September, by Farrar, Straus & Giroux): "We were all tribal a couple of thousand years ago. It has been forgotten too fast. We have to acknowledge what is still tribal in us. That was my aim in 'Excalibur'—to touch the mythic, archetypal sources that begat us. So my aim here is mythic, not naturalistic. I am not going to film a real tribe. I am going to invent tribes." And he explains his grand ecological framework: "The destruction of the Rain Forest is expressed by the vast clearing of the area to be flooded by the construction of the dam. The dam itself stops the flow of a river. It is a perfect symbol of



Omaha Steaks International®
Since 1917

Try a little tenderness Make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness. Candlelight, soft music, and, magnificent, aged Filet Mignons. Perfect. Experts select and prepare each filet! Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of utmost enjoyment. Steaks arrive frozen. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. **INTRODUCTORY OFFER:**

Six 6-oz. Filet Mignons, 1¼" thick (reg. $52.95) $29.95
(plus $4.00 shipping/handling)
YOU SAVE $23.00!
OFFER VALID ONLY IN 48 STATES UNTIL AUG. 31, 1985.
SAVE EVEN MORE...
Twelve 6-oz. Filets at
Extra special price of $58.95
(plus $4.00 shipping/handling)
Limit - 2 packages per order
Phone or mail order. Use major credit card and
Call Free 1-800-228-9055
In Nebraska phone 0-402-391-3660 collect.
Order today or write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon.
Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. 1524/ 4400 So. 96th Street / Omaha, NE 68127



Ours is a small shop, producing quality furniture. We strive for perfection both in the methods we use to produce each piece and in the integrity of the design. Send $3.00 for our catalog.

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS
415A Cumberland Avenue
Portland, Maine 04101
(207) 774-3791

Visiting historic Mystic? Choose between our elegant Colonial Revival mansion and our modern motor inn.

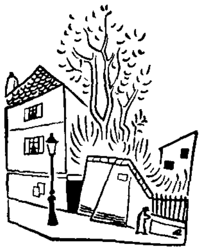
Four Diamond Award ◆◆◆◆ 1984

The Inn at Mystic

Please permit us to mail you our brochure. Phone (203) 536-9604 or write Suite 203 The Inn at Mystic, Rt. 1 Mystic, CT 06355
Home of the famed Flood Tide restaurant

At Freeport, Maine, stay at our Harraseeket Inn, 162 Main Street

man's determination to harness, tame, control, destroy nature. It forces two Indian tribes away from their lands and into conflict with each other. The father who builds the dam is unwittingly the cause of the tragedies that befall his son's tribe." He goes on to say, "The relationship between our modern, acquisitive, greedily all-consuming society and the balanced tribal life proceeding in harmony with nature is perfectly dramatized in the persons of the father and son divided by these extraordinary circumstances."



The film touches on all sorts of major themes, especially the fate of the rain forests. But what we actually see is puerile, because, ready as viewers may be to agree with Boorman's denunciation of our society, his plan requires him to show us this "balanced tribal life proceeding in harmony with nature." And when he does, only the swooniest, most impressionable softies could fall for it, or maybe people so suggestible that they find the father-son idea profoundly affecting even though it isn't carried out affectingly. The faults that have plagued Boorman's films—his lack of interest in character, his rather lordly failure to dramatize the issues that excite him the most, his wacko ear for dialogue—really pile up this time. The storytelling is slack. On the engineer's last trip into the jungle, he's accompanied by a glib, cynical European journalist (Eduardo Conde), and we wait to see where the friction between them will lead; it leads nowhere. Boorman invites us into complicity with his wishful thinking ("The Emerald Forest" and "Greystoke" form the Lush Vegetation Diptych), but he doesn't seem to be able to get any kind of seductive flow going. His great gift for ecstatic, enraptured imagery barely comes into play, because he's working in staggeringly difficult conditions: filming in what he himself describes as the "clammy confines" of the rain forest (while trying to present it as a lost paradise); training mostly inexperienced actors and actresses to be Invisibles and run around innocently naked; and coping with all the financial, logistical, health, and morale problems involved in shooting in faraway locations.

The overriding fault is that there's no pleasure to be had from the performances. The principal actors can't carry us past the foolish seriousness, because Boorman doesn't want Tommy or his father to be strong characters; he wants them to be symbolic representatives of normal types. The dialogue (the script is by Rospo Pallenberg) has no texture, no layers. Charley Boorman, whose blue eyes are psychedelically clear, is passable as Tommy—he looks like a stoned seraph—but there's nobody who would be right for the role. It's just a dreamy notion—a sweet, docile child-man brought up by loving tribal methods. (As far as we can tell, he's not much different from his docile sister, who has been raised in a city apartment.) And although Powers Boothe—who's thinner than usual here, with a comic-strip hero's clean jawline from ear to chin—can usually take the camera with a sullen aplomb that's pretty funny (single-handedly, he makes the Philip Marlowe series on H.B.O. semi-watchable), his role is crushingly undeveloped. We don't feel that the father is deeply shaken when he realizes that the dam he has supervised is destroying Tommy's tribe. Even his out-of-body travel as a jaguar—which is a bit of a kick for the viewer—doesn't seem to give him any special lift. Powers Boothe looks as if he were cast for his I-rape-rain-forests macho, and when the child first disappears he's furiously upset; hacking his way into the jungle, he has the face of a Kabuki demon. But he's used as an ordinary nice-guy jaguar-man who just hasn't given much thought to what this dam he's in charge of is doing to the environment.

It's fascinating to read Boorman's "Emerald Forest Diary" after seeing the picture, because you begin to understand moviemaking as a species of self-delusion. Boorman writes of the necessity of conning the money men, but he's conning himself most of the time. He thinks he's getting all sorts of marvellous things on film; he rides on a tide of enthusiasm, and that's what keeps him going—that and his will. Even when he looks at the footage he has just shot and admits that "the actuality is never quite as good as the film in my head," he doesn't seem to register basic things, such as how florid and musty the dialogue of the Invisible People is. And, from the look of Tommy's courtship scenes, Boorman must have wanted them to be completely "natural." The result is that they're completely bland and un-sexual. When Kachiri (Dira Paes), the girl Tommy loves, explains to him how the boys and girls in the tribe will pair off, it's as if we'd entered a new kind of theme park.

The film has a cuckoo climax—a mixture of Ayn Rand's "The Fountainhead" and Peter Weir's "The Last Wave." The engineer, bearing the guilt of all those who have destroyed nature, goes to redeem himself by blowing up the dam. At the same time, Tommy and his tribe are performing rain rituals—calling forth Tommy's eagle, who calls forth the frogs—and whipping up a torrential downpour to surge over the dam and smash it. So when it goes, we can't tell: was it the engineer or was it the frogs?

The picture leaves us with a message about the tribes of the Amazon; we're told that "they still know what we have forgotten." (The samples we're given—such as the shaman's warning "When the toucan cries, danger is not far"—aren't too inspiring.) A friend of mine who works in a Santa Monica bookstore says that some of his customers are hooked on Lynn V. Andrews, a writer in the Carlos Castaneda pastures, who has brought out "Medicine Woman" and "Flight of the Seventh Moon." Her next book, "Jaguar Woman," has been announced, and customers are coming in and asking, "Does she give workshops?" After "The Emerald Forest" and its apocalyptic deluge, that's what John Boorman ought to do: offer workshops, with out-of-body travel, economy flight. Maybe if he got his fill of communing with a past that never was he could move on to making movies.

WHEN a new, inexperienced administration at United Artists gave the go-ahead to Michael Cimino's Western "Heaven's Gate," the project, which had been turned down by executives at other studios (and by at least one of the previous administrations at United Artists), was clearly booby-trapped. The new management team, put in position by the officers of U.A.'s conglomerate parent, Transamerica, were aware of the risks, but their predecessors, who had left, en bloc, to form Orion Pictures, jeered at them in the press, and they were overeager to establish themselves by coming up with a slate of films that would confer prestige on them. Proposed at seven and a half million dollars, eventually budgeted at

European Hi-Loft
Down Comforter

An old world European tradition comes to America. The soft poly/cotton fabric is meticulously hand-stitched in a European design that enhances the natural loft of the European Down. An elegant combination of channeled border and box quilted center lends a decorative and functional touch.

We're America's largest seller of down comforters and down pillows, manufacturing premier quality down products in La Crosse, Wisconsin since 1911. By selling directly to you, we eliminate the middleman and retail markup, saving you 50% and more off normal retail. Our Guarantee: If for any reason you are not completely satisfied with your purchase, please return it for a full refund. Delivery: We ship within 24 to 48 hours.

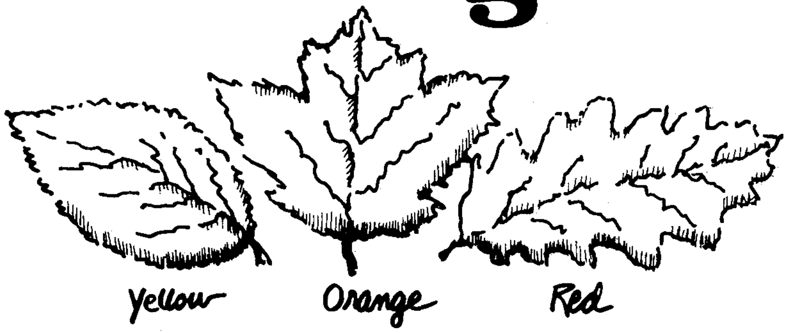
MANUFACTURER DIRECT PRICES: Twin (60" x 86"), $115; Queen/Full (86" x 86"), $145; King (102" x 86"), $175.
Available in Dusty Rose, Peach, Light Blue, White and Bone.

☎ ORDER BY PHONE TOLL-FREE: 1-800-356-9367, Ext. H632. Use your credit card. Or order by mail. We accept MasterCard, VISA, American Express or a check. Please include type of card, account number, expiration date, your signature, address and phone number where you can be reached during the day.
Specify sizes, quantity and color. Please add $5 per comforter for shipping and handling.

The Company Store®

SEND TO: The Company Store, Dept. H632,
500 Company Store Road, La Crosse, WI 54601.

Know
Change.



Maine's fall foliage is a turn for the better. So are our harvest festivals, country fairs and hundreds of unspoiled country inns. Send for your free Great Autumn Escape Kit. Know Maine. No Charge.

Name ______
Address ______
______
______

Maine. The Great Autumn Escape.
Maine Tourist Information, Dept. F1, Hallowell, ME 04347

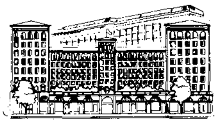
Roberta Peters

Distinctive
Publication Portraits
Black and White
Publication Glossies $107.50
Color Portraits Start at $165.
Children & Weddings

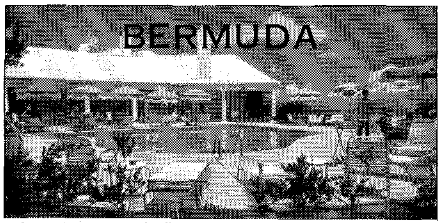
Bachrach
Photographers since 1868

Boston
617-536-4730
•
Chicago
312-236-1991
•
Morristown
201-267-2006
•
New York
212-755-6233
•
Philadelphia
215-563-0551

The Superb Choice



Beverly Wilshire Hotel
Beverly Hills, California/213-275-4282
Preferred Hotels Worldwide The Leading Hotels of the World

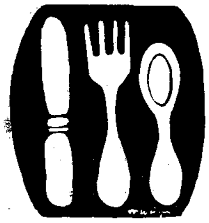


One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on 18 acres of gardens in glorious settings. Privacy, seclusion and fun of life are combined with comfort, luxury and sophistication. 1800' ocean front contains two private beaches with natural pink sand. Tennis. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our Club House with its superb seascape: luncheon at the Pool Terrace.

PINK BEACH CLUB AND COTTAGES TUCKER'S TOWN BERMUDA

A Celebrated Country Hotel.
See your travel agent or David B. Mitchell.
200 Madison Ave. N.Y.C.10016. 212-696-1323.

roughly eleven and a half million, and written off finally at forty-four million, "Heaven's Gate" brought nothing but torment to the executives of United Artists, which is now virtually defunct. (Transamerica, humiliated by the publicity, sold the company to Kirk Kerkorian's M-G-M, which wanted it because of its distribution apparatus, and dismantled the production side.) About the only good that has ever come from the movie is the new book "Final Cut: Dreams and Disaster in the Making of 'Heaven's Gate' " (Morrow; $19.95), by Steven Bach—perhaps the best account we have of American moviemaking in the age of conglomerate control of the studios, and (though this isn't made explicit) in the druggy age.



Steven Bach was part of the new U.A. team, and was head of production when "Heaven's Gate" was premièred, late in 1980—the book might be called "Apologia pro Fiasco Suo." It's that, but it's considerably more than that. There are a lot of emotions bumping into each other under the surface of Bach's precise, thoughtful, sometimes hilarious and macabre story. He begins by describing the formation of United Artists, in 1919, by Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and D. W. Griffith; outlines the steps that led the company to become a subsidiary of Transamerica in 1967; and then gets into the whole "Heaven's Gate" debacle. That picture is only a part of what is going on at the studio, though—it's one debacle among many. (There are also imagined future triumphs, but the regime and the company didn't last long enough.) Bach is particularly good in his observation of how the marketing and distribution people start taking over the decision-making process about what films should be given the go-ahead—a power grab that's also taking place at other studios and helps to explain why we've been getting so many teen pix in the last few years. And the choices that were made by the U.A. team are covered in an interlocking series of fine, juicy anecdotes indicating why U.A. turned down what it did and financed what it did, and why it lost projects it wanted and had to settle for others.

The book is a short course in the realpolitik of how projects come to be accepted; it's set in a cutthroat business, where betrayal is the rule, not the exception. It takes Bach a while to grasp that, and his loyalty and affection go to the man who doesn't fit the pattern. The hero of Bach's story isn't Bach. It's shy Andy Albeck, the new president of United Artists—not because he was the right man for the job (he wasn't) but because he treated his staff and the people he dealt with fairly and considerately. Bach's greatest contribution may be his recognition that even in the movie business there are decencies that transcend success or failure. (Neither he nor Albeck is still in the business.) That's what gives the book its distinction: it has the touching, melancholic quality of a story told by someone who knew he was on a sinking ship but felt honor-bound not to try to save himself.

As I see it, Bach—intelligent and knowing as he is—wasn't the right man for his job, either. From his own description of the day-to-day workings of United Artists, it appears that there was a vacuum of leadership even before the decision was taken to make "Heaven's Gate," and that he was part of that vacuum. In all probability, Michael Cimino could read Steven Bach a lot better than Bach could read Cimino. And if Cimino could, others could, too. The new management team looking for projects that would redound to U.A.'s glory and keep Transamerica proud and happy were perfect patsies. The movie business attracts flimflam artists, megalomaniacs, and pathological liars from all over the world; the essential part of the head of production's job is having the instincts and the experience to know what and whom to say yes to. And in a period when—because of the widespread consumption of pills, cocaine, and God knows what—stars' and directors' track records may not be a valid guide to how they will perform next time, the executive needs genius instincts. And he has to exercise them before a picture begins rolling, because once it starts he has about as much control over the director as a hospital administrator has over a doctor during surgery.

When Cimino's picture is out of control and is costing the company a million dollars a week, Bach is in a terrible bind. His account of the steps he takes—talking to an eminent director about possibly replacing Cimino, asking advice from an eminent producer, and so on—makes for good reading. But what he's doing is remarkably tepid and ineffective. Obvi-

100% Cotton
BUSH vest $39
A walking desk with a drawer for everything. 100% worldly-wise pre-washed cotton.
#3322 Khaki tan, Olive, White
XS S M L XL
Imported

built-on backpack

BANANA REPUBLIC
TRAVEL & SAFARI CLOTHING Cº
ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-527-5200
SEND CHECK, VISA, AMEX, M/C, DC TO 224 GRANT AVENUE, DEPT. 27, P.O BOX 7347, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94120
ADD $2.00 FOR SHIPPING. CALIF. ADD 6% SALES TAX
SEND $1.00 FOR OUR CATALOGUE

TERRIFIC TERRY!
Cool, absorbent, completely machine washable...terrycloth: the perfect outdoor furniture covering. **Terrycloth Slip Covers** hug-tight elastic rims; fit all sizes **1-Pc. Chaise Cover, $21.95. 2-Pc. Chaise Cover** (sep. back and seat), **$26.95. 1-Pc. Chair Cover, $14.95** POSTAGE: $3.95 1st cover; $1. each after. **Terry-foam Chaise Pad**: 22x72x1'' thick solid foam covered by fitted terry sleeve cover, **$32.95** ($4.95 postage ea.) **COLORS**: White, Yellow, Blue, Brown or Camel
Catalog $1; free w/order. Send check, MO, Visa or AX chg (w/exp date)
THE PATIO
P.O. Box 31118
Dept. NY8125
San Francisco Ca 94131

THE ASSEMBLY
MORE THAN A GREAT STEAKHOUSE!
16 West 51st Street, NYC, (212) 581-3580
Serving lunch and dinner weekdays.
Special pre-theatre dinners 4:30-6:30 PM.
Free parking for dinner and theatre.

76 Main Street
Nantucket Town
The essence of Nantucket is our lovely Victorian mansion, a gracious modern inn just a short stroll up Main Street from the heart of historic Nantucket Town. For reservations, brochure, call:
(617) 228-2533 Nantucket Island, Ma 02554

ously, if he fires Cimino, whose last picture, "The Deer Hunter," has just won five Academy Awards, including Best Picture and Best Director, he and the other officers of U.A. will be vilified in the press and go down in history as hatchet men and philistines. But he doesn't seem to be doing anything but wasting time giving people in the Hollywood community the chance to sympathize with him. When you get down to it, Bach conveys an impression of connoisseurship, erudition, and understanding while misunderstanding the problem: he's the problem. He doesn't do much except wring his hands until the last weeks of filming, when it finally registers on him that he has to show some force. By then, Cimino, who's utterly dedicated to his amorphous vision, has shot over two hundred hours of film.

Bach looks back to a golden age in the fifties when the heads of United Artists "were able to draw upon a pool of thoroughly trained, knowledgeable professionals to whom independence was not synonymous with indulgence, self- or otherwise." He looks back to the time "before poetic license had become the intellectual justification for all manner of creative licentiousness." This hokey nostalgia isn't worthy of him. When he complains about "licentiousness" and lack of discipline, he's really saying that he couldn't handle Michael Cimino. Maybe nobody could have, but the members of the U.A. team were the ones who said yes to him, because they thought they could. I admire the sensitivity and taste that Steven Bach shows in this book, but these are not the qualities that make a studio head. Whether artists have self-discipline or not, executives are supposed to be disciplined people with the strength and the smarts to impose discipline on others when it's needed. That's what they draw astronomic salaries for.

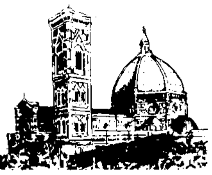
—PAULINE KAEL

•

The Middle East has been the setting for so many novels that it's hard to imagine what another could say without rehashing the same cliche scenarios filled with hackneyed figures. Yet that is the surprise of this book. Delacorte brings a fresh plot line, engaging characters, and an unfolding mystery which continuously whets the reader's appetite. Fans of intrigue will await more from this young writer of high compromise.—*Tampa (Fla.) Tribune & Times.*

Unless he decides to take up diplomacy.

OUR 20th Year!
"Autumn in Italy"



Sunshine and fall foliage enhance an extraordinary view of this timeless country with its 3000-year artistic and cultural heritage. Deluxe hotels, dinners hosted by noble families in their palaces and a full-time lecturer enrich this unique 23 day travel experience. Land price $6222 pp/dbl.

◆

"Essence of France"

Depart in September on "Essence I" to enjoy 19 days of art, architecture and history in central and northern France. Or choose "Essence II" to the south of France for 17 days in September and explore the romantic regions of the Riviera, Provence and Perigord. Each itinerary includes castle hotels, gourmet dining, a French lecturer and an opportunity for a leisurely 5-day river barge cruise. Land prices from $3885 pp/dbl.
For information and brochure contact **TRAVEL TIME**, 17 N. State St., Chicago, IL 60602. In Illinois (312) 726-7197. Toll-Free (800) 621-4725.

We'd like to tell you our fish tale.
Also our sailing, swimming, water-skiing, tennis and golf tale. All in the estate-like beauty of our unique resort on the shores of Lake Champlain, amid gorgeous Vermont scenery and gracious hospitality. It's quite a story. But why not see it for yourself, from June to October?
BASIN HARBOR
Vergennes, VT 05491
Tel. 802-475-2311

Belgian Shoes
HABANERA
$175⁰⁰

SHOE BROCHURE $1.00
ACCESSORIES BROCHURE $1.00
Belgian Shoes,
60 East 56th Street, New York 10022
(212) 755-7372
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

A REPORTER AT LARGE

TRAVELS WITH JACCOUX IN THE CÉVENNES

IN August of 1878, Robert Louis Stevenson saw Fanny Vandegrift Osbourne and her two young children off on the boat train from London. Fanny Osbourne was returning to California to resolve what had been a hopelessly difficult marriage. Stevenson was twenty-eight. He and Mrs. Osbourne had met in France two years earlier and had fallen in love. It was not clear whether they would ever see each other again, and it was in a somewhat dark mood that Stevenson, a few weeks later, returned to France, where he settled in the obscure village of Le Monastier, in the wild highland countryside of the southeast. Here he spent nearly a month carefully preparing for a walking trip in the Cévennes range, which extends almost three hundred and fifty miles in a northeast-southwest direction, not far from the Mediterranean. Among other articles he made for his trip was a remarkable sleeping bag, which he described as follows: "This child of my invention was nearly six feet square, exclusive of two triangular flaps to serve as a pillow by night and as the top and bottom of the sack by day. I call it 'the sack,' but it was never a sack by more than courtesy; only a sort of long roll or sausage, green waterproof cart-cloth without and blue sheep's fur within. It was commodious as a valise, warm and dry for a bed. There was luxurious turning room for one; and at a pinch the thing might serve for two. I could bury myself in it up to the neck."

Clearly, Stevenson could not carry this unwieldy package and the rest of his supplies on his back, so he bought from a peddler, one Father Adam, "a diminutive she-ass, not much bigger than a dog, the colour of a mouse, with a kindly eye and a determined underjaw." The sack had cost Stevenson eighty francs and two glasses of beer, while Modestine, as he baptized his donkey, cost sixty-five francs and a glass of brandy. After the trip, which began on the twenty-second of September and lasted twelve days, he sold her, saddlebag and all, for thirty-five francs. In addition to his sleeping bag, Stevenson took with him on his walk a revolver, a spirit lamp and pan, a lantern, some half-penny candles, a jackknife, and a large leather flask. He had two entire changes of warm clothing made of "country velveteen," a pilot coat, and a short knitted jacket of the sort known as a spencer. He also took some books, a railway rug, cakes of chocolate, tins of Bologna sausage, a leg of cold mutton, a bottle of Beaujolais, an empty bottle to carry milk in, an eggbeater, and a good deal of black bread, both for himself and for his donkey.

We know all this because the following year Stevenson published portions of the journal he kept on his walk. He called the book, which became a travel classic, "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes." The whole of the journal was published in 1978, on the hundredth anniversary of the trek, by the Club Cévenol, a non-profit organization, based in the town of Alès, of people native to or interested in the Cévennes. This version, entitled "The Cévennes Journal" and edited by Gordon Golding, includes not only the journal but also a set of marvellous notes. We know from Jenni Calder's invaluable biography "Robert Louis Stevenson" (Oxford) that by 1878 Stevenson was fluent in French. He had just published his first book, "An Inland Voyage," which dealt with a canoe trip he had taken two years earlier through the waterways of Holland, Belgium, and France. Stevenson had lived a good deal in France. He met Fanny Osbourne in Grez, on the outskirts of Paris, and it is quite likely that the two of them lived together for nearly a year before she returned to California.

For me, and I suppose for many people, Robert Louis Stevenson is a writer that one "grows out of." As a child, I had, of course, read "Treasure Island" and (I think) "Kidnapped." ("Treasure Island" is the book by which Stevenson is best known in France, although the 1978 version of his journal came out in a French edition and is widely available in bookstores there. In fact, in many French bookstores, if one asks for a book about the Cévennes it is the only one available.) I had had a notion that Stevenson died young, of tuberculosis, somewhere in the South Seas. As I have subsequently learned, he did die in Samoa, at the age of forty-four—but of a brain hemorrhage, not from tuberculosis, although he had chronic and severe lung problems throughout his life. Of this there is no hint in his Cévennes journal, in spite of the fact that his twelve-day trek must have been a physically demanding one. The Cévennes are a very rugged terrain, and Stevenson's daily walks often involved considerable changes of altitude. Some of the time he slept out on the ground. He smoked cigarettes steadily. None of this, one would think, is recommended fare for weakened bronchi. There is also little hint of his emotional state. Fanny Osbourne is never mentioned in the journal, and there is only one passage—a celebrated one—in which we get any idea that she is on his mind. He is describing the pleasure of solitude when suddenly he veers from that subject to write:

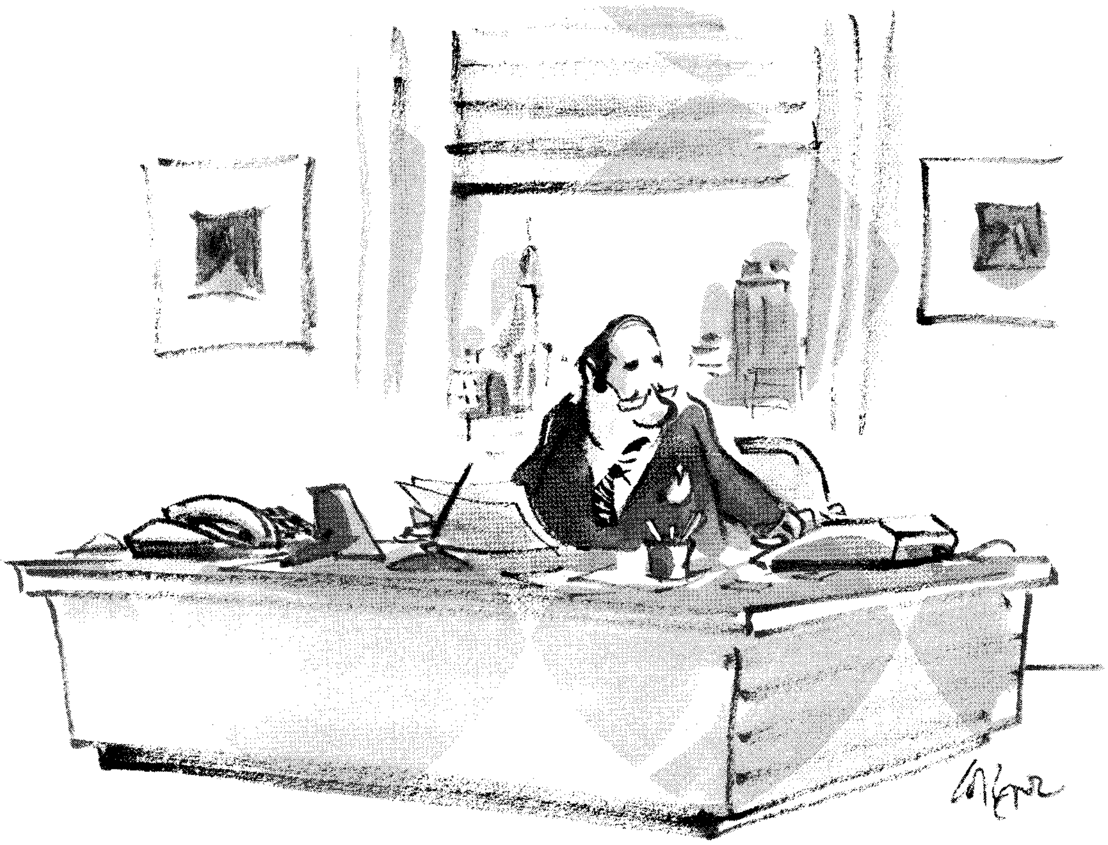
POPCORN
Westman

> I was aware of a strange lack. I could have wished for a companion, to be near by me in the starlight, silent and not moving if you like, but ever near and within touch. For there is, after all, a sort of fellowship more quiet than even solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect. The woman whom a man has learned to love wholly, in and out, with utter comprehension, is no longer another person, in the troublous sense.

Two years later, they would marry. Apart from that passage, one gets the impression from the journal of a relatively carefree young man of somewhat aristocratic tastes. (Stevenson's father was a well-to-do Edinburgh lighthouse and harbor engineer.) Indeed, there is in the journal a tone almost bordering on contempt for many of the people and places Stevenson encountered on his walk. Take, for example, this description of a country serving girl in the village of Pont de Montvert:

> What shall I say of Clarisse? She waited the table with a heavy, placable noncha-

lance, like an educated cow; but her huge grey eyes were steeped in a sort of amorous languor; her features, although they were fleshy, were carefully designed; her mouth had a curl, her nostril was a personal nostril that belonged to herself and not to all the world, her cheek fell into strange and interesting lines. It was a face capable of strong emotion and, with training, it offered a promise of delicate sentiments. It seemed to me pitiful that so good a model should be left to country admirers and a country way of thought. . . . Before I left, I assured Clarisse of my hearty admiration; she took it like milk, without embarrassment or surprise, merely looking at me steadily with her great eyes; and I felt glad I was going away. If Clarisse could read English, I should not dare to add that her figure was unworthy of her face; hers was a case for stays; but that will grow better as she gets up in life.



"*Miss Corcoran, please bring in my Care Bear.*"

And poor Modestine! By the time Stevenson resold the unfortunate animal, she must have been prodded and goaded into all but raw, bleeding flesh. On page after page he describes the various harsh methods he used to get the unhappy animal moving. After reading all this, it is hard to take very seriously Stevenson's observations about his parting from Modestine, which are the very end of the journal: "She had come to regard me as a God. . . . Father Adam wept when he sold her to me; after I sold her in my turn, I was tempted to follow his example."

MY interest in Stevenson was kindled by what at first sight might appear an unlikely source—my friend and mentor in matters alpine, the Chamonix guide Claude Jaccoux. Over the past fifteen years, Jaccoux and I, sometimes in the company of his wife, Colette, and sometimes also in the company of their young son, Camille-Jerémy, had engaged in various mountain forays in Nepal and Pakistan, as well as a trip to Kenya to climb Kilimanjaro. At one point, I started badgering Jaccoux with the notion of visiting Patagonia and he countered with the idea of doing a multi-day, cross-country ski tour under conditions simple enough to accommodate my limited capacities at that activity. (I ski acceptably on groomed slopes, but abominably in snow deep enough to bury one's skis.) Eventually, Jaccoux sent me an attractively printed pamphlet containing descriptions of all the trips he planned to lead in the next year. It did include a trip to Patagonia, but somewhere near the end of the pamphlet was a small section entitled "Raids à Ski"—*raid* being a French term for "tour," or "trek." Among the *raids* was a multi-day trip dubbed a *traversée des Cévennes*. A brief description of the *raid* was given:

> *Deux séjours, l'un de 3 jours, l'autre de 6 jours, vont nous permettre de découvrir des paysages d'une rude grandeur et une vie paysanne à l'ancienne. . . . Raid techniquement facile, à la portée de skieurs très moyens et idéal pour l'initiation à la randonée. Hébergement et repas chez les paysans.*

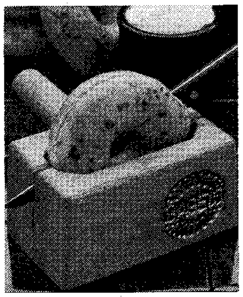
I liked the part about "*techniquement facile*," and when Jaccoux, a former teacher of French literature, told me about Stevenson's book and said that the *raid* would take us to many of the places that Stevenson and Modestine had visited a century ago my sense of romance overcame my forebodings about my skiing. Jaccoux said that Colette would like to go along, and asked if I would like to bring anyone in order to balance things. As it happens, I have a friend whose resourcefulness reminds me of the story of the man who was asked whether he played the violin. "Certainly," he replied. "It's just that I have not yet had the time to try." My friend, whom I will refer to as S., told me that she had skied both in Utah and in Vermont and that she would be fine provided that the visibility was near zero, so that she did not have to see where she was plunging. She said she would be happy to come along. When I called Jaccoux to announce that I had found a fourth for our group, his first question was "Does she have a sleeping bag?" I said I doubted it. Jaccoux explained that "*hébergement et repas chez les paysans*" meant that we would be sleeping in haylofts in our sleeping bags. That sounded very Stevensonian until I asked him how we would transport these objects from hayloft to hayloft. "In our rucksacks, of course," Jaccoux replied. My heart sank—my stability on skis when I had a fully loaded rucksack on my back had never been tested. I had a monster rucksack, left over from our trek to Kilimanjaro, where it had been trans-

PURE
NOB HILL,
PURE
SAN FRANCISCO

HUNTINGTON
HOTEL

NOB HILL, SAN FRANCISCO 94108
(415) 474-5400

Bagel Cutter
Our bagel cutter makes it easy to obtain perfect bagel halves. Hand crafted from domestic Red Oak.
$14.99
$19.99 with knife
Oak & Iron
ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-356-5432, Ext. 139. (In Wisconsin call 1-800-362-6060, Ext. 139). M.C., VISA or Am. Exp. ORDER BY MAIL: credit card or check. Send to: Oak & Iron, Dept. 139, 2700 Commerce St., La Crosse, WI 54601. Ship. & Hdlg., $3.00 each. Money back guarantee.



GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by schooner to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 16 Trip dates. M. Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606yw Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920

Audio-cassette/book courses in Arabic, Hebrew, Chinese, French, German, Spanish, Greek, Japanese, and 34 others. Comprehensive. Used by U.S. State Dept. Write us for free catalog.
Learn a foreign language on your own!
AUDIO-FORUM® Room K19, Guilford, CT 06437

ported in a basket by a native porter. Jaccoux said that he and Colette had an extra sleeping bag that S. could use.

THIS much having been settled, S. and I found ourselves, shortly after New Year's Day, in the Savoie ski resort of La Plagne, where Jaccoux and Colette had winter quarters. We had brought with us every bit of warm clothing we could carry, since Jaccoux had informed me that we could expect very cold conditions; my huge sleeping bag, which seemed to fill every cubic inch of my rucksack; and a copy of Stevenson's book.

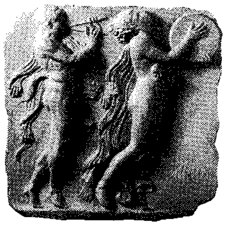
Our first order of business in La Plagne was to rent the equipment we would need for the *raid.* There is a crucial distinction between the equipment used in cross-country skiing—what the French call *ski de fond*—and the type of equipment we would be using. Cross-country skis are long and thin. The bindings are very flexible and are worn with rather light shoes. Thus, one proceeds in a kind of skating movement, in which one lifts one's heels but not the skis. Because we would be skiing a good part of the time in the woods, where a lot of maneuvering would be necessary, we were instructed to rent what the French call *skis compacts.* These are the short skis that have made skiing much more accessible for many people. Jaccoux suggested hundred-and-seventy-centimetre skis, whereas for most downhill skiing a person of medium height would use skis of about two hundred and ten centimetres. But the real innovation was the binding, which was what the French call *la fixation de randonnée alpine.* This binding can be set in two positions. In one, the bottom plate can be raised from the ski on a kind of hinge, so that the skier can use his skis just as he would on a regular cross-country trek—that skating motion. Then, when he wishes to ski downhill, he can reset the binding so that it locks onto the ski. In this position, all the parallel maneuvers of downhill skiing become possible. In my limited experience with this ingenious arrangement, it has two flaws, both of which may be more personal than general. In the first place, to lock the bindings onto one's shoes one must snap a spring manually. I much prefer the conventional downhill bindings, which one simply steps into before starting off. Moreover, my bindings, and S.'s as well, never released when we fell—as each of us did a few times. The skis remained firmly glued to our feet, which is a very dangerous business. (I do not know whether this was a fault in our own adjustments or a defect in the system.)

Finally, there was the matter of the sealskins. These were long strips of some furlike material that may or may not have been the skin of an actual seal. The strips are fixed to the bottom of the skis, by a series of snaps and buckles, before one proceeds uphill. They allow one to glide forward but also produce enough friction so that one is kept from sliding backward after each step. Before going downhill, one removes the skins and stores them in one's rucksack. We also rented extra-long ski poles, which would help us propel ourselves forward on level or uphill stretches. To complete the ensemble, we bought two flashlights with miner's-lamp extensions that fitted over the head. Jaccoux said that the Cévennes were rather tricky to navigate, since there were so few landmarks to guide oneself by, and that though he always had along his maps, his compass, and his altimeter, he had got somewhat lost from time to time in the past, so we should be prepared, if necessary, to ski at night with the lamps.

IT had not been much of a year for snow in Europe, but from the time S. and I got off the plane in Geneva to the time we got back on it, twelve days later, it snowed almost incessantly. The small car I had rented from Avis for the drive to La Plagne was all but buried in the snow after being parked for only a couple of days. It was much too small to accommodate the four of us with our equipment and our skis, and we had planned to leave it in La Plagne while we took a larger, Jaccoux car to the Cévennes. Unfortunately, Colette had lent this car to a friend, and it had been smashed up beyond repair. We were left with two small cars, neither of which was adequate. It was decided to trade mine in, at the Avis garage in Chambéry, for a station wagon, and in this we set out early on a snowy morning for the village of Vieux-Fraisse, perhaps fifty miles from Le Monastier, Stevenson's jumping-off place. The reason for going to Vieux-Fraisse was that an old friend of Jaccoux's, Sylvie Molko, lives there. When I first met her, in Chamonix, some fifteen years ago, Sylvie was married to the celebrated French guide and mountain climber Patrick Cordier. The marriage broke

IF YOU PLAY TENNIS, CALL
1·800
225
5045
IN MASSACHUSETTS CALL 1-617-372-8870.

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF
CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS



BACCHIC DANCE • Found in 1776 on the site of ancient Gabii. From the National Museum, Naples. 26″ × 27″ $295.00 P.P. in terra cotta or green bronze finish.
GIUST GALLERY
1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118
PLEASE SEND $2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

discontinued China
WORLD'S LARGEST INVENTORY! & CRYSTAL
ALL major brands of bone china, earthenware and crystal. Write or call for a list of pieces available in your pattern.
USE VISA, M'CARD, AMER. EX. • BUY or SELL (919) 275-7224
REPLACEMENTS, LTD. 1510-(N) HOLBROOK STREET, GREENSBORO, N. C. 27403-2785

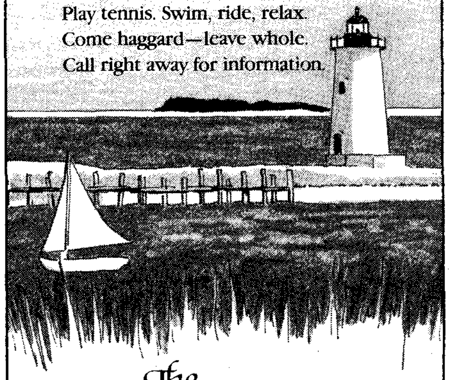
CAPE COD ESTATE LIVING
New custom quality home on 100-acre estate, with amenities of fine private club. Beaches, docks, clay court tennis, pool, Jacuzzi, cabana. □ Nearby golf, riding, polo, summer theatre. $185,000-$350,000.
Brochure: LOCHSTEAD,
115-2 Coonamessett Circle,
East Falmouth, Ma 02536;
(617) 563-9381
Lochstead

up a few years later, and Sylvie became engaged to another guide, Michel Marchal. They settled in Vieux-Fraisse, in a farmhouse that has now been converted into a modern dwelling. It was Marchal who first conceived the idea of leading ski tours in the Cévennes. Soon afterward, Jaccoux began bringing clients to ski in the region. In April of 1975, Marchal was killed in an avalanche while skiing, but Sylvie remained, and now runs a ski-touring business called L'Association Sylva. While she and Jaccoux are nominally rivals, there is so much business that they both have all the clients they can deal with, and it was Sylvie who had made the arrangements for us to stay with various *paysans* and sleep in their haylofts. Her house is so big that it can function as a dormitory for ski tourers, and she was able to put us up that night. During the evening, she told us a bit about life in Vieux-Fraisse. The Cévennes region is economically poor, unfit for agriculture, and has few resources, other than tourists. Though less than a hundred miles from the Mediterranean, the region bears no resemblance, either in climate or in landscape, to the Provence. The range is a watershed for both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and is the first mountain obstacle confronted by the northerly Mediterranean mistral. Since the slopes are for the most part only lightly wooded, the winds on them are intense. The weather in the highlands, which are never much higher than five thousand feet, is severe, particularly in winter. Recently, I came across a description of it in an article by the Prix Goncourt poet Jean Carrière entitled "La Pierre et le Vent." He writes:

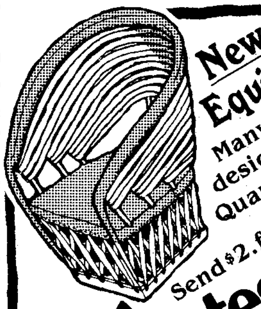
> The highland climate has none of the charms of the civilized part of the Cévennes; it alters the relationship between man and nature—especially for an urbanite—in often brutal encounters that seem to belong to the early ages of the planet. Winter is long, glacial, with frequent cold snaps that postpone the arrival of spring and bring spongy, wet Easter snows, plunging the land into a kind of stupor. Springtime itself is poised, as it were, between two doorways—green for a few days, then overtaken by the frequently torrid summer, when the plateau grasses turn yellow, like those of the savannah. The most beautiful season is surely the autumn, when the forests are clothed in gold and royal purple, and are filled with scents as evocative and subtle as incense.

Because of the climate and the poor quality of the soil, most of the farmers in the Cévennes just about make a

Burn the candle at one end for a change.
Take a breather. While you've still got some wick left. Hit the brakes. Slow down to a crawl. Or a sprawl—there's plenty of room on the beach. Eat well. Play tennis. Swim, ride, relax. Come haggard—leave whole. Call right away for information.



The Harbor View Hotel
on Martha's Vineyard Island
For reservations in the Northeast, call toll-free (800) 225-6005. For Mass. and all other states, call (617) 627-4333.
Edgartown, MA 02539 NY-5



New Equipale!
Many new 'Vara' designs, from \$69^{50}
Quantity Discounts.
Send $2. for color catalog.
Artesanos Imports Inc.
P.O. Drawer G • Santa Fe
NM 87501 • 505-983-5563

Just out of Santa Fe there's a place that's out of this world.
Mobil 4****
. . . a warm, elegant, casual, intimate ranch-resort in a magnificent setting 15 minutes north of Santa Fe. Superb food and accommodations, including new Pueblo Encantado 1-story condos adjacent to the 'enchanted' ranch'.
Rancho Encantado
Route 4, Box 57C ny
Santa Fe, N.M. 87501
(505) 982-3537

living; they have, typically, a half-dozen animals or so. Sylvie's neighbors were a characteristic farm family, consisting mainly of older people, since the younger generation tends, as it did even in Stevenson's time, to seek its fortune elsewhere—"the lads go forth pricked with the spirit of adventure and the desire to rise in life, and leave their homespun elders grumbling and wondering over the event," he wrote. Sylvie told us that she gets on well with her neighbors, and, in fact, they had slaughtered a pig not long before we arrived and had given Sylvie some charcuterie, which became the first of a series of memorable country meals we had in the region.

THOUGH it was frightfully cold and windy in Vieux-Fraisse, of snow there was, at the time of our arrival, precious little. Sylvie speculated that we might not be able to do much, if any, of our proposed *raid.* The next morning, however, the snows came. Indeed, for the next couple of weeks much of southern France was paralyzed by snow, and the newspapers were full of unlikely photographs showing Provençal communities buried under white. When we left Vieux-Fraisse for Le Monastier, the sky was a leaden color, the wind was howling, the temperatures were arctic, and the snow was coming down in buckets. This part of the trip we had planned to do by car, since it seemed rather fatuous to try to ski on National Highway 88, even if it should be covered with snow.

Our first stop was the large town of Langogne, where we went shopping. Stevenson slept in an inn at Langogne on the second night of his trek, and we would be working back in that direction from Le Monastier. He had nothing much to say about the town in his journal, but what struck me was the prosperous air of the shops, many of which contained some very fancy and expensive merchandise. The Cévennes are popular with summer vacationers, and this affluence may have reflected the tourist trade. We did buy some provisions—cheese, bread, chocolate, and pâté en croûte—to be eaten for lunch the following day, when we would be on skis.

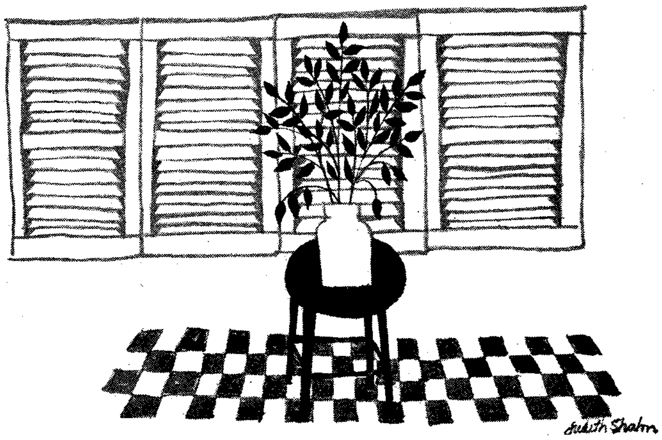
We arrived at Le Monastier about noon. It is a desperately bleak-looking medieval town of some two thousand inhabitants. I at once recognized the ancient abbey church of Saint-Chaffre, which Stevenson dismissed as a church "of some architectural pretensions." It is a magnificent structure, with an imposing, soaring interior. I also recognized the panorama that Stevenson, who was a gifted artist, drew from the window of his room in Morel's Hotel, with the twin peaks of Sucs de Breysse in the background. The local lacemakers, who were vanishing even in Stevenson's day, have now disappeared entirely. But we spotted a sign indicating that somewhere nearby was a Stevenson memorial, so we parked the car and began to look around. No sooner had we got out of the car than an ancient gentleman came out of a building and asked us what we were up to. We told him, and he said that while he did not remember Stevenson personally, he did remember the days when there was an annual donkey parade in Le Monastier on the twenty-second of September, to commemorate the trek. Jaccoux made inquiries of the clients in a small café and learned that the Mairie contained some sort of Stevenson exhibit. We went inside the lobby of the cold, dank stone building, and, to be sure, painted on the wall was a giant map of the region, with the trek marked out on it by a thick length of rope. There was also a glass-covered case containing some memorabilia—a few yellowed newspaper clippings and some faded photographs of hikers and their donkeys—apparently donated by "La Societé de R. L. Stevenson à Edinburgh." The whole exhibit looked a bit shopworn and sad. Outside, S. and Colette had located the Stevenson memorial—a simple stone on which was engraved "*D'ici partit le 22 Septembre 1878 Robert Louis Stevenson pour son voyage à travers les Cévennes avec un âne.*" After we decided that we had seen everything there was to see, we got back in the station wagon and headed south along Stevenson's route.

Beyond Langogne, Stevenson slept in the open air near the town of Fouzilhac. The next day, he continued to an inn at Cheylard, where he had lunch, and then went on to the village of Luc. His thought had been to cut through the Forêt de Mercoire, a dense and hilly forest of pines, but, "in honor of real or feigned fatigue upon the part of my loathly donkey," he had gone around it.

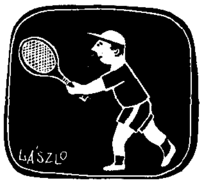
Our objective was to go to the village of Mercoire, in the heart of the forest, and stay the night with a farmer. We would then ski over the top of the Moure de la Gardille, a mountain that is almost five thousand feet high, and down into Chasseradès, which Stevenson described as "a tumbled village on a water course in a bare valley between two bare ranges of hills." It had been Jaccoux's notion that we should ski through the forest and thus arrive on skis at the farmhouse. However, because of a few stops, including one at an inn in Cheylard, where brandy was consumed by all, it was dark by the time we arrived in the forest. The inn bore little resemblance to the somewhat motley place Stevenson described in the journal, but the proprietors had read Stevenson's book, and they told us that each fall a number of people make the circuit on foot. In 1978, they said, the BBC had sent a television crew to make the trek with one or more donkeys, in honor of the hundredth anniversary. As we navigated the now snow-packed, twisting road to Mercoire, Jaccoux remarked that we would be sharing the hayloft that night with several cows.

I DO not know what I expected the farm to look like, but certainly not like what we found *chez* Régis and Françoise Malzieu. In the late nineteen-forties, Régis's grandfather had bought an old abbey, a giant complex of stone buildings, and had converted it into a farm. The Malzieus have some ninety head of cattle—a huge number by Cévennes standards—which are specially bred and raised for meat.

Régis and Françoise, who I judged were in their late twenties, proved to be two of the most attractive and



charming people I have ever met. Françoise was petite, with a sort of impish curiosity. She said that a day in the bustle of Langogne—population 4,025—was enough to give her a headache. Régis was darkly handsome and, according to S., very sexy. The Malzieus had two lively young sons. We all gathered in their large kitchen, which served also as sitting room and dining room, and had a magnificent dinner of chicken forestière in the company of Françoise's sister and her husband. During dinner, Françoise said that she had read Stevenson's book and didn't much like it. She felt that his attitude toward Catholics was patronizing and somewhat derogatory. Régis asked me to tell him what I knew about American agriculture. Since I knew next to nothing about it, our conversation quickly came to a halt.



Soon after dinner, we unpacked our sleeping bags and were led off to a nearby building, where, by flashlight, I could make out an entire stable of giant whitish beasts chained in various stalls. The animals occupied the first floor, and our quarters were on the second, reached by a narrow wooden ladder. Once up the ladder, we found ourselves in an enormous chamber, filled with hay as far as the eye could see. S. spotted a sort of hay terrace, set a few feet above the floor near a wall of hay. "I'll take the upper bunk," she announced, moving her sleeping bag into position. Jaccoux cautioned her not to get too close to the wall, since hay walls had been known to come down, necessitating a major rescue operation. "I'll take my chances," S. replied. I settled into a less risky position, on the floor, and just as I was about to fall asleep I was hit on the face by an icy drop of meltwater—the roof was leaking. "My feet are cold," S. remarked. I could hear my companions moving around in the hay, but soon there was silence, except for some lowing from the ground floor.

The next morning, I was awakened by a radio, which Régis was listening to while feeding the stock. The four of us got up, and by about ten we had loaded our rucksacks and put on our skis. The weather was overcast but not disagreeable, and there was a lot of newly fallen snow, like a fluffy blanket. We were wearing the sealskins on our skis, and Jaccoux's first instruction was to lift our heels but not our skis with each forward step—the skis were heavy and lifting them at each step would be very fatiguing. The terrain was lightly wooded and sloped pleasantly upward. S. and I were soon left behind, and I remarked that I now understood Camus's assessment of Sisyphus as a basically happy man. There was little, if any, ambiguity in his task, nor was there in mine.

Jaccoux and Colette had stopped some yards ahead of us, and soon we were confronted with the first of several obstacles: a barbed-wire fence, which was not a triviality to surmount with skis and a heavy pack—one does so by stepping over it sideways. Immediately beyond it, there was a stream to be crossed, followed by another barbed-wire fence, and then we began to climb a steeper slope, through the trees. This was the Moure. At this point, I began to have an inkling that this might not be my day. A sealskin came off one of my skis, and I had to stop to put the skin back on and redo the bindings. As soon as I stopped, I noticed that the temperature was freezing. After a while, the same skin came off again, and I had to repeat the whole process. The third time, I had to make a major and time-consuming adjustment of the skin. By now I was thoroughly frustrated, to say nothing of being very cold. The others had gone ahead, and when I finally caught up to them I noticed that Jaccoux was wearing the expression he wears when a client begins to do things that border on the hopeless. Rather silently, we all had lunch, which included the pâté en croûte bought the previous day in Langogne and now frozen solid.

After lunch, we continued uphill. Soon we came out of the woods onto a long summit ridge. In the distance, I could see a large cross, marking the summit of the Moure de la Gardille. On the ridge, the wind had become violent. In fact, it was so strong that we were bent over almost double. I had been having trouble finding a comfortable way to wear both my goggles and my prescription sunglasses, but now the glasses had frozen over, and I had to take them off altogether. Without them, I could barely make out Jaccoux and Colette up ahead. S. was a little closer. Jaccoux's tracks disappeared in the swirling snow almost as soon as he made them. The wind had become a nightmare, but as we headed down the lee side of the summit and into the woods it abat-

Poverty is hunger and a little girl growing old too fast.

Elena is barely six. But hunger and despair have already left their mark on her little face.

Living in a crowded hut with no heat or water, she has only one meal a day of thin soup. Through our sponsorship plan, Elena, or a child like her, can have a better diet, clothes, medical attention, schooling.

Your help can light up not only a little face, but an entire life.

Write to: Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood
Children, Incorporated, P.O. Box 5381
Dept. Y8E5, Richmond, Va. 23220 USA

☐ I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy, ☐ girl, in ☐ Asia, ☐ Latin America, ☐ Middle East, ☐ Africa, ☐ USA, ☐ Greatest Need.

☐ I will give $18 a month ($216 a year). Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐, the first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.

☐ I can't sponsor, but will help $______

☐ Please send me further information.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

☐Ck/Money Order ☐Visa ☐Master Card

CARD NO. EXP. DATE
SIGNATURE

1-800-538-5381

CHILDREN, INC.

U.S. gifts are fully tax deductible.
Annual financial statements are available on request.

ed. S. and I were carefully working our way down among the trees when Jaccoux appeared from below and announced that we were going to have to turn around and go back to the Malzieus' farmhouse. We had planned to stay at a hotel in Chasseradès, eleven hundred feet below us, but we were so slow that he could not guarantee to get us there before nightfall. "We might have to bivouac out," he said. "And that's something I have no intention of doing." The way back was longer, he said, but at least it was a sure thing. We turned around and began to climb up the hill. By this time, I had been semi-blinded by the freezing wind. Nothing would quite come into focus. As it turned out, it would be two days before I began to see normally again. We moved onto the ridge leading to the summit, where the wind was even worse than before. Colette had disappeared—she took a slightly wrong line coming up—and it was only by some miracle that she found us, a few feet below the summit.

The whole thing had become a horrible ordeal. At each step, we sank into the snow and struggled to keep upright. After a while, S. asked me, rather matter-of-factly, "Do you think we are going to get out of this alive?" The only thing I could say to her was that I hoped so. I recalled that Régis had told us that people in the Cévennes have died trying to go from one village to another in the winter—at a distance of only a mile or so. We went on, yard by yard, to the summit, and then over the top. Jaccoux told Colette and me that the sides of our noses had frozen—solid ice—and that we had better thaw them out, so as not to get frostbite. I rubbed my nose to melt the ice, and we started down.

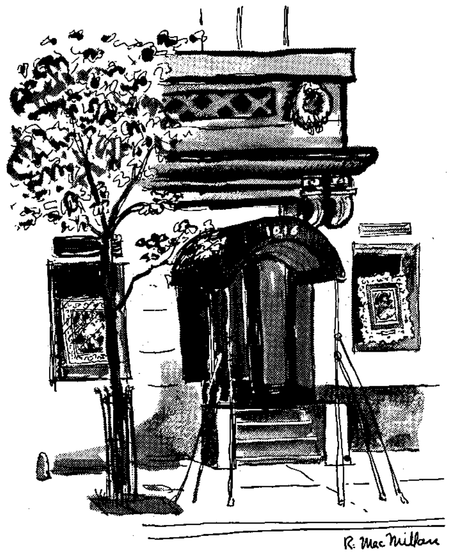
I could now see next to nothing and took a fairly heavy fall. It was, of course, a major struggle to get up with my pack on. I had cut the side of my face, but the cut did not seem to be serious. Then I fell into a hole and hit my right knee against a tree trunk with a sharp crack. I got up again, painfully. Nothing seemed to be broken. I knew that Jaccoux had with him a foldable plastic toboggan, which he always takes along on trips like this in order to be able to haul down people with broken limbs. One cannot give them painkillers, he had once told me, because they might go into shock. I decided that no matter how long it took to get down I was *not* going to fall again. I began skiing down inch by inch, with S. just in front of me. It had begun to get dark, but Jaccoux had found a snow-covered road and he led us along it.

"I see the cows," said S.

"How far away?" I asked, but before she could answer the Malzieu abbey loomed large in the darkness. Never have I seen a more welcome sight.

The Malzieus did not seem surprised to see us, given the weather. They offered us some hot wine, and we tried to figure out what to do next. We were so cold that another night with the cows seemed highly undesirable. We decided to drive back to Langogne and, if possible, to Chasseradès, where we had a reservation at the Hôtel Saint-Jean. The car was stuck in the snow, but we managed to dig it out and get it running in the direction of Langogne, and we arrived there without great difficulty, in spite of the snowdrifts that had been blown across the road. It was now nearly eleven, and by this time my knee ached quite badly. I proposed that we find a hotel in Langogne and call it a day. The only heated hotel there, we learned, was the Hôtel des Voyageurs. We drove past it. It was closed for the winter. These are summer towns. We had no choice but to head on to Chasseradès. After a hair-raising drive, during which I kept my mind off my knee by listening to a stupefying political debate on the radio, we pulled up in front of the Hôtel Saint-Jean, a low, attractive-looking stone building. Stevenson reached Chasseradès on his sixth night. This was only our third, but by the time I got to bed I felt as if I had been travelling for a year.

STEVENSON saw similarities between the Cévennes and his native Scotland. Early in the journal, he wrote,



"On the whole, this is a Scottish landscape, although not so noble as the best in Scotland; and by an odd coincidence, the population is, in its way, as Scottish as the country. They have abrupt, uncouth, Fifeshire manners, and accost you as if you were trespassing, with '*Où est-ce que vous allez?*' only translatable into the Lowland 'Whau'r ye gaun?' " He also compared the struggles of the seventeenth-century Scotch Presbyterian Covenanters against Charles II and the Church of England with the struggles, often ending in martyrdom, of the Camisards—the Cévenol Protestants—against the Catholic Church. The Camisards were so called because they wore *camisas*, or shirts, over their armor for recognition when they went on their forays. These began in earnest on the night of July 24, 1702, when the Protestant peasants tracked down the Abbé du Chayla in Pont de Montvert, a town some twenty-five miles south of Chasseradès, on the southern slope of Mont Lozère. To this day, Mont Lozère, a complex peak fifty-five hundred feet high, is the boundary between the Catholic and the Protestant areas of the Cévennes—Catholics to the north and Protestants to the south. Here is Stevenson's description of the travail of the Abbé du Chayla:

> François de Langlade du Chayla (pronounce Cheila), Archpriest of the Cévennes and Inspector of Missions in the same country, had a house in which he sometimes dwelt in the town of Pont de Montvert. He was a conscientious person, who seems to have been intended by nature for a pirate, and now fifty-five, an age by which a man has learned all the moderation of which he is capable. A missionary in his youth in China, he there suffered martyrdom, was left for dead, and only succoured and brought back to life by the charity of a pariah. We must suppose the pariah devoid of second-sight, and not purposely malicious in this act. Such an experience, it might be thought, would have cured a man of the desire to persecute; but the human spirit is a thing strangely put-together; and, having been a Christian martyr, Du Chayla became a Christian persecutor. The Work of the Propagation of the Faith went roundly forward in his hands. His house in Pont de Montvert served him as a prison. There he closed the hands of his prisoners upon live coal, and plucked out the hairs of their beard, to convince them that they were deceived in their opinions.

On the night of July 24th, some fifty Camisards, led by one Spirit Seguier—"a wool-carder, tall, black-faced and toothless, but a man full of prophecy"—caught the Abbé in his house, burned it to ashes, and killed

ad.

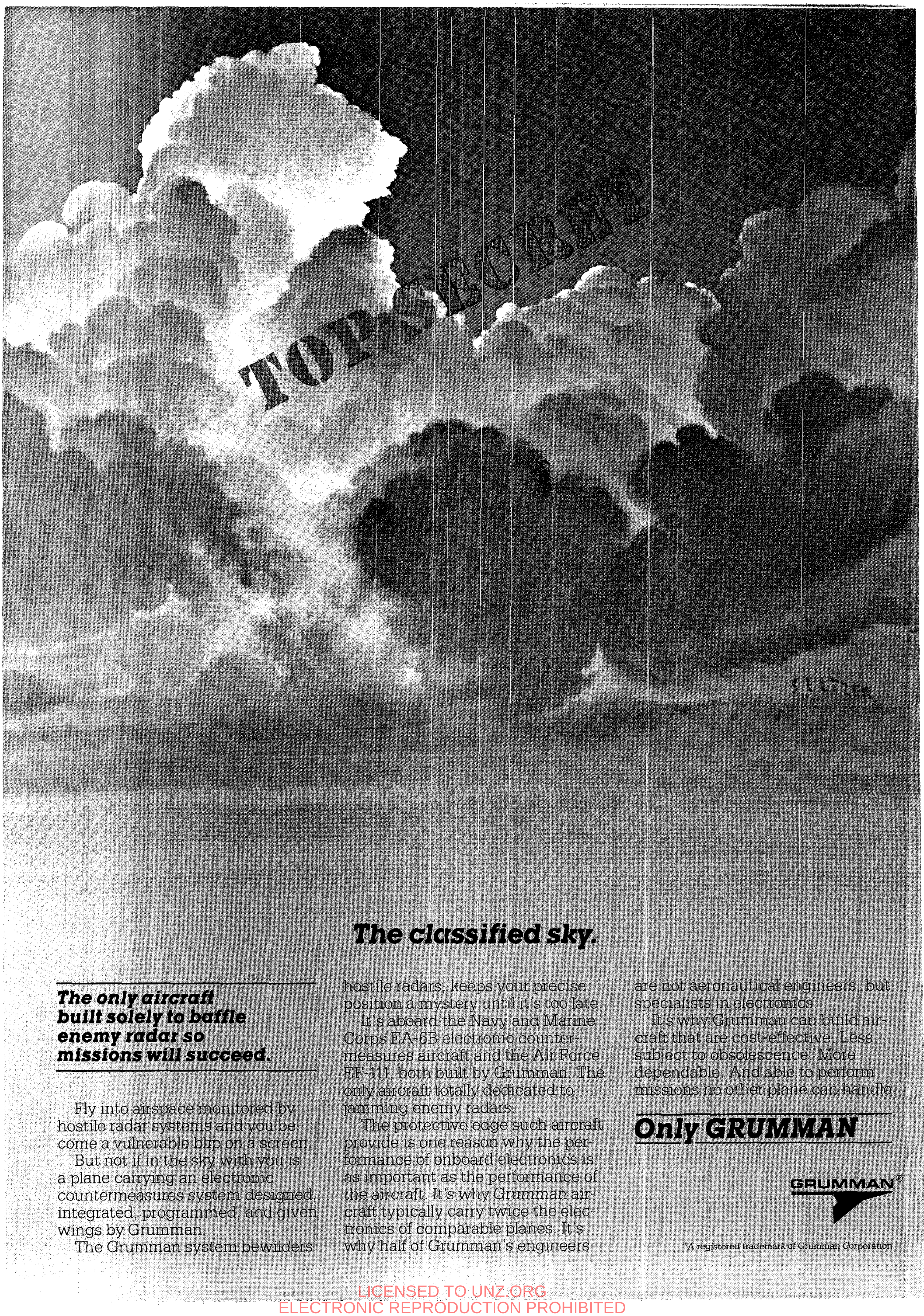
AT&T
311 555 4742 1111
G.A. ELLSWORTH
IM 311 555 4742 6

The next time you travel, bring along a cheap
friend, the AT&T Card. It's the most inexpensive
way around to make AT&T Long Distance Service
calls from a public phone. Cheaper than coins
for out-of-state calls. Cheaper than calling collect.
The AT&T Card—a tight wad you could learn to love.

Apply today. Dial 1 800 CALL ATT.

AT&T
The right choice.

© 1986 AT&T Communications



The classified sky.

The only aircraft built solely to baffle enemy radar so missions will succeed.

Fly into airspace monitored by hostile radar systems and you become a vulnerable blip on a screen.

But not if in the sky with you is a plane carrying an electronic countermeasures system designed, integrated, programmed, and given wings by Grumman.

The Grumman system bewilders hostile radars, keeps your precise position a mystery until it's too late.

It's aboard the Navy and Marine Corps EA-6B electronic countermeasures aircraft and the Air Force EF-111, both built by Grumman. The only aircraft totally dedicated to jamming enemy radars.

The protective edge such aircraft provide is one reason why the performance of onboard electronics is as important as the performance of the aircraft. It's why Grumman aircraft typically carry twice the electronics of comparable planes. It's why half of Grumman's engineers are not aeronautical engineers, but specialists in electronics.

It's why Grumman can build aircraft that are cost-effective. Less subject to obsolescence. More dependable. And able to perform missions no other plane can handle.

Only GRUMMAN

GRUMMAN®

®A registered trademark of Grumman Corporation.

him, as he tried to escape, with "two-and-fifty wounds." For the next three years—according to the notes in "The Cévennes Journal"—the Camisards engaged in guerrilla warfare with the forces of Louis XIV. It was the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by le Roi Soleil in 1685 that had begun the active persecution of the Protestants in France. The Camisards were finally subdued, but the Protestants practiced nonviolent resistance until the Revolution, when their religious rights were restored. (It is of interest that this wildly rugged country was also a center of guerrilla activities against the Germans in the Second World War.)

Barbara Shelley

During his wanderings in the Catholic part of the Cévennes, Stevenson engaged in religious discussions with various people he encountered along the way, many of whom tried to convert him to Catholicism. On the fourth day of his trek, he found himself at the Trappist monastery of Notre-Dame des Neiges, a mile or two from Chasseradès. Stevenson was cordially received and was allowed to spend the night there, in the company of a country priest and an old soldier, with both of whom he had a violent religious argument the following morning. "These two men were bitter and upright and narrow, like the worst of Scotsmen," Stevenson wrote, "and indeed upon my heart, I fancy they were worse." On the other hand, he enjoyed the conversation of the few monks who were allowed to speak with visitors. He found the atmosphere of the monastery spiritually refreshing: "Apart from all other considerations, the thought of this perpetual succession of prayers made the time seem pleasant to me in the monastery of Our Lady of the Snows. I have, like other people, my own thoughts about prayer; I find some prayers among the noblest reading in the world. Often when I am alone, I find a pleasure in making them for myself, as one would make a sonnet."

Notre-Dame des Neiges, which was founded in 1850, still stands, and the day after we arrived in Chasseradès, Jaccoux, Colette, and S. went to visit it. My knee was still so tender that I decided that the best thing for me to do was to stay in bed and rest it. Fortunately, S. made copious notes of their visit. Here they are:

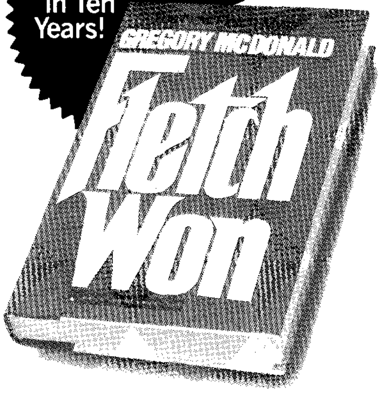
"After breaking the car out of the snowdrifts in front of the hotel, Jaccoux slides it along the road in the general direction of the monastery. Josephine Baker is singing on the car radio, with that curious tinny quality of old records that have been cleaned up and re-recorded. Seems incongruous that we should be en route to Stevenson's monks serenaded by Josephine Baker. We pass through the village of La Bastide. As in all the villages up here, there is no one in sight. Have they gone south? Suddenly, at a turn in the road, there is a statue of the Virgin Mary. Jaccoux goes to make inquiries at a modern building with plate-glass windows and vertical blinds. Can this be a Trappist monastery? He comes back with directions, and we go through an entrance that may have been the very one that Stevenson walked through with Modestine. First thing we see is a gift shop. Shelves of bottles: eau de Cologne labelled 'Bénédictines de Chantelle.' There is an amiable monk wearing a white robe of some canvas-like material, a black mantle, and bifocals. He says that the building Stevenson visited burned down in 1912. The order rebuilt, and that's why everything looks so modern. Since the fire, he adds, the order has depended on the sale of its wines to support it. They buy the grapes from Nîmes and employ local men to help the monks with the work. I tell him about the Christian Brothers in the Napa Valley.

"Our man knows the story of Stevenson very well, and cites the two chapters of the journal devoted to his stay in the monastery. He says that that kind of hospitality is no longer practiced, and explains that in Stevenson's time there were no hotels or restaurants in the region. He wants to know if I have visited the Trappist monasteries in Kentucky or New York. I haven't. It seems he got to know some American monks twenty years ago when he studied in Rome. Now he doesn't travel, because it is forbidden. He tells me that until the nineteen-fifties the monastery didn't see many tourists. Now it seems that the new edition of Stevenson's book has attracted them. In fact, when British television did the special on Stevenson's trek there were cameramen all over the monastery. Tourists have begun to drop by in the summer with rented donkeys. He says that, apart from the book, Stevenson's memory does not mean much to the order: *'Il*

An Occasion for Celebration Fletch Is Back!*

"FLETCH WON is like a perfect martini—cool and clear, full of bite and pleasure."
—*Robert Parker, Author of A CATSKILL EAGLE*

* Gregory Mcdonald's First Hardcover in Ten Years!



"Sharp, sophisticated and fast-moving...Mcdonald can write circles around most of his competition."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

"In any combination, Fletch/Mcdonald wins across the board." —*Publishers Weekly*

In Fletch Won, Gregory Mcdonald has created a masterful new mystery that takes readers back to the very beginnings of Fletch's career.

Fletch Won is sure to delight all his loyal followers. Mcdonald's clever repartee and breakneck pacing have never been more finely honed.

Gregory Mcdonald is the author of fifteen books, including eight Fletch mystery novels and three Flynn mysteries. He has twice won the Mystery Writers of America's prestigious Edgar Award for "Best Mystery of the Year" for his Fletch novels—the only mystery writer ever to have been so honored.

Just Published in Hardcover WARNER BOOKS
© Warner Books 1985
A Mystery Guild Dual Main Selection
A Literary Guild Featured Alternate

FREE COLOR CATALOG
TRADERS' CLASSIC
SWEATERS AND SPORTSWEAR

TRADERS COLLECTION

A timeless collection of Boston Traders sweaters, vests, shirts and pants for men and women. In pure 100% mixed-color worsted wool and other fine natural fibres, they handsomely coordinate to reflect your casual lifestyle. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

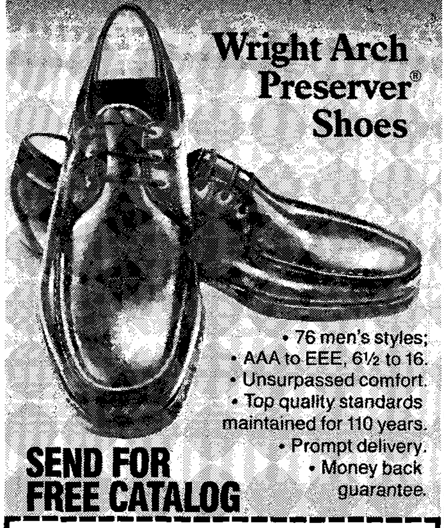
☐ Yes! Please rush me your 32-page Fall Catalog. I enclose $1 for postage.

Name ____

Address ____

City ____ State ____ Zip ____

TRADERS COLLECTION
Dept. 99741 P.O. Box 926, Salem, MA 01970



Perfect Fit–by Mail!
We guarantee it!

Wright Arch Preserver® Shoes

- 76 men's styles;
- AAA to EEE, 6½ to 16.
- Unsurpassed comfort.
- Top quality standards maintained for 110 years.
- Prompt delivery.
- Money back guarantee.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

Executive Shoes, Dept. 1025, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370
Send FREE catalog of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.

Name ____

Address ____

City ____ State ____ Zip ____

ENGLAND
THAMES VALLEY INNS
20 Country inns where royalty once slept. You'll be treated royally too! For booklet.
Ralph Locke, 315 E. 72 St. NYC 10021
NY 212-628-8149 • US 800-223-1108

était Protestant.' He says there are at present about forty-five monks in residence, ranging in age from twenty-two to ninety-nine. We leave the gift shop, and I follow Jaccoux in the general direction of the bell tower. It looks as if I have made a bad *faux pas*. No women are allowed anywhere but the gift shop, and I am motioned away courteously but firmly by a young monk. As we leave, we are greeted by an elderly brother, who is stooped over under his white habit and black cloak and is holding up his long skirts above his boots. '*Ce n'est pas chaud, eh?*' he says as he hobbles off in the snow."

THE next morning, S. and the Jaccoux went out for a little ski. They followed Stevenson's route to the top of the Montagne du Goulet (forty-nine hundred feet). When they came back, they told me that the conditions were excellent and the skiing a lead-pipe cinch compared with our ordeal of a few days ago. We left, by car, for the village of La Pigeire, in the Parc National des Cévennes, on the northern slope of Mont Lozère—following Stevenson's route as far as Le Bleymard, from which he climbed Mont Lozère. Our destination was another farmhouse, where we were to spend the night in the hay again.

We arrived at the home of Marité Pereira by nightfall. Marité, an attractive woman in her early thirties, is a friend of Jaccoux's. A few years ago, she came to the Cévennes from Rheims with her two young sons for a vacation, and she never went back. She and the boys live in an ancient stone farmhouse. Only two other families live in La Pigeire during the winter, but the population rises to sixty or so when the vacation season begins.

It was numbingly cold outside, but there was a delightful fire in the farmhouse. I asked one of Marité's boys how many animals they kept, and he looked at me as if I were crazy and pointed to a cat. I told him that I thought we were going to sleep with the animals. He found this very funny, and he said that in the grange, where we were to sleep, there had at one time been sheep, but that now it was used by skiers and trekkers. After a marvellous meal, we made our way to the grange, the floor of which was covered with a soft, thick layer of hay. It was an ideal sleeping surface, and in short order I was asleep.

The next day, the weather turned bad again—more snow, and high winds. Our first task was to cross

BUBBLY ENOUGH FOR A CELEBRATION

DELIGHTFULLY NON-ALCOHOLIC

Martinelli's
GOLD MEDAL
Sparkling Cider
CONTAINS NO ALCOHOL

There's nothing like Martinelli's Gold Medal Sparkling Cider!

Since 1868

ASK YOUR GROCER OR WRITE:

Martinelli's GOLD MEDAL®
S. MARTINELLI & CO., Dept.N
Box 549, Watsonville, Calif. 95077

THE LANDMARK OF LA JOLLA.
A small hotel surrounded by famous shops, where the tradition of gracious living is carefully maintained.

One hundred richly accoutered guest rooms and suites.
Elegant restaurants and bars.
Impeccable service.

La Valencia Hotel

THE PACIFIC OCEAN IS OUR BACK YARD
1132 Prospect Street
La Jolla, CA 92037 (619) 454-0771

LIGHTHOUSES
LOBSTERS & LOWER RATES
Oceanside resort on the coast of Maine with special rates March 29 to June 13 or after Labor Day. Rated ◇◇◇◇, AAA. Call or write: Box 97 NY, York Harbor, ME 03911 (207) 363-3850
The Stage Neck Inn

Mont Lozère by car, on snow-and-ice-covered roads, to the village of Montgros. On Jaccoux's regular *raids* in the Cévennes, he and his group ski from Marité's over Mont Lozère to the Roux farm, in Montgros, and spend the night there. But in bad weather Mont Lozère is impassable; it is completely treeless, and the winds are even worse than on the Moure de la Gardille. We settled for a lunch stop with the Roux—a very agreeable Protestant family. M. Roux told us that the animosity between Protestants and Catholics in the region had all but disappeared. People intermarried without much of a fuss, and there was hardly any memory of the Camisards.

After lunch, we headed west for Florac, thirteen miles away, of which Stevenson wrote, "Florac itself, seated among its hills, is as perfect a little town as one would desire to see, with its old castle, its fountain welling from the cleft bosom of the hills, its alley of planes, its ragged street corners, and an infinity of bridges." Stevenson also encountered some Protestants—"with a delight and a sense of coming home." What we encountered was a closed hotel. By this time, the snow was coming down again, heavily. Not only were we cold but we had not had a bath in several days. So we proceeded south to Saint-Jean du Gard, a fairly large town, where, we were told, some hotels were open. This was Stevenson's last stop—the place where he sold Modestine. A note in the new edition of his journal reads: "Modestine's purchaser was a retired army officer named Eugene Dumas. . . . Returning the donkey to her original task, he hitched Modestine to a small cart and was often seen riding about the region. Upon Dumas's death, Modestine was bought by a certain Volpelière, living at 125 Grand-Rue, Saint-Jean du Gard. The donkey's hitching ring may still be seen near the entrance of the house." Saint-Jean du Gard is only about fifty miles from the Mediterranean. When one leaves it to move southward, as we did the next day, the landscape abruptly changes, and one has the sense that the Cévennes have vanished, like an illusion. —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Washington Post*]

LELAND ST., 100 block, date unknown. Somebody entered a residence, ate, showered and slept there.

Anyone can send for The New Yorker.

You Can Do It For Yourself: Whether you wish to begin a subscription to The New Yorker, or renew the one you already enjoy, all you have to do is write your name and address below and check the term you prefer.

Your name (please print)

Address *Apartment*

City *State* *Zip*

☐ *Start a subscription for me only.* ☐ *Start gifts only.*

☐ *Start my subscription plus gifts.* ☐ *One year: $32* ☐ *Two years: $52* 4325

You Can Send It To Someone Else: To give a gift subscription to The New Yorker, just write your name and address above and the recipient's name and address below.

☐ *One year: $32* ☐ *Two years: $52*

To

(please print)

Address *Apartment*

City *State* *Zip*

Gift card to read "From ________ "

Additional postage: Canada $12 per year; other foreign $20 per year. Please remit in U.S. funds.

☐ *My check for $* ________ *is enclosed.*

Or, please bill my: ☐ *Master Card* ☐ *American Express* ☐ *Visa*

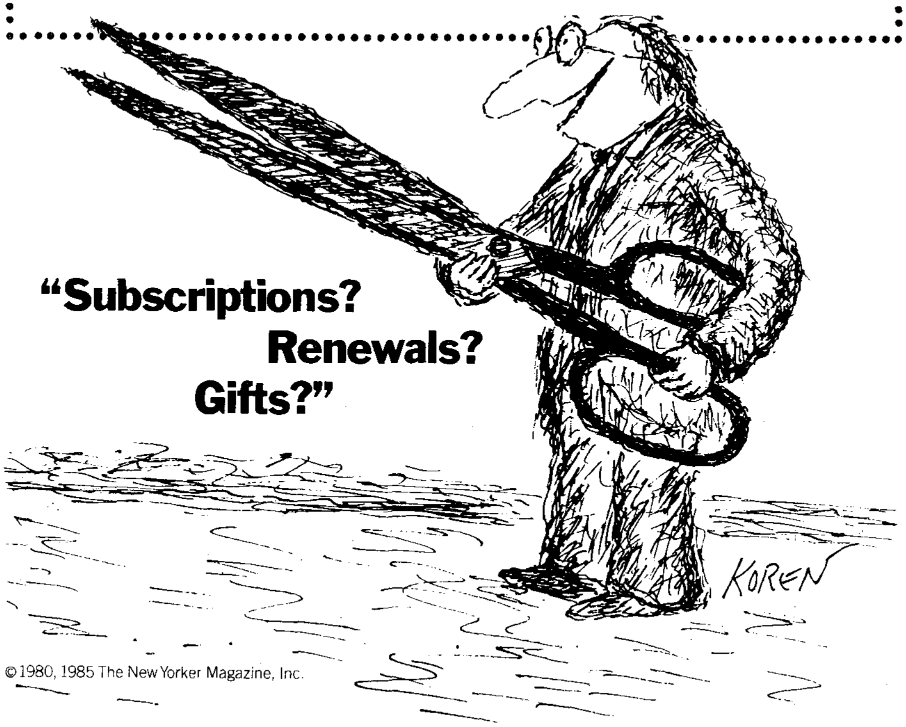
Card Number *Expiration date*

Signature

Please mail completed order to:

The New Yorker, Subscription Department, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

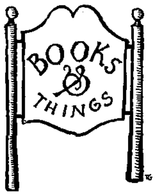
For credit card orders, phone toll-free 1-800-554-7000.


"Subscriptions?
Renewals?
Gifts?"
KOREN

©1980, 1985 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

BOOKS

Westward the Course of Empire



"Inventing the Dream: California Through the Progressive Era" (Oxford; $19.95), the second volume of Kevin Starr's state history—the first, "Americans and the California Dream: 1850-1915," appeared in 1973—is readable and intelligent. Mr. Starr has the good judgment to pay attention to the arts as well as to politics and economics. While the arts do not always tell us what people did, they invariably tell us something of equal importance historically—what people thought they were doing—and, as Mr. Starr's titles suggest, he believes that visions as much as deeds molded California. He never forgets to describe the realities alongside the dreams, though, and he also reminds us that the dreams reflected the culture of the civilized world at the time. For example, he points out that Pasadena's Arroyo Seco movement, which encouraged artists, architects, and craftsmen to seek inspiration in Indian and Spanish culture, was a local offshoot of the Arts and Crafts movement—a rebellion against machine-made goods—which had come to this country from England, where it was inspired by the thought of Carlyle and Ruskin and the workshops of William Morris. Much of the Arroyans' program sounds familiar, because arts and crafts were prominent again in the nineteen-sixties rebellions against the world as it is, and because the crafts that the Arroyans collected (the furniture of Gustav Stickley, for example) are collectible anew. Mr. Starr tells us that the Arroyans' efforts were reinforced by Pasadena's Throop Polytechnic Institute, founded in 1891 by Amos G. Throop to counteract abstraction and bookishness, and adds that the school eventually betrayed the intentions of its founder by evolving into one of the world's great theoretical centers, the California Institute of Technology. Mr. Starr's history of California is permeated with irony; indeed, irony is an essential ingredient, like butter in poundcake.

It took English-speakers roughly forty years from the end of the Mexican War, in 1848, to take over Southern California, which had been a backwater devoted to large-scale cattle ranching. In succeeding decades, the newcomers acquired the ranches, and for a time, after a drought in the eighteen-sixties killed off the cattle, they raised sheep. When wool prices fell, in the eighteen-eighties, some subdivided their properties, which by the eighteen-nineties had been transformed into cities. Others turned to growing vegetables and fruits. "Between 1880 and 1920, California recreated itself into an agricultural empire," Mr. Starr tells us, and he notes that California's enterprise changed Americans' diet. It is hard to remember that not so long ago beginning the day with orange juice not only was not mandatory; it was unheard of. The new settlement of Southern California was resisted—Indians and Mexicans rebelled in the eighteen-fifties, and banditry ended only in the eighteen-seventies—but well before the "Anglo-Saxons," as they thought of themselves, had taken full command they retroactively adopted the people they had displaced, and concocted a myth of Old California, a land of missions and courtesy, expressed in fantasy literature ("Ramona") and architecture. Mr. Starr demonstrates that the myth had no more resemblance to the California that had been than to the California that the newcomers were building. The dream of the new California, in art and advertising alike, was a place where Jeffersonian yeomen could cultivate both themselves and the soil in a benign climate, but the state was dominated by agribusiness and was hurrying toward its commercial and industrial future. Rustic hopes attracted foreigners as well as Americans; between 1870 and 1890, Mr. Starr tells us, colonies of English, Germans, Danes, and Poles settled in Southern California. I sometimes suspect that the fact that so many foreigners have shared so many American dreams confuses our foreign policy, in which we must deal with foreigners who do not share them. At all events, Mr. Starr explains that "land monopoly . . . thwarted Jeffersonian hopes for a yeoman life on the land for many Californians who wished to pursue that dream." By 1900, seven per cent of the state's farm owners controlled sixty-three per cent of the agricultural land, and the only immigrants who were notably successful in living the Jeffersonian legend were the Japanese; their skill at intensive farming was rewarded not with admiration but with resentment.

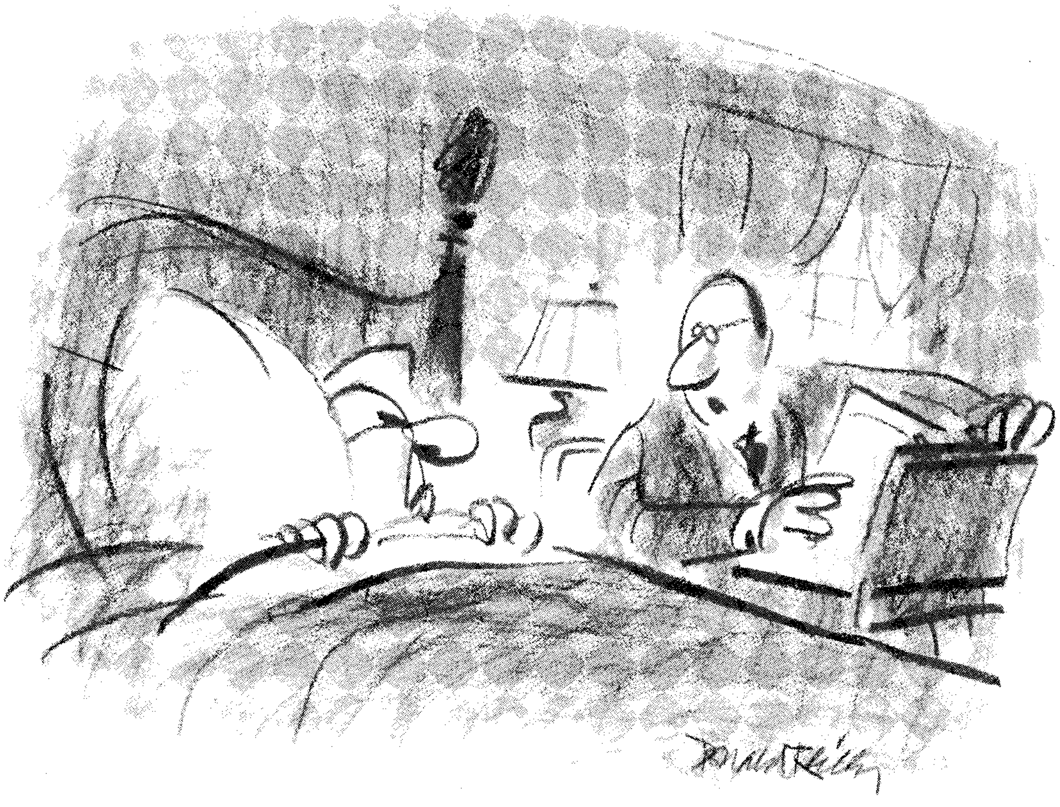
Almost every innovation that Mr. Starr mentions was accompanied, as he says, by nostalgia. I am not sure whether this phenomenon reflects the necessity of describing the new in terms of the familiar or whether Californians' misdescriptions of what they were doing were another instance of the fruitful misunderstanding of the past which has given us so many wonders, including opera. The recency of all this history suggests that Californians looked backward as they moved forward because, like most people, they were not ready for what had been happening since the Industrial Revolution. The would-be yeomen arrived in California with a generations-old dream at a time when agricultural research and technology made it practical to exploit gigantic tracts of land. Mr. Starr cites holdings of hundreds of thousands of acres. Their profitability contrasts with the futility of earlier gigantic grants—New York State's one-and-a-half-million-acre Hardenbergh Patent of 1708, for example—which were unexploitable testimonies to the avarice rather than the judgment of earlier Americans.

Mr. Starr's work highlights the novelty of much that we are doing today. He comments that California's boosters stressed the state's hospitality to families to overcome its gamy reputation—gold-rush San Francisco, cowtown Los Angeles—and his description of the search for an appropriate domestic architecture reminds us how new in human history is the concept of a house that is only a residence. In examining the work of the architect Arthur Page Brown, he discusses the Crocker Building, of 1891: at the unthinkable height of eleven stories, it was the largest commercial building in California when it went up, in San Francisco, at the staggering cost of a million four hundred thousand dollars. This reminds us how recently business began to generate the amount of paperwork that occupies the glass towers that crowd all our downtowns. California's newness suggests the newness of our own lives—the experimental or provisional nature of many of our efforts.

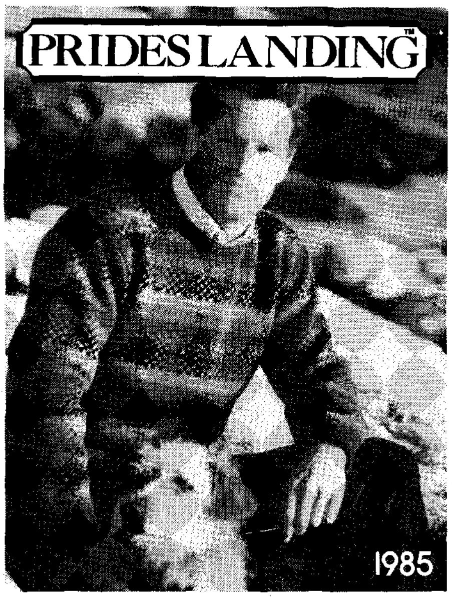
I think that the fact of novelty

strongly calls for charity in judgment, including our judgment of the recent past, and, for that reason, I wish Mr. Starr had been kinder to California's Progressives. He is certainly not unjust in pointing out their limitations, but it seems to me that we do not recognize all that the pre-First World War reform movements in this country accomplished—perhaps because the arrogance and ruthlessness of the large enterprises that began to dominate this country after the Civil War are no longer fresh in our memories, and we are no longer grateful for the Progressives' battle to civilize the corporation. Then, too, the Progressives have been victims of intellectual fashion. Their political devices—initiative, referendum, recall, the direct primary, and, worse, cross-filing—have gone out of style, because they weaken party structures and party discipline. The ideal of later generations was ideologically unified parties organized like conveyor belts from precincts to the Presidency and humanized by friendly old-time bosses. The newer vision reflects current anxiety about the fragmentary or diffuse nature of our parties, particularly since television spotlights individuals, not organizations, and personalities, not programs. We must stretch our imaginations to appreciate that the Progressive devices were indeed ways to wreck a machine, for reasons that were valid at the time. The California Progressives, like their colleagues elsewhere (for example, in Wisconsin), sought to recapture their states from what Mr. Starr calls the "handful of oligarchs" who bought state legislatures and frustrated the ambitions of small entrepreneurs. The California Progressives had a short, brilliant career between 1910 and 1913, when, as he demonstrates, the state enacted a truly astonishing program of reforms. In Mr. Starr's last section, about the rise of Hollywood, he suggests that glimpses of Los Angeles in the background of Mack Sennett chases may have attracted moviegoers to California; but it is likely, I think, that the state's remarkable educational system, largely a Progressive legacy, may have been as alluring as the sight of bungalows in sunshine. The California Progressives shared the prejudices of their period—notably racism—and were not particularly sympathetic to the urban working class, with its high proportion of immigrants. They respected their own middle-class respectability, and wanted to be represented by people like themselves. They were, in short, amateurs. In founding the League of Lincoln-Roosevelt Clubs in 1907, fifteen Los Angeles reformers, Mr. Starr says, "promised each other that they would not seek elective office personally but would band together to put independent honest men into state office." Their amateurism seems responsible for their suicidal tactics. In supporting Theodore Roosevelt in the three-way Presidential race of 1912, they permanently alienated the regular Republicans by refusing to put Taft on the ballot, so that anyone who wished to vote for the incumbent President had to write in his name; and in 1913, with Wilson in the White House, the Progressives set themselves up as a distinct party, whereupon the oligarchs regained control of the Republican Party. The California Progressives were gradually excluded from political power, but not before they had cost another Republican nominee—Charles Evans Hughes—the Presidency, in 1916. Still, when I place their catalogue of failings beside Mr. Starr's dense, six-page list of their achievements, I think that if we are learning to appreciate Mission furniture we might equally see the value of Mission politics, although it may not be the glorious Chippendale of the Continental Congress.

Mr. Starr is kinder to movie folk than to Progressives, possibly because the raffish are more entertaining than the righteous. Hollywood had been laid out, in 1887, as a model community that forbade saloons and liquor stores and offered free land to Protestant churches. But early movies photographed Catholic missions, and Mr. Starr describes D. W. Griffith and his cameraman William Bitzer inventing a brand-new art form and creating new techniques to tell in pictures stories of Old California and the mission past. Mr. Starr also recalls that in New York in 1912 Cecil B. De Mille and Jesse Lasky co-directed an operetta called "California," featuring "a railroad running past a mission and orange trees bearing real fruit, which the actors picked and ate in between musical numbers." That was the dream. The following year, De Mille,



"I'm afraid, Mr. Wallberry, that I know of no legal mechanism by which you can bequeath them all a swift kick in the pants."


PRIDES LANDING™

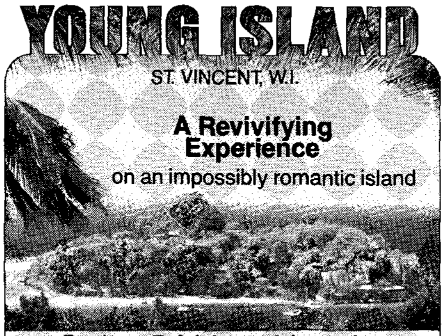
1985

Great-looking quality apparel for men . . . without the usual high price tag.

SEND FOR FREE FALL/WINTER CATALOG

Name
Address
City
State Zip

PRIDES LANDING
One Woodbridge Plaza, Dept. NY985
P.O. Box 2001; Nashua, NH 03061


YOUNG ISLAND
ST. VINCENT, W.I.
A Revivifying Experience
on an impossibly romantic island

Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 • 212/628-8149
315 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021

Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.

Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843

Debrett
Winchester, England
Let the world's leading family historians research your ancestry.
For free information write to:
Debrett Ancestry Research Ltd.,
Dept. N8, Accomac, VA 23301, U.S.A.

working as a movie director in Hollywood, had to wear boots and leather puttees and carry a revolver as protection against rattlesnakes while he scouted locations in the chaparral. That was the reality. By 1926, dreams and realities had coöperated to make the movies the United States' fifth-largest industry, organized by giant corporations, financed by huge banks, and mass-producing films for a mass audience. Mr. Starr thinks that the movies reflected the dreams of Americans and also provided them with new visions; the continuity he sees is the dream of a better life which had "energized" Southern California since its earliest days. The story of films, like the story of California, seems a pattern of the modern world, where what begins as fantasy and improvisation survives as industrialism.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MORAL TALES, by Jules Laforgue, translated from the French by William Jay Smith (New Directions; $17.50 cloth, $8.95 paper). Of the great French poets of his time, Jules Laforgue (1860-1887) may have had the greatest influence on later generations of modernists. His importance to Eliot and Joyce has been documented by scholars, and it is impossible to read these prose pieces without recognizing his procedures—his mixture of parody and sincerity, of the elevated and the everyday—in almost every kind of contemporary work, from poetry to film to comic strip to concert music. The stories—"Hamlet," "The Miracle of the Roses," "Lohengrin, Son of Parsifal," "Salome," "Perseus and Andromeda," and "Pan and the Syrinx"—spoof legends but also attribute new meanings to them. Stripped of pretentiousness and, especially, of nineteenth-century inflation, the tales, in Laforgue's hands, become simple, wry, and apposite. The language is quicksilvery and solid, ironic and compassionate; and the translator has done wonders in conveying Laforgue's very rare ability to be at once beautiful and funny.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF NIRE, by Morio Kita, translated from the Japanese by Dennis Keene (Kodansha; $16.95). Anyone who read the first, slyly amusing volume about the House of Nire will be disappointed to see that this second and concluding volume, equally elegantly bound and printed, is only about half as thick. Disappointment will turn into relief as the story, spanning most of the Second World War, grows thinner and grimmer. The first volume, set near Tokyo, chronicled the expansion between the two World Wars of the Nire family, and of the mental hospital it owns, in terms that recalled Tolstoy's unhappy families. The Second World War scatters and silences the characters, and Allied bombardments, from China to Wake Island, raze the survivors' morale along with their hospital. Near the end, a teen-age Nire, modelled on the author, recognizes, with difficulty, an older brother thought to be dead, and bursts, with difficulty, into nervous laughter.

GENERAL

UNCOVERING THE SIXTIES: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE UNDERGROUND PRESS, by Abe Peck (Pantheon; $12.95 paper). This very good history combines interviews and wide research with personal recollections. Mr. Peck, who now teaches journalism at Northwestern, was on the staff of the Chicago *Seed* from 1967 to 1971. He has organized a mass of diverse material from innumerable publications, and reflects on how the counterculture, or "Movement," and its publications changed over time. He helps us recognize that the sixties had roots—that its insurrections had traditions. Many of the participants whom he has interviewed now acknowledge that their politics were naïve and that they themselves were often dishonest in suppressing criticism of Soviet-bloc countries. Most agree that the turn to violence by some radical groups was not only self-defeating but unethical, and many regret the use and promotion of drugs. (One observer remarks of an underground-press pioneer that in many ways his paper was "just an inversion of the old Hearst formula of sex, drugs and violent politics.") Probably the most perplexing new movements within the Movement were women's liberation and gay rights, for the original countercultural emphasis on sexual freedom did not involve deep thought about sexual issues.

COAT OF MANY COLORS: PAGES FROM JEWISH LIFE, by Israel Shenker (Doubleday; $19.95). A freestyle inquiry into what it means to be a Jew today, and what, indeed, constitutes Jewishness. The author's premise, which is perilously close to being a conclusion, is set forth in his first sentence: "Jews are a singular confusion—difficult to define, awkward to describe, impossible to understand." But he courageously attempts all three of those tasks, drawing upon essays, interviews, and reports that he has done in more than thirty years of journalism, most recently for the *Times*. Among the highlights are a dialogue with a famous and cantankerous Israeli religious philosopher; a report on an evening with a group of scholars at Yale who discussed the many languages that Jews have spoken down the years; and a piece on what Jewish authors—Bernard Malamud, Jerome Weidman, Irving Howe, Saul Bellow, Herbert Gold—have had to say about being considered Jewish authors. (Bellow said, "This tendency to turn Malamud, Roth, and me into the Hart, Schaffner, and Marx of literature is ridiculous.") The sprightliest interview was held with Jonathan Miller, who ranged over the subject of Jews in literature and the arts and concluded that "most of the great Jewish writers I think of are actually great by virtue of being great writers." Mr. Shenker has not neglected the dark side of Jewish life; there is a stirring and thoughtful essay on Auschwitz and the legacy of the Holocaust. On the whole, though, this is a book of wit and good humor and an abiding optimism.

TIMES SQUARE, by Lou Stoumen (Aperture; $25). A photographic history, of sorts, of Times Square and its environs from 1940 to the present. The author is a well-known photographer and maker of documentaries, who has a strong sense of city space and of the role of people in defining and animating it. The book records how Times Square has changed—sometimes dramatically (as in pictures that show the architectural cheapening of that part of the city) and sometimes more subtly (as in a shot of a large crowd reading early war bulletins, in which not one black or Hispanic face is visible). There are plenty of pictures of the pimps, prostitutes, and hustlers one sees on Forty-second Street today, and also plenty of plain folk going about their business or just

Webs of Intrigue from Masters of Mystery

As sharply compelling as the click of a cocked revolver--four chilling novels of suspense and mystery from the masters of the *genre.*

ALPINE CONDO CROSSFIRE
by Mignon G. Eberhart
A luxurious condominium on the slopes of the high Alps becomes the setting for lust, for love-and for murder. Mignon Eberhart proves once again why she is a Grand Master of Mystery and Suspense...in one of [her] best tales of love, intrigue, and death among the upper classes.
Warner Books $2.95

Billingsgate Shoal
by Rick Boyer
The investigation of a stranded vessel leads to strange and sudden death. The Edgar-Award winning tale from a rising star in the mystery field.
"Gripping...what a Hitchcock movie it would translate into... Boyer is up there with the best."
-Boston Globe
Warner Books $3.50

TEXAS STATION
by Christopher Leach
As chillingly real as *In Cold Blood* or *The Executioner's Song*. A dusty, dreary Texas town is shaken by a series of grisly murders.
"A taut murder mystery...a virtuoso piece of work."
-New York Times Book Review
Popular Library $3.50

Why Kill Arthur Potter?
by Ray Harrison
Wit and wisdom in the Holmesean tradition. Detective Sergeant Joseph Bragg and his aristocratic associate Constable James Morton probe the bludgeoning of an insignificant shipping clerk in a dimly lit Victorian London alleyway.
"Electrifyingly witty and suspenseful adventure."
-Publishers Weekly
Popular Library $2.95

© Warner Books 1985

Wherever Paperbacks are sold

Share a Harvard Tradition

■ Send $2 for the Harvard Cooperative Society's 1985 Gift Catalogue and find state-of-the-art electronics, the latest in housewares, art prints, classic clothing and distinctive gifts. Order today and receive the new Coop Gift Catalogue in October. Mail request and $2 to:

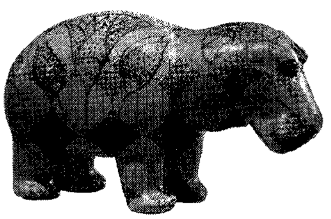
Harvard Cooperative Society
Sales Promotion Director
1400 Massachusetts Ave.
Cambridge, MA 02238

HARVARD COOPERATIVE SOCIETY
the Coop

Country Inns and Back Roads
NORTH AMERICA
by Norman T. Simpson
$10.95 • At bookstores or call
TOLL FREE (800) 638-3030
Harper & Row 1817

YOUR SOILED TIES CLEANED
Skilled tie crafters refinish ties like brand new. Restore brightness. Min. 4 ties. $2.50 ea.
MAIL ORDERS Add $2.00
tiecrafters®
Free folder 'Tips on Ties'

YOUR WIDE TIES NARROWED
It pays to refashion favorites. Like buying new ties — for a lot less! Min. 4 ties. $6.00 ea.
Slim and Clean only $7.50 ea.
116 East 27th St., N.Y. 10016
(212) 867-7676



CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

Whether it's ancient Egyptian gold earrings, a new book on Matisse, a silk scarf with Chinese flowers, or a Tiffany poster, the Museum has the ideal present for everyone on your list. More than 700 exclusive designs $5-$500. To receive the 132-page Christmas catalogue, send coupon with $1 to cover mailing.

RWH5
NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
____
____________ ZIP ______

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10028

On loan from the William A. Farnsworth Library and Art Museum, Rockland, ME.

'The Snider Children.' Thomas Sully.

Bring your kids to see our kids.

Catch our exhibition of "Young America: Children and Art." A survey of art portraying the many faces of American youth through paintings, sculpture, toys and more.

It's one of many exciting adventures for your entire family. Keep coming back to experience them all.

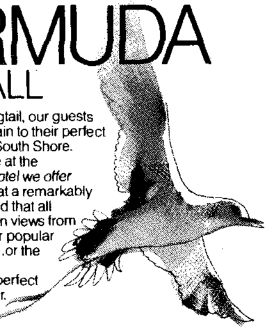
New England's most attractive museum. Heritage Plantation of Sandwich®

Just 3 miles from the Sagamore Bridge, off Rte. 130 on Pine and Grove Sts., Sandwich, Cape Cod (617) 888-3300. Adults $5; children under 12 $2; 5 and under free!

WATERFORD®

An Irish Art.

A remarkable art book, ❧ illustrated in full color. The first definitive history of Waterford crystal. ❧ At your Waterford gallery or send $50. check to Waterford Crystal Inc. 225 Fifth Ave. New York, NY 10010. ❧



BERMUDA LANDFALL

Like the elegant Longtail, our guests return again and again to their perfect spot on Bermuda's South Shore. Perhaps it's because at the *Stonington Beach Hotel* we offer impeccable service at a remarkably affordable price...and that all 64 rooms have ocean views from private terraces...our popular gourmet restaurant...or the nearness of golf and shopping. Just one perfect reason after the other.

STONINGTON BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda

See your travel agent or call:
RSI (1-800) 223-1588 in NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

standing and looking at nothing. One of the most remarkable photographs is of a young sneakered mugger in furious action as he escapes with his loot.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DOUBLE MAN, by William S. Cohen and Gary Hart (Morrow; $16.95). A reader of this Washington (and Moscow) melodrama by Senator Cohen, Republican of Maine (and member of the Select Committee on Intelligence), and Senator Hart, Democrat of Colorado (and former member of the Select Committee on Intelligence), must wonder about its origins, its intentions. Is it veiled instruction or is it simple entertainment? It is certainly entertaining: a dedicated young senator from Connecticut is entrusted with the chairmanship of a subcommittee investigating a wave of terrorist activities that seem to be related to the drug traffic, and his investigation gets him into a lot of nicely exciting trouble—agents, double agents, the Bay of Pigs fiasco, the assassination of John Kennedy, a madman in the K.G.B., and a madman in the C.I.A. But it is also, considering its authors, full of interesting observations: "Historically, democracies don't survive . . . they lose the capacity for discipline." "The Founding Fathers . . . had created a system of checks and balances that, in this complex, fast-moving age, virtually guaranteed paralysis." "It is almost amusing to watch you Americans, and the Russians also . . . You are both naïve, sentimental people. . . . Neither of you has learned to use force like the Germans, or to hate like the Italians, or to have contempt like the French. Your lack of sophistication leaves you in a quandary. You can't separate the good from the bad."

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE BIENNIUM

[*From the Greenville* (*S.C.*) *News*]

Joe McDevitt, secretary to the board of trustees, said Saturday that in accordance with trustee bylaws, a new chairman will be chosen at the board's annual meeting scheduled for June 29. The annual meeting is held every two years, he said.

•

EXTINCT FISH
NO LONGER
ENDANGERED

—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

Well, some good news at last.

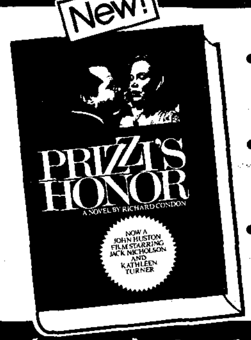
MOTOR CAR HOOD ORNAMENTS

For the motoring enthusiast wishing to personalize his or her car. Superbly handcrafted in durable bronze and plated with the highest quality chromium. Almost every breed of dog available. Also race horses, show jumpers, The American Eagle and other birds, cats, fish, sporting figures (golfers, tennis players, skiers etc.). Equally suitable for club trophy presentations. List of complete range available upon request. Sizes vary but Snail and Hippo 4"x2", price $185 + $10 postage and packing. Allow 6–8 weeks delivery. Duty may be applicable.

The Cotswold Villager
The High Street
Burford, Oxfordshire OX8 4QD
England

BOOKS ON TAPE

New!


PRIZZI'S HONOR
A NOVEL BY RICHARD CONDON
NOW A JOHN HUSTON FILM STARRING JACK NICHOLSON AND KATHLEEN TURNER

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- More Than 1500 Titles
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92660

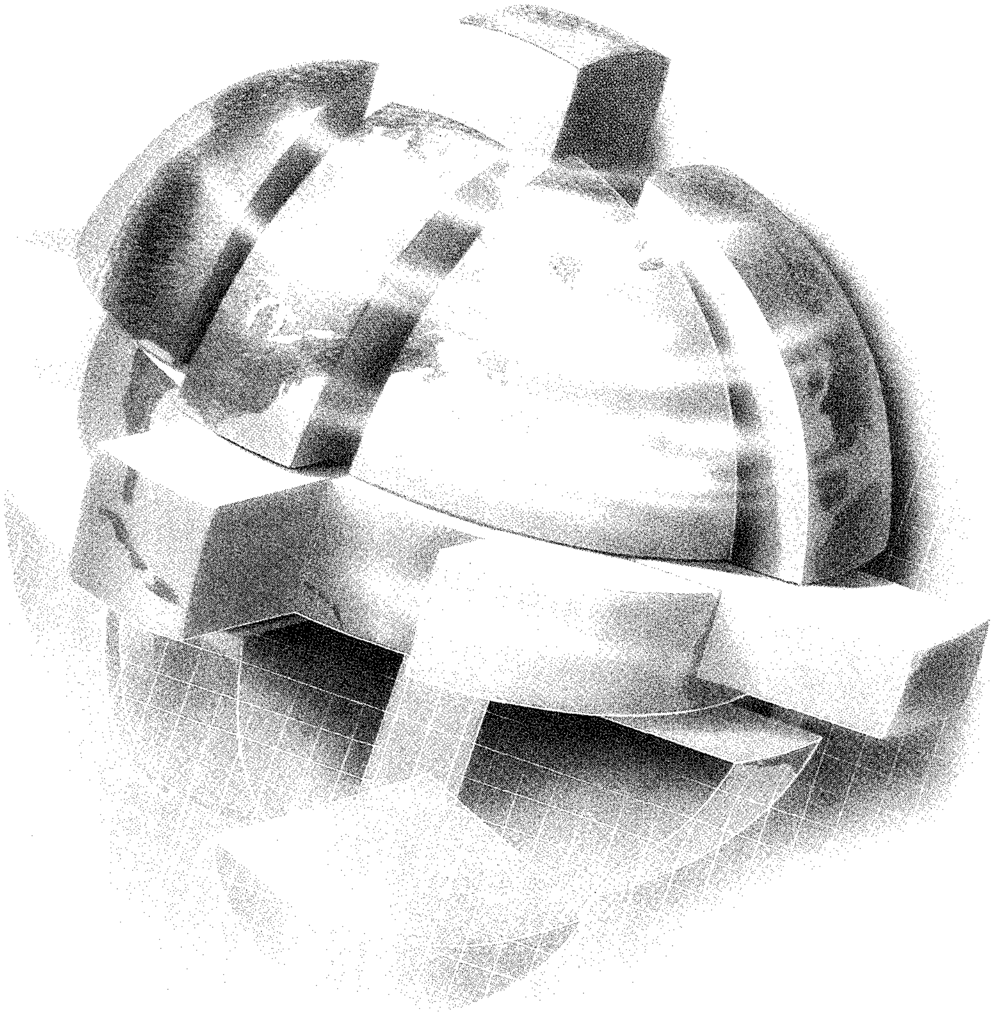
(800) 626-3333

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181

'man·ij

Manage

- *Handle or direct with a degree of skill; e.g., apply high technology to global markets.*
- *Achieve; e.g., increased productivity through strategic investments supporting the work of 19,000 engineers and scientists, 120,000 employees worldwide.*
- *Succeed in accomplishing, as in record sales, record earnings, record return on equity.*



We're not out to change the world. Just to supply the technology it takes to make it better. But technology alone does not bring a 20.3% Return on Equity or nine straight years of increased earnings.

That takes management. Rockwell International management is skilled at evaluating and running diverse areas of commercial and government business. By analyzing high-technology growth markets. By moving quickly and decisively to take advantage of opportunities. And by applying the technical and financial resources to be a leader in each of our markets. To learn more about us, write: Rockwell International, Department 815NY-5, 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

Rockwell International

...where science gets down to business

Aerospace / Electronics / Automotive
General Industries / A-B Industrial Automation

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

GARY JOBSON

HOME: Annapolis, MD.

AGE: 34

OCCUPATION: Yacht-racing tactician; author; lecturer; editor-at-large, *The Yacht.*

HOBBY: Trying to stay home for more than a week at a time.

LAST BOOK WRITTEN: *Storm Sailing.*

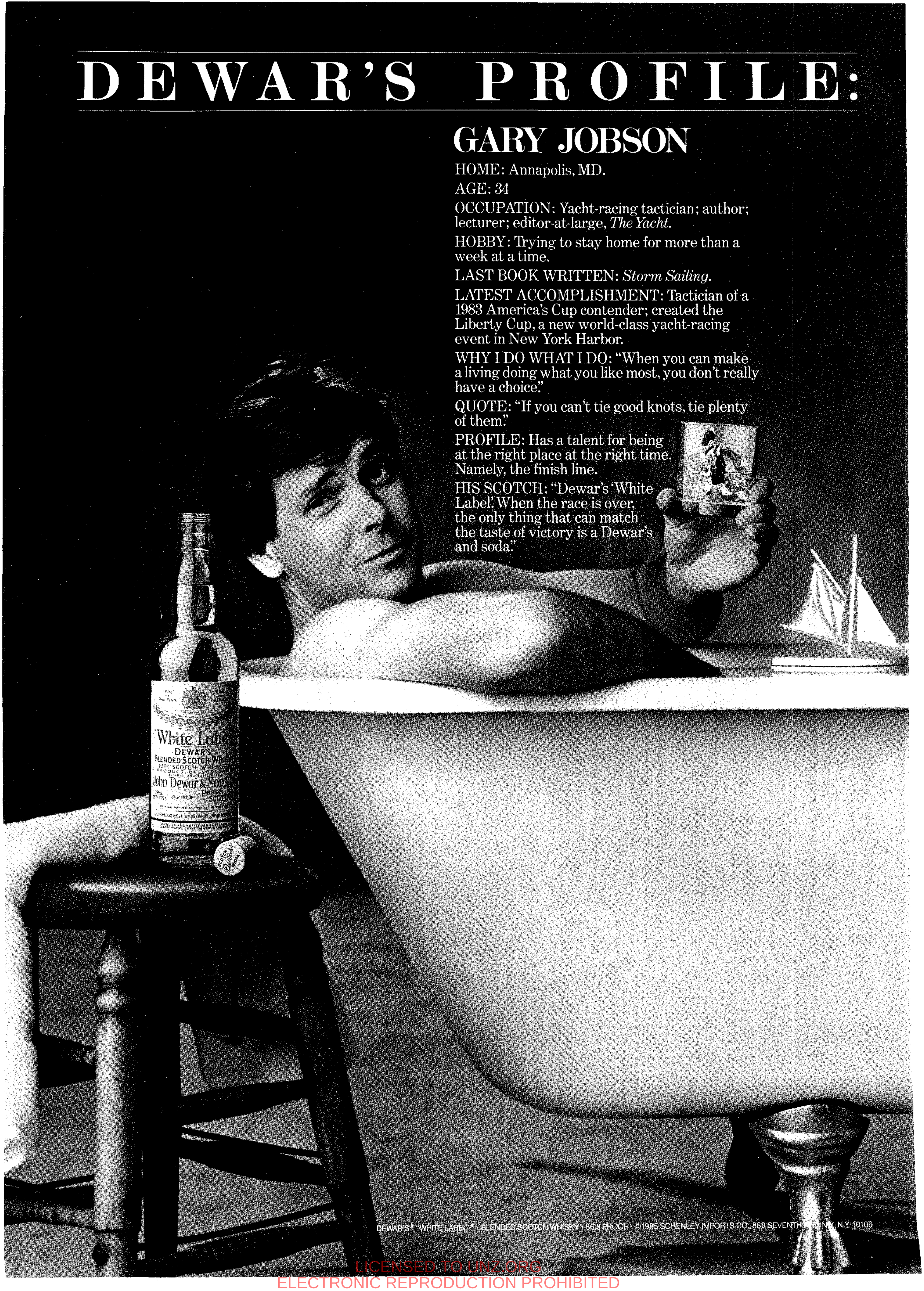
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Tactician of a 1983 America's Cup contender; created the Liberty Cup, a new world-class yacht-racing event in New York Harbor.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "When you can make a living doing what you like most, you don't really have a choice."

QUOTE: "If you can't tie good knots, tie plenty of them."

PROFILE: Has a talent for being at the right place at the right time. Namely, the finish line.

HIS SCOTCH: "Dewar's 'White Label.' When the race is over, the only thing that can match the taste of victory is a Dewar's and soda."



DEWAR'S® "WHITE LABEL"® · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF · ©1985 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., 888 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y., N.Y. 10106

COACH
LEATHERWARE

This is the Original Coach® Bag

We have been making this same classic shoulder bag for almost twenty years and it has never gone out of style. It is one of over a dozen small, medium and large classic Coach® Bags that we make in ten colors of real Glove Tanned Cowhide. Coach® Bags are sold in our own stores and in selected stores throughout the country. You can also order them by mail and we will ship your order directly from the Factory at no extra cost. For Catalogue write: Consumer Service, Coach Leatherware, 516-Y West 34th Street, New York City 10001. Telephone: (800) 544-3004.

New York City • Paris • Washington, D.C. • Boston • San Francisco • Seattle